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IN
MODERN PHILOLOGY
Vol. 2, No. 1, pp. 1-79 September 26, 1910

WILHELM BUSCH ALS DICHTER, KUNSTLER, PSYCHOLOGE UND PHILOSOPH

VON
FRITZ WINTHER

BERKELEY
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WILHELM BUSCH ALS DICHTER, KÜNSTLER, PSYCHOLOGE UND PHILOSOPH.

VON
F. WINTHER.

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TEIL I.

Wilhelm Busch' erste grössere Arbeit, "Max und Moritz," aus dem Jahre 1865, war ein burleskes Meisterwerk. Sein letztes Werk "Schein und Sein," welches als nachgelassene Schrift im Jahre 1909 herauskam, enthält ein paar Verse, die mit zum edelsten gehören, was die moderne deutsche Lyrik hervorgebracht hat. Auch können einige Zeichnungen aus Busch' letzten Lebensjahren sich sehr wohl mit den besten in den früheren Werken messen. Busch beginnt und endet somit als Meister. Ja, seine Gestaltungskraft wird im Alter nicht starr, sondern beweglicher, vielseitiger. Diese größere Vielseitigkeit Busch' machte sich

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deutlich bemerkbar vom Jahre 1894 ab mit "Eduards Traum." Ich betrachte daher dieses Jahr als den Trennungspunkt einer ersten und zweiten Periode in Busch' literarischer Tätigkeit.

In die enste Periode fallen:

Max und Moritz	1865
Schnaken und Schnurren	1867
Schnurrdiburr	1869
Der heilige Antonius	1870
Hans Huckebein	1870
Die fromme Helene	1872
Kunterbunt	1872
Die kühne Müllerstochter	1872
Bilder zur Jobsiade	1872
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Der Geburtstag	1873
Kritik des Herzens*	1874
Dideldum	1874
Briefe an Marie Andersen‡	1875
50 Bilderbogen	1875
†Abenteuer eines Junggesellen	1875
†Herr und Frau Knopp	1876
†Julchen	1877
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Fips der Affe	1879
Bilderpossen	1880
Der Fuchs und die Drachen	1881
Stippstörchen	1881
Plisch und Plum	1882
Balduin Bählamm	1883
Maler Klecksel	1884
Busch-Album	1884

In die zweite Periode fallen:.

Eduards Traum*	1891
Der Schmetterling*	1895
Zer guter Letzt	1904
Hernach	1908
Schein und Sein*	1908

1. *Der Künstler. Art der Darstellung.*

Wilhelm Busch ist ein Künstler, der die Sprache der Worte wie die der Linie beherrscht. Er hat eine eigene Art gefunden: Linien und Worte sind bei ihm nicht zwei getrennte Ausdrucksmittel, sie verschmelzen in der Phantasie des Lesers zu *einem* Eindruck. Diese Doppeltechnik ist eine ungeheuere Ersparnis an Zeit und Raum. Bei der Wiedergabe der Handlung kann oft ein Wort viele Bilder ersetzen, bei der Beschreibung ist meist das Bild das flinkere Ausdrucksmittel. Was Shaw in die Bühnenanweisung steckt, das erscheint bei Busch im Bild; und die

* Die mit * versehenen Werke sind ohne Illustrationen.

† Diese 3 erschienen nach einander und gehören zusammen als Knopps Trilogie.

‡ Die Briefe an Marie Andersen fallen zwar in die erste Periode; ich habe sie aber aus später zu besprechenden Gründen mit den Werken der zweiten Periode behandelt.

Komik bei beiden wird sehr oft durch den Gegensatz zwischen Gebärde und Wort hervergerufen, nicht immer durch Übertreibung.

Hierin ist Shaw übrigens der weit Modernere, da bei ihm das übertreibende Moment häufig ganz wegfällt. Dadurch, daß Busch wie Shaw gelegentlich durch eine Antithese ohne Übertreibung komisch zu wirken versteht, vermag er den Humoristen mit dem Realisten zu vereinigen. So in folgendem Beispiel: Jeans Herr erstickt an einer Fischgräte:

> "Oh," sprach Jean, "es ist ein Graus,
> Wie schnell ist doch das Leben aus."[1]

Tableau: Jean die Weinflasche austrinkend. Natürlich ist das Bild in solchem Falle immer wirkungsvoller als das Wort, sogar wenn es Shaw ausspräche: Wort und Bild ergänzen sich bei Busch, wie Dialog und Mienenspiel in der Theateraufführung. Es ist gerade als ob Schauspieler ersten Ranges ein mittelmäßiges Stück aufführten: alles ist begeistert; bei bloßer Lektüre wäre höchstens die eine oder andere Scene wirkungsvoll gewesen. Ließe man aber die Worte weg, verwandelte man das Stück in eine Pantomime, so würden sich die Schauspieler um einige ihrer besten Effekte bringen. Daß die Worte nicht die Hauptsache sind, wird uns erst recht klar, wenn man das Gedicht Busch' aus der früheren Periode liest, welches nicht illustriert ist.[2] Wie matt erscheint dies gegen die mit Bildern versehenen Epen! Feinheit wie Kraft kommt erst im Bilde zum Ausdruck. Welche Fülle der Empfindung offenbart beispielsweise der schmerzlich emporgekrümmte Schwanzstummel des Teufels in der "Frommen Helene"! Eine ganze Moralpredigt steckt in der vorwurfsvoll aus dem Bett schauenden großen Zehe des Onkels Nolte. Man beachte nur, was für eine Menge Worte nötig sind, um ein so einfaches, mit ein oder zwei Linien entworfenes Symbol zu charakterisieren, um zu sehen, wie vielsagend es ist. Auch Busch' Liebe für gewisse Menschen und

[1] Abenteuer eines Junggesellen.

[2] Kritik des Herzens.

Dinge käme nie oder nur selten zum Ausdruck ohne die Bilder, wenigstens nicht in der ersten Periode seines Schaffens. Da unsere Sprache natürlich in erster Linie für menschliche Verhältnisse eingerichtet ist, hat Busch, weil er zeichnen kann, einen großen Vorteil über andere Dichter in der Darstellung von Tieren. "Krambambuli," jene geniale Hundegeschichte der Ebner-Eschenbach, erscheint an einigen Stellen primitiv in der Technik, weil unsere Sprache nun einmal nicht für Hunde gemacht ist. Wie leicht würde es in derartigen Fällen Busch gelingen, mit ein paar Linien nachzuhelfen. Er ist eben Sinnenmensch. Als solcher vermag er aber auch mit den Lauten ein adäquateres Symbol für die Tierpsychologie zu finden, als die meisten anderen Schriftsteller. Da aber die Lautsymbolik ein beschränktes Gebiet ist, so verwandelt sich bei ihm jede Empfindung in eine Gebärde. Diese läßt sich natürlich weit besser mit der Linie als mit der Sprache ausdrücken. Was jenes unvollkommene Werkzeug niemals für ihn hätte festhalten können, das suggerieren uns ein paar feine Linien. Man ist versucht zu schließen, Busch habe eben ein photographisch exaktes Gedächtnis und, da Linien eine genauere Wiedergabe des Räumlichen gestatteten, als Worte, so sei klar, daß der Künstler, der Wort- wie Linientechnik beherrsche, die Linie seinem Gegenstand besser anschmiegen könne als die Worte. Sobald aber die Handlung ein Gespräch aufkommen läßt, kann das Wort einen ähnlich hohen Grad des Realismus erreichen wie die Pantomime. In der Tat hat der Dialog bei Busch gelegentlich eine ebenso exakte Naturkenntnis als Basis wie seine Zeichnungen. Fast könnte man dann meinen, sein Gedächtnis wirke wie die Kombination aus einem Phonographen und Kinematographen;[3] im großen ganzen aber ist der mimische Teil seines Gesprächs der lebensvollere, abgesehen von den späteren Werken, in denen die begriffliche Fassungskraft, die immer energisch bei Busch ist, so lebendig wird, daß die in der Zeichnung mehr gefühlsmässige Formulierung von Ideen der abstrakteren in Worten fast ganz weichen muß, wobei aller-

[3] Wohlgemerkt sein Gedächtnis, nicht seine Werke, die erst die künstlerische Verarbeitung des im Gedächtnis verwahrten Materials sind.

dings die Worte bei dem kleinsten aber besten Teil der Gedichte durch eine intensivere Gefühlsfärbung die Gefühlsqualitäten der Zeichnung mehr als ersetzen. In seiner ersten Periode aber ist Busch vor allem Augenmensch. Er sieht die Dinge in einem fast schmerzlich grellen Licht, nichts mildert die Härte der Umrißlinien, kein Halbdunkel, keine vibrierende Atmosphäre; häßlich und nackt oft in des Wortes eigentlichstem Sinne, so sieht uns Busch; aber das genügt ihm noch nicht für die Darstellung. Er scheint alle Häßlichkeit der Welt zusammenzusuchen, um sie auf ein Individuum abzuladen: Zu wenig Haar auf dem Kopf, zu viele im Gesicht, abschreckende Magerkeit, in Runzeln herabhängende Haut, rote, geschwollene Nase, so zeichnet er nicht etwa einen Mann, nein!—ein Weib. Und zwar wird mit raffinierter Technik auf fast jedes einzelne dieser Merkmale durch ein besonderes Bild aufmerksam gemacht. Sie—es ist die "fromme" Helene, wie sie zu altern beginnt—steht nämlich hinter einer offenen Schranktüre, so daß nur Kopf und Füße sichtbar sind. Ein Schönheitsmittel nach dem andern fliegt vom Schrank in's Feuer, Schminke und falsche Zöpfe, Korsett, kleine Schuhe, für jedes wird ein besonderes Bild angefertigt. Erst am Ende der Scene, nachdem sie Busch so mit hassender Sorgfalt all ihrer Reize entkleidet, erscheint dieses Frauenzimmer in einem enganliegenden schwarzen Büßerrock. Wer meint, daß hier keine Steigerung der Häßlichkeit möglich sei, der kennt Busch' diabolische Verve erst halb. Sie betrinkt sich, stößt gegen die Lampe:

> "Umsonst!—es fällt die Lampe um,
> Gefüllt mit dem Petroleum;
> Und hülflos und mit Angstgewimmer
> Verkohlt dies fromme Frauenzimmer."

Busch ist aber noch nicht zu Ende; er zeichnet ihre verkohlten Reste so, daß nur das abschreckend Häßliche übrig bleibt. Diese letzte Zeichnung zeigt die Kunst Busch' in ihrem Extrem. Alles ist eliminiert bis auf das Wesentliche. Er häuft somit nicht nur die Häßlichkeit, sondern er konzentriert sie auch. Eine einzige Runzel genügt; aber was für eine! Hierin geht Busch

gelegentlich so weit, daß seine Zeichnung zur humoristischen Hieroglyphe wird: Wie "Max und Moritz" nach vollführtem Streich durchbrennen, sieht man nur zwei Paar enteilende Füße. Ganz dem entspricht auch der Text; ebenfalls eine Technik in sehr sparsamen Linien, oft schrumpft er in eine einzige Verbindungsstrecke zusammen, die mit der begreiflichen Einfachheit des Berichtes die Höhepunkte der Handlung verbindet, das heißt die Stellen, wo der Zeichner einsetzt; selbst wo Busch die Handlung anschwellen läßt, oder wo er das familiärste Detail beschreibt, geschieht dies doch fast immer ohne Farbe; ein Wort, das die Idee ausdrückt, genügt.

Was ist das Primäre bei Busch? Zeichnung oder Text? Seiner eigenen Aussage nach, nur die Zeichnung; jedenfalls hat er als Zeichner stets frisch drauf los produziert, während in die darunter gesetzten Verse sich Reflektion einschleicht. Die Zeichnungen sind naiv, die Texte ironisch; die Bilder ursprünglich, die Verse hinterher dazugesetzt.[4] Und doch hat man häufig die Empfindung, Busch habe zuerst seinen Text geschaffen, natürlich nicht so, wie er dasteht, aber doch so, daß er einen Begriff vom Scheinheiligen, vom Trinker, vom Lehrer, ja von Liebe, von Haß bildete und dann die entsprechenden Merkmale, um diesen Begriff in einer Zeichnung kristallisieren zu lassen, in der sich auch das Gefühlsmäßige spiegelt. Dabei verhindert die Darstellung im Raum, daß die Gestalten zu bloßen Schemen werden, was bei Reduktion auf das Wesentliche leicht der Fall sein möchte: Figuren, die nur Idee sind, lassen sich eben nicht zeichnen. Der fette Bauch zeigt noch mehr wie bloße Schlemmerei; die rote Nase charakterisiert nicht bloß Trunksucht; nach oben gestülpt kann sie Fürwitz, Arroganz, Keckheit bezeichnen; nach unten gebogen kann sie Talent, Willen, Vornehmheit, Rasse verraten. Anschauungen sind eben immer unendlich reicher als Begriffe. So sind Busch' Menschen meist volle, runde Gestalten. Allerdings nicht immer. In "Eduards Traum," den wir eingehender im zweiten Teil betrachten werden, führt Busch Gestalten ein, die er tatsächlich auf einen oder zwei abstrakte

[4] T. Hofmiller: W. Busch. *Süddeutsche Monatshefte*, 5, 1908, 430.

Begriffe reduziert. Können solche Gestalten zeichnerisch dargestellt werden? Nicht mit Strichen allerdings, aber mit Worten. Beispielsweise erscheint der "schlanke Kellner" als "gerade Linie." Hier haben wir also eine neue und ganz exakte Art, Abstraktionen anschaulich zu machen, nämlich mit Hülfe der Geometrie.

Das moralisierende, sowie das begriffliche Element, das wir bei Busch vorfinden, weist darauf hin, daß er unter jene Künstler gehört, die wie Lessing, Schiller, Ibsen ihre Phantasie durch den Verstand unterstützen und zügeln. Dies wird auch durch die Art von Busch' Komposition bestätigt, die häufig in Text wie Zeichnung etwas Mathematisches hat. Die Personen sind in geometrischer Symmetrie gruppiert: Vater und Mutter,[5] zwei junge Hunde,[6] oder Hund und Katze[7] werden einander gegenübergestellt. Dies geschieht aber selten auf Kosten der Eigenart der Gestalten oder Situationen; im Gegenteil, dieselbe wird durch die in der Symmetrie akzentuierten Kontraste sehr oft noch besonders hervorgehoben. Dieser geometrische Stil ist seinem Wesen nach mehr für das Räumliche als das Zeitliche geeignet. Busch geht daher in der zeichnerischen Verwertung desselben weiter, als dies im erzählenden Teil seines Werkes der Fall ist. Zum Beispiel, wenn er ihn auf eine einzelne Figur anwendet, wie Julchens Tante; aber dem Zweck der charakteristischen Kunst muß er sogar hier dienen: Julchens Tante könnte man mit einer vertikalen Linie, die von dem höchsten Teil ihres Kammes durch die Mitte von Nase, Mund, Kinn, Gürtel geht, in zwei absolut symmetrische Hälften teilen, was ihre peinlich akkurate Altjüngferlichkeit mit feinem Spott hervorhebt. Zu voller Entfaltung kommt diese Technik natürlich erst bei der Komposition ganzer Gruppen. Die Hauptperson oder Hauptpersonen werden in die Mitte gerückt, die Nebenpersonen gruppieren sich mit einer oft noch exakteren Symmetrie, als wir sie bei Raffael finden, zu beiden Seiten, so daß sie sich womöglich

[5] Plisch und Plum.
[6] Ebenda.
[7] Fips der Affe.

paarweise entsprechen: zum Beispiel, wenn Plisch und Plum von ihren jungen Herren Kunststücke gelehrt werden. Hier wird sogar die Dreieckskomposition der italienischen Renaissance wieder belebt; die beiden Hunde als die kleinsten stehen nach außen, die Jungen Rücken an Rücken gegeneinander, wobei der größere sich soweit nach hinten überlehnt, daß seine Stirn nicht nur der höchste Punkt der Komposition ist, sondern sich auch ziemlich über der Mitte der Basislinie befindet. Diese durch den Stil geforderte Stellung nimmt der Gestalt nichts von ihrem charakteristischen Wert; im Gegenteil, sie bringt erst recht das hohe Selbstgefühl des Dressierenden, den Dozentendünkel zum Ausdruck. Die feierliche Komposition auf die banale Materie angewendet verstärkt natürlich die Komik. Ganz besonders ist dies der Fall, wenn Busch Symmetrie durch Assymmetrie ergänzt. Man sieht gleichsam, wie er mit der harmlosesten Miene der Welt eine sehr korrekte Zeichnung zu entwerfen beginnt. Zuerst zeichnet er eine winklige Tischplatte als Basis der Dreieckskomposition; an die Mitte des Tisches als den längsten setzt er den hageren Rektor Debisch; dann ans linke Tischende dessen hageren Sohn Kuno und nun kommt die Figur fürs rechte Tischende: nichts mehr von magerer Geradlinigkeit—die Linien schwellen und schwellen, es wölbt sich ein Bauch in Riesenkurve, und da sitzt Knopp und bringt den ganzen kunstvollen Aufbau aus dem Gleichgewicht, und Busch schmunzelt vergnügt hinter seinem dichten, braunen Bart hervor.

Dies ist eine Assymmetrie, wie sie auch bei den Klassikern vorkommt; bei Busch wird sie aber zu einem komischen Kontrast mißbraucht.

In der klassischen Komposition finden wir des öftern einen Parallelismus zweier sich entsprechender Personen in Stellung und Gebärde. Busch erzielt auch hier eine komische Wirkung dadurch, daß er das klassische Prinzip übertreibt; beispielsweise wendet er es in der Debisch-Episode auf Gestalt und Gesichtszüge von Vater und Sohn an: Nase, Stirn, Haarwisch, Haltung des einen erscheinen in Miniatur bei dem andern.

Die Landschaft wird gelegentlich mit hereingezogen, um die

symmetrische Gruppierung der Personen noch besonders zu akzentuieren: z. B. sehen wir in "Julchen" am Ende der Verlobungsszene im Garten in der Mitte *en face* die Tante, deren zwei Hälften wir schon als absolut kongruent beschrieben haben, ihr zu Füßen den Dackel, der ein Männchen macht, die rechte und linke Hälfte beider in absoluter Symmetrie auf lediglich ornamentale Linien reduziert, ihnen zu beiden Seiten Vater und Bräutigam, Tochter und Mutter sich paarweise umarmend; in der Mitte darüber den heiterstrahlenden Vollmond, unter diesem im Hintergrund das Gartenwerkzeughaus, das in der Nacht wie ein Altar aussieht; zu beiden Seiten desselben zwei riesige, schwarze Büsche, von denen sich die hellen Köpfe von Mutter und Tochter, Bräutigam und Vater jeweils energisch abheben; dann noch eines: genau im Mittelpunkt des Körpers der Tante, d. h., genau im Mittelpunkt des ganzen Bildes, ist die Laterne, welche die Tante an ihr Herz preßt. Diese Laterne weist uns schon darauf hin, daß Busch bei allem Komponieren den Realismus nie vergißt, ja, gelegentlich erreicht er hierin einen Grad der Intimität, wie ihn kaum Zola übertrifft. Aber er verfällt dabei nicht in pedantische Breite; diese wird durch Intensität ersetzt. Helden im eigentlichen Sinne des Wortes, Helden wie sie Shakespeare gibt, werden durch eine intensive Technik ins Übermenschliche gesteigert; der bourgeois wird durch sie komisch. Die Zeichnung bringt dies natürlich erst ganz zum Ausdruck. Wie kann man aber Bäcker und Dorfschullehrer in einem linearen Freskostil[8] zeichnen und dennoch Realist bleiben? —Dazu muss man eben Busch sein.

Im Text wird wie in der Zeichnung der arrogante Stil mancher Klassizisten verspottet. Wenn der Lehrer sein Rohr schwingt, als wolle er eine Welt in Trümmer schlagen, so ist der gewichtige Schwung seiner schwülstigen Rhetorik von einer nicht weniger maßlosen Komik als seine Gebärde. Aber dies geschieht so, daß uns hierdurch recht eigentlich sein innerstes Wesen

[8] Ich glaube dieser Vergleich ist berechtigt, da Busch' Kunst durchaus großzügig ist, wenn auch im kleinen, und da sie die Vergrößerung in Projektionsbildern ertragen kann.

erschlossen wird, d. h., Busch vermag es, die stilisierende Kunst für Zwecke der charakteristischen Darstellungsweise in Wort wie Bild zu verwenden. Bei einem so durch und durch charakteristischen Künstler wie Busch ist dies nur möglich, weil ihm mehr wie ein Stil zur Verfügung steht; denn wenn er auch im großen ganzen in den Fällen, in denen er sich einem Stil anpaßt, die klassische Komposition bezüglich der Massenverteilung walten läßt, so erfindet er für eine ganze Reihe von Einzelpersonen jeweils eine eigene Linienführung: zum Beispiel, einen Kurvenstil für Knopp, der dessen elastische Wohlbeleibtheit wundervoll herausbringt; Rektor Debisch als steifer Pedant wird in geraden Linien und spitzen Winkeln ausgedrückt. Gelegentlich stilisiert Busch sogar ein Gefühl; nicht daß er ein paar stimmungsvolle Arabesken hineinwirft, in der Art mancher moderner Maler, aber doch so, daß er den Körper des Menschen in Linien auflöst, die uns unmittelbarer in eine Seele schauen lassen, als wenn der psychische Zustand durch ein physisches Equivalent offenbart wird. Eine musikalische Zeichnung möchte man es nennen, eine Zeichnung, die uns den Klang selbst der Empfindung schauen läßt, nicht deren Wirkung auf den Körper: z. B. als "Filucius" zum Haus hinausgeworfen wird, ist sein Rumpf in rasend wirbelnde Kurven aufgelöst, die uns schmerzlich fühlen lassen, mit welcher Geschwindigkeit er zum Zimmer hinausrotiert; von dem Ohr, das Fips der Affe mit der heißen Lockenscheere zwickt, strahlt der Schmerz wie von einem Lichtzentrum aus; der vor Schreck erstarrte Sauerbrot, als er seine scheintote Frau sich plötzlich erheben sieht, ist aus kurzen vertikalen Linien zusammengesetzt, als sei er ein Eiszapfen-Konglomerat.

Eigentlich sind hier zwei Fälle zu unterscheiden: bei Sauerbrot und dem gebrannten Ohr wird uns der Schock auf die Empfindung des Betreffenden zum Bewußtsein gebracht; bei Filucius ist vor allem die Empfindung des Zuschauers markiert.

Hier sehen wir wieder das Begriffliche an Busch' Kunst; denn vereinzelte Gefühle sind ja immer von der Wirklichkeit losgelöst. Die Dinge verwandeln sich eben in Busch' Fingern in einen feinen, elastischen Faden, den er nach Belieben ziehen und winden kann.

Hinsichtlich der Darstellung von Speisen macht sich ein Umstand bei Busch geltend, der einigen unserer früheren Behauptungen zu widersprechen scheint: die guten Dinge zum Essen, die er so seelenvoll zu schildern vermag, werden nicht viel anders als in Andeutungen, ja, Hieroglyphen gezeichnet. Hier hätte also Busch mit dem Wort mehr als mit der Linie zu geben gewußt. Vielleicht, daß man überhaupt nie in sparsamer, linearer Darstellung jene weichen oder saftigen Glanzlichter geben kann, welche die holländischen Stilleben so appetitlich machen.[9]—Vielleicht aber auch, daß Busch, wenn er die "sanfte Butter" beschreibt, weit weniger an die Butter als an die Empfindung des Beschauers denkt. Dies anzunehmen haben wir zwei Gründe: erstens sind die Beschreibungen fast immer so, daß sie entweder vom Helden selbst gegeben sein könnten, oder zum mindesten in seine Sphäre passen würden; dann zeigt uns vor allem aber auch die Zeichnung den Effekt der Speise auf den Menschen, der sich in ihrer Nähe befindet, oder sie genießt. Mit welch tiefem Gefühl wird hier gegessen, getrunken, geraucht und geschnupft!

Die Leute, die Busch in seiner ersten Periode beschreibt, interessieren sich eben nicht für lyrische Sonnenuntergänge. Daher wird wohl die Landschaft, außer in einigen wenigen Fällen, wo sie als Hintergrund wichtig ist, nicht dargestellt, geschweige denn, daß sie pantheistisch beseelt würde; wohl aber wird gelegentlich einem nützlichen Gegenstand in grotesker Weise eine dumpfe Seele eingehaucht; denn für diese Art der Personifizierung haben verschiedene der Gestalten Busch' Sinn; sie haben eben dieselbe Art von Humor wie ihr Schöpfer. Zum Beispiel, Frau Knopp:

> "Gern wendet Frau Doris anjetzo den Blick
> Auf Knopp sein Bein-Bekleidungsstück,
> Welches ihr immer besonders gefiel
> Durch Ausdruck und wechselndes Mienenspiel.
> Bald schaut es so drein mit grimmem Verdruß,
> Bald auch voller Gram und Bekümmernuß."

[9] Daß aber Busch diese Stillebentechnik verstand, das beweist z. B. ein wundervoll lecker gezeichneter Schweinskopf, allerdings nicht in einer gewöhnlichen Holzschnittechnik.

Die Bilder geben auch hier wieder der Beschreibung den Gehalt. Gelegentlich stellt sich auch Busch bei der Schöpfung von Symbolen—er hat ja eine sehr schmiegsame Einbildungskraft, die ihm stets erlaubt, sich in die Lage eines andern zu versetzen—auf den Standpunkt von Kindern; der pralle Mehlsack erscheint als massiver Faulpelz,[10] oder der feiste Vollmond kommt herauf, die Pfeife im Mund.

Wenn Busch in seiner ersten Periode zu wenig Romantiker und zu sehr Realist ist, um auf diese Art Sinnbilder zu schaffen, so ist er doch eine zu weit angelegte Natur, um nicht auf dem einen oder andern Weg ins Reich der Symbole zu gelangen, wenn auch jetzt noch nicht in dessen höchste Sphären; so bei einigen seiner Beschreibungen der Trunkenheit: auf- und niederschwankende Straßen, taumelnde Bäume,[11] der Stiefelzieher, der zum Hornschröter wird, sind Beseelungen des Unbeseelten durch Ideen, aber sie sind wiederum durchaus realistich im Hinblick auf die Phantasie des Betrunkenen.

Bezeichnend ist übrigens auch für unsern Nachkommen der alten Holländer, daß er die sublimierteste Gattung der Dichtung, die symbolische, auf die Trunkenheit anwendet. Dieses absolut respektlose Spiel mit Symbolen während seiner ersten Periode gibt Busch eine eigenartige Stellung. Selbst Spötter wie Heine, Musset, Byron, werden meist ernst, sobald sie sich in die symbolische Sphäre erheben. In Busch' erster Periode ist aber das ironische Element so stark, daß er gegenüber dem Publikum wenigstens jede Spur von Ehrfurcht unterdrückt. Nicht einmal die alles zermalmende Zeit vermag er halbwegs ernsthaft aufzufassen. Er stellt sie dar als hageres, spindeldürres Weib, allem Anschein nach in der Nachtjacke, der obere Teil des Körpers verschwindet in den Wolken. Mit ihren langen Beinen rast sie mit diabolischer Geschwindigkeit dahin. Ganz geheuer allerdings war sie ihm doch nicht; ja sie ist die einzige Abstraktion, die seine Phantasie so unheimlich anregte, daß sie zu einem

[10] Geschichten für Neffen und Nichten, S. 13.

[11] Der Undankbare u. die ff.

Wesen wurde, das in seiner grauenvollen Größe und grotesken Kühnheit weit jenseits unserer Welt steht.[12]

Man sollte meinen eine symbolische Phantasie bei Psychologen und Moralisten möchte von selbst zu personifizierten Charaktereigenschaften, besonders von Tugenden und Lastern führen. Die Tugend kommt allerdings bezeichnenderweise nicht vor, dafür umsomehr das Laster, oder doch mindestens schlechte Eigenschaften, wie Trunksucht, Haß, Neid, Schadenfreude,[13] egoistische Bauernschlauheit,[14] geschwätzige Scheinheiligkeit.[15]

Sehr viele der andern Gestalten können hier hereinbezogen werden, z. B. der Zahnarzt, den ein Unglück immer heiter stimmt.[16] Sie sind aber noch nicht so weit in der Abstraktion gediehen wie die genannten drei. Mit diesen aber sind wegen ihrer Abstraktheit Figuren verwandt, wie der Jude Schievelbeiner oder der Engländer.[17]

Man möchte versucht sein, die allegorischen Gestalten des Pastors Filucius, wie z. B. die protestantische und die katholische Kirche hier unterzubringen, wenn sie nicht so viele lebensvolle Züge hätten, die uns ganz ihren begrifflichen Ursprung vergessen ließen.

Das Naiv-Moralisierende und doch wieder Verstandesmäßige, sowie die rohe Derbheit seines Humors bringen Busch der Dichtung des Mittelalters nahe. Es finden sich auch verschiedene Motive bei ihm vor, die in den mittelalterlichen Schwänken besonders beliebt waren: Das böse Weib,[18] oder das Weib, das seinen Gatten mit dem Priester hintergeht.[19] Ja, einmal wagt er sich sogar an das Heiligenleben. Es ist klar, daß jemand von der barock-realistischen Einbildungskraft Busch', der außerdem eine psychologische Feinfühligkeit hat, die ihm sehr wohl ermög-

[12] Vergl. Julchen, Hernach.
[13] Schlich in Plisch und Plum.
[14] Krischan im Geburtstag.
[15] Babbelmann in den Abenteuern eines Junggesellen.
[16] Balduin Bählamm.
[17] Plisch und Plum.
[18] Frau Mücke.
[19] Knarrtjes Gattin in den Abenteuern eines Junggesellen.

licht, in ferne Zeiten einzudringen, in der Welt der Legende eine unglaubliche Verwirrung anrichten wird; besonders wenn er wie Busch die Frommen haßt. Wenn Gottfried Keller das Wunder mit einem leisen, liebenswürdigen Humor behandelt, so macht es Busch einfach grotesk. Der Bischof Rusticus zweifelt an dem Glauben des heiligen Antonius:

> "Flugs nimmt Antonius seine Haube,
> Und hängt sie wie an einen Pfahl
> An einen warmen Sonnenstrahl."

Ein andermal liest der Heilige bei seinem Heiligenschein, da kommt eine üppige kleine Ballettänzerin zu ihm; sie wird aufdringlich und aufdringlicher, bis er mit dem Kreuz auf sie deutend ihr zuruft:

> "Laß' ab von mir, unsaubrer Geist,
> So wie Du bist, wer Du auch seist."

Und der Teufel enteilt in kurzem Balletröckchen, eine Blume zwischen den Hörnern. Antonius' Himmelfahrt mit dem Schwein, dem zwei Engelsflügelchen wachsen, ist in seiner blasphemischen Kühnheit weder von Voltaire in seiner Pucelle, noch von dem Autor der "Combats des dieux anciens et modernes" übertroffen worden. Das Seltsamste dabei ist, daß während Busch zuerst über den Heiligen spottet, er ihn allmählich lieb gewinnt, was dem Schluß seiner Erzählung etwas von der Wärme Kellers gibt. Das ist übrigens ein Zug, der nur sehr selten in der ersten Periode seines Schaffens herauskommt, wenigstens nicht bei dem Schriftsteller.

2.—*Der Moralist und Psychologe.*

Wir haben schon gesehen, Busch hat einen scharfen Verstand, wie auch seine Veranlagung für Mathematik beweist.[20] Er liebt das Begriffliche. Ein Begriff ist der Knoten wesentlicher Merkmale. Was ist nun wesentlich für Busch? Meist das, was seine Moral oder doch seine Weltanschauung überhaupt akzentuiert. Alles was nicht Bezug hat auf diese, wird rücksichtslos eliminiert.

[20] Vergl. Schaukal, *W. Busch und die Autobiographische Skizze* ["Pater Filucius"].

Will uns Busch einen Begriff von kindlicher Spielerei geben, d. h. in der Beleuchtung seiner Philosophie des Zerstörungstriebes, so bleibt in dem Zimmer gerade das, was "Julchen" zu verderben vermag. Wenn beschrieben wird, wie sich Franz anzieht, so ist das nötig, um uns zu zeigen, wie unpassend Helenchens Benehmen ist (sie schaut durch das Schlüsselloch zu), und wie sich dieses bestraft. Wenn Pater Filucius sein Gift gerade in die dampfende Suppenschüssel gießt, so geschieht dies, damit sie ihm nachher über den Kopf gestülpt werden kann, und obgleich es sich in letzterem Falle um eine ganze Mahlzeit handelt, sehen und hören wir von keiner andern Speise; ja selbst die Suppenschüssel ist gerade noch kenntlich. So sehr ist Busch bemüht, nur das Wesentliche vorzuführen.

Aus den obigen Beispielen geht auch hervor, daß in Busch' Welt das Böse ohne Erbarmen bestraft wird; nicht daß er eine transzendente Gerechtigkeit eingreifen ließe, aber die Logik der Ereignisse bringt es mit, daß sich das Böse selbst die Grube gräbt. Wer zuviel trinkt, wird aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach einmal in seinem Rausche zu Grunde gehen, wie die fromme Helene, der Gourmand wird an seiner Gefräßigkeit sterben, wie Schmock, der an einer Gräte erstickt; der böse Junge treibt es solange, bis er erwischt und bestraft wird. In dieser Art ergänzen sich bei Busch Charakter und Schicksal, so daß die Endresultate von der Logik der Ereignisse gefordert erscheinen. Dadurch erlangen seine Lebensschicksale etwas Typisches und allgemein Gültiges, wie wir es bei Shakespeare und Molière finden.[21]—Dies erreicht Busch gewöhnlich, indem er die Situation, in der sich eine Person befindet, mit ihrem Charakter kontrastiert. Helenchen, ein boshaftes kleines Mädchen, das sich gerne amüsiert, kommt aufs Land zu frommen, beschränkten alten Leuten, Onkel und Tante, die sie gleich mit einer langen Tugendpredigt ins Bett entlassen. Wie soll sich da der Tatentrieb des jungen Geschöpfes anders

[21] Vgl. Wetz, *Shakespeare vom Standpunkt der vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte*, Worms, 1890, und Lanson, *Histoire de la litt. française: Molière*, Paris, 1903. O. Ludwig, *Shakespeare-Studien*, Berlin, 1872.

Luft machen als in Streichen? Solch ein Motiv ist selbstverständlich höchst fruchtbar, um Exempel zu statuieren: Die alten Leute, die so weise Lehren geben, benehmen sich sehr albern und verlieren ganz ihre Würde, sobald sie durch Helenchens Übermut etwas aus ihrer alltäglichen Gewohnheit in eine ungemütlich neue Situation gebracht werden. Helenchen andererseits kommt nicht mehr von der schiefen Ebene des Bösetuns, bis sie auf ihr in die Hölle hinabgerutscht ist. Moral: Hüte Dich vor Pharisäertum, aber hüte Dich auch vor allem Bösen: "Es macht Plaisir, wenn man es ist, es macht Verdruß, wenn man's gewesen."[22] Eine schlimme Tat hat gleich mehrere im Gefolge. Gegen diese Art von Lehren mag man einwenden: Das sind Gemeinplätze; indessen lehren uns Shakespeare und Molière viel anderes in ethischer Hinsicht als Gemeinplätze? Verdanken sie nicht vielmehr, zum Teil wenigstens, dem Umstand ihre Größe, daß sie im Stande sind, Wahrheiten, die jeder versteht, und die eine recht lange Epoche hindurch verstanden werden können, in frappanter Lebendigkeit uns vor Augen zu führen? Bei Busch wie bei Molière tritt die Lehre weit evidenter hervor als bei Shakespeare, wahrscheinlich weil sie mehr bewußt darauf abzielen. Man kann diese zwei daher Moralisten nennen. Allen dreien wiederum ist gemeinsam, daß sie die Umgebung ihrer Menschen schauen und wissen, daß diese mehr oder minder durch die eine böse Tat beeinflußt werden muß. Während Helenchen noch mit intensivem Interesse durch das Schlüsselloch in Franzens Schlafzimmer sieht, geht plötzlich die Türe auf. Helene stößt bei eiliger Flucht an die Wasserkanne und fällt mit dieser die Treppe hinunter:

> "Sie kommt auf Hannchen angerollt,
> Die Franzens Stiefel holen wollt.
> Die Lene rutscht, es rutscht die Hanne,
> Die Tante trägt die Kaffeekanne;
> Da geht es klirr und klipp und klapp,
> Und auch der Onkel kriegt was ab."

Dies Beispiel zeigt uns auch wieder das optische Genie Busch' und dessen Beschränkung. Er sieht meist nur die Wirkung,

[22] Die fromme Helene.

soweit das Auge reicht. Er kann nicht wie Molière und Shakespeare vorführen, wie die Umgebung im weiteren Sinne des Wortes durch eine lasterhafte Person an ihrem Charakter leidet.[23] —Bei Shakespeare und Busch leiden meist Gute und Böse. Molière ist hierin weniger konsequent; vielleicht, weil er ein Lustspieldichter war, vielleicht auch, weil er in jenem Frankreich des 17ten Jahrhundert lebte, das die Welt als von der Vernunft regiert betrachtete. Die Guten, wenn es auch noch so sehr gegen die Konsequenz der Verhältnisse geht, werden meist durch irgend ein Wunder gerettet. Wo dies nicht der Fall ist, wie im "Misanthrope," ist man im Zweifel, ob man es mit einem Lustspiel zu tun hat. Busch hingegen in seinem eigenen burlesken Genre kann sich den tragikomischen Ausgang sehr wohl leisten, ohne die heitere Stimmung zu stören,[24] weil er höher über der Wirklichkeit schwebt[25] als Molière.

Ein so intensiver Moralist wie Busch, der zugleich ein so außerordentlich feiner Beobachter ist, sollte ein Meister in der Wiedergabe psychologischer Entwicklung sein. Als Moralist muß ihn doch interessieren, wie der arme Mensch Schritt für Schritt der Versuchung unterliegt. In der Tat finden wir auch bei ihm wunderbar feine psychologische Skizzen, die mit sicherem Schnitt die Wurzeln von Tugenden und Lastern freilegen. So wird mit kühler Ruhe beispielsweise in der "frommen Helene" das äussere Symptom notiert, welches einen Fortschritt in dem psychologischen Verfall der Heldin anzeigt: von jugendlichen Streichen wie dem Zusammennähen von Onkels Hemd bis zur bewußten Grausamkeit des erwachsenen Mädchens, das an den Schwanz der Katze brennendes Papier befestigt, von der sinnlichen Neugierde des Backfisches, wie es eigentlich aussieht, wenn ein Mann sich anzieht, bis zum Ehebruch. Ebenso haben wir in der Helene den Konflikt zwischen Wollen und Sollen, zwischen Schnapsflasche und Gebetbuch. Mit einem bitteren Realismus ist er durchgeführt; nirgends Reflektion, alles Handlung. Die intimsten Gedanken der Seele werden suggeriert; das Beschrei-

[23] Vgl. Tartuffe, "das ganze Haus beginnt zu betrügen."

[24] Abgesehen von der "frommen Helene."

[25] Vergl. hierzu Busch' autobiographische Skizze.

bende so knapp gehalten wie Bühnenanweisungen. Die Tragödie beginnt mit einem jener wundervoll scharf geprägten Zynismen Busch'. Feierlich und von einer unheimlichen Komik beseelt erschallt das Leitmotiv:

> "Es ist ein Brauch von Alters her,
> Wer Sorgen hat, hat auch Likör."

"Nein, ruft Helene, aber nun will ich's auch ganz und ganz gewiß nicht wieder tun." Ihre schmerzlich pathetische Bewegung, welche uns in der Zeichnung vor Augen geführt wird, markiert die Höhe des inneren Konfliktes und zeigt den Ernst der Absicht:

> "Sie kniet von ferne fromm und frisch,
> Die Flasche stehet auf dem Tisch."

Sie klein und zerknirscht, die Flasche riesengroß. Das nächste Bild zeigt sie schon halb abgewendet vom Gebetpult.

> "Es läßt sich knieen auch ohne Pult,
> Die Flasche wartet mit Geduld."

Sie ist schon ganz nahe bei dem Tisch; die Augen schauen über den Rand des Gesangbuches—nach der Lampe oder nach der Flasche?

> "Man liest nicht gerne weit vom Licht,
> Die Flasche glänzt und rührt sich nicht."

Das Gebetbuch fällt zu Boden; andächtig kniet sie vor der Flasche, die gefalteten Hände inbrünstig um sie geschlungen; gerade als habe sie in ihrer Betäubung Liederbuch und Flasche verwechselt. Sehr fein geben auch die Worte den Übergang:

> "Oft liest man mehr als wie genug,
> Die Flasche ist kein Liederbuch.",

Mit grausamer Logik ist die Versuchung analysiert; jede Steigerung genau notiert und mit welcher Technik! Jedem Vers, der die innere Stimme formuliert, entspricht ein Vers, der mit indifferenter Brutalität die äußere Versuchung wiedergibt; und zu gleicher Zeit wird der Flasche eine dumpfe Seele eingehaucht, aber nur so leise, daß sie kaum aus der Reihe der natürlichen Dinge heraustritt. Die Wendungen hierfür sind so bescheiden gewählt, daß sie in einem Polizeibericht stehen könnten. Doch

wird hierdurch die Versuchung dramatisch, ohne daß die Szene von ihrem furchtbaren Realismus einbüßt. Wie intensiv muß der Haß gewesen sein, der ein solches Geschöpf mit einer so grandiosen Kunst zerschmetterte, und wie groß der Künstler, der einen solchen Gegenstand, wohlgemerkt bei nur geringem Abstand von der Wirklichkeit, erträglich, ja, für viele ergötzlich macht.

Gelegentlich erweitert sich das Interesse Busch' über das Ethische hinaus. Er gräbt einem Laster nach, bis er zu dessen Wurzel kommt, die sehr oft nicht mehr in den Bereich der ethischen Beurteilung gehört, wie die Neugierde und der Übermut der "frommen" Helene als Kind. Manchmal bleibt er dann in diesem moralisch-indifferenten Gebiet und sieht, was aus solchen Eigenschaften bei weniger ungünstigen Einflüssen werden kann, z. B. beim Maler Klecksel, der übermütig und sinnlich ist wie die "fromme" Helene und auch dem Alkohol gerne zuspricht, den aber Armut im Zügel hält, so daß der tolle Malerjüngling schließlich seine Geliebte heiratet und ein ehrbarer Schenkwirt wird, in dessen Physiognomie gerade noch genügend Spuren des Bohémien zu erkennen sind, um die Kontinuität der Persönlichkeit zu markieren.

Wir haben schon bemerkt, daß Busch eine Art "Kettenphantasie" hat: das sittlich Schlechte führt ihn zum sittlich Indifferenten, und auch das sittlich Gute scheint ihm aus einem moralisch indifferenten Urgrunde,[26] ja, aus recht minderwertigen Trieben hervorzugehen, z. B. wenn er die Tugenden des heiligen Antonius analysiert:

"Auch unser Toni zeigte früh
Zum Heiligen mancherlei Genie.
Man rechnet meistens zu den Lasten
Das kirchliche Gebot der Fasten.
Man fastet, weil man eben muß.
Für Toni aber war's Genuß.
Bouillon und Fleisch und Leberklos.
Das war ihm alles tutmemschos,
Dagegen jene milden Sachen,
Die wir aus Mehl und Zucker machen,

[26] "Sittlich" nehme ich hier im kantischen Sinne.

Wozu man auch wohl Milch und Zimmt
Und gute sanfte Butter nimmt,
Ich will mal sagen Mandeltorten,
Dampfnudeln, Krapfen allersorten,
Auch Waffel, Honig-Pfannenkuchen,
Dies pflegt er häufig aufzusuchen.
Den Freitag war er gern allein,
Um sich besonders zu kastei'n;
Der Tag war ihm besonders heilig,
Früh stund er auf und schlich sich eilig
Zur Scheune auf die kühle Tenne;
Denn Picola, die kluge Henne,
Legt hier versteckt in frisches Heu
Behutsam schon ihr Morgenei.
Er trank es aus, hier sehen wir,
Daß selbst das unvernünftige Tier
Mit sonst gedankenlosen Werken
Den Frommen fördern muß und stärken."

Dann holt er sich in dem Garten eines Fischers, der am Freitag in Ketzerkneipen Fleisch ißt, Obst und Fische:

"Gesegnet sind die Frommen, ihnen
Muß jedes Ding zum Besten dienen.
Doch nicht allein die Fastenzeit
Fand ihn stets willig und bereit;
Nein, auch die vielen Feiertage
Trug er geduldig ohne Klage.
Zuweilen auch bei kühler Zeit
Trieb ihn der Geist der Einsamkeit;
Sodaß er morgens auf dem Pfühle,
Entfernt von Schul- und Weltgewühle
Bis in den hellen Wintertag
Ein stiller Klausner sinnend lag."

Man fragt unwillkürlich, was für einen Wert hat denn die ganze Frömmigkeit, wenn sie im Grunde genommen Faulheit und Genußsucht ist? Sollte aber, wenn der heilige Antonius später im Walde ruhig sitzend sich von Pflanzen überwachsen läßt, den Ameisen erlaubt, in seinem Ärmel zu nisten, das auch noch aus Genußsucht geschehen? Wenn mir jemand einwirft, die Qual kann auch eine Wollust werden, so läßt sich erwidern, daß, wenn man Begriffe soweit dehnt, sie ihren ursprünglichen Sinn verlieren. Wer den heiligen Antonius einen faulen Schlemmer schilt, müßte einen Schmetterling ein häßliches Tier nennen, weil er aus einer ekelhaft fetten Raupe hervorging; allein, gerade

das tut Busch. Er sieht eben fast immer den Orang-Utan in uns. Beim Hofieren um Julchen geht es fast ebenso her wie da, wo die zwei Hunde Plisch und Plum nach einer Hündin schmachten; d. h. es kommt zu einer energischen Keilerei. Nur dadurch zeigen die Menschen ihren höheren Intellekt, daß sie statt ihrer Zähne Gartenutensilien als Waffen gebrauchen. Die junge Liebe wäre hiernach für Busch der primitive Kampf ums Weib. Wir sehen, offen oder versteckt gelangt er fast immer zu einer unangenehmen Lehre. Wie stimmt aber dieses Moralisieren zu seiner eigenen Behauptung, er habe alles zum Vergnügen geschrieben? Da wäre zweierlei anzuführen: Häufig deutet das Dargestellte bloß auf eine ethische Folgerung. Aber war diese beabsichtigt? Und doch muß sie hier irgendwie in ihm gesteckt haben; denn wer nach allen Richtungen blindlings darauf los photographiert, würde nur in äusserst seltenen Fällen Bilder erhalten, die auch nur auf eine Moral hindeuten. Dann muß aber auch betont werden, daß für viele Menschen das Moralisieren ein Vergnügen ist. Der Zorn, wenn er irgendwo hinaus kann, ist ein Genuß; versetzen sich doch primitive Völker in diese Art der Erregung einfach um des Lustgefühls willen. Die Germanen konnten sich ja nicht einmal die Seligkeit ohne Kampf denken; und ein Beobachter, der so sicher trifft wie Busch, sollte diesen Genuß nicht haben? Gerade weil er dieses burleske Sicherheitsventil für seinen Grimm hatte, wurde er vielleicht kein unbedingter Weltverneiner. Einen fröhlichen Pessimisten möchte man ihn nennen; gewiß die Welt ist schlecht, aber unendlich komisch:

"Es sitzt ein Vogel auf dem Leim,
Er flattert sehr und kann nicht heim.
Ein schwarzer Kater schleicht herzu,
Die Krallen scharf, die Augen gluh;
Am Baum hinauf und immer höher
Kommt er dem armen Vogel näher.
Der Vogel denkt, weil das so ist,
Und weil mich doch der Kater frißt,
So will ich keine Zeit verlieren,
Will noch ein wenig quinquillieren
Und lustig pfeifen wie zuvor.
Der Vogel scheint mir, hat Humor."[27]

[27] Kritik des Herzens.

Häufig scheint es, als habe er den scharfen und tadelnden Blick des Moralisten, aber das Temperament des Epikuräers:

> "Sehr tadelnswert ist unser Tun,
> Wir sind nicht brav und bieder.
> Gesetzt den Fall, es käme nun
> Die Sündflut nochmal nieder,
> Das wär' ein Zappeln und Geschreck,
> Wir tauchten alle unter,
> Dann kröchen wir wieder aus dem Dreck
> Und wären froh und munter."[28]

Busch freut sich des Animalischen wie Homer, wenn er seinen Polyphem beim Mahle beschreibt; aber die christliche Kultur hat dieses viehische Genießen schlecht gemacht; daher kann er es nicht mit naiver Bewunderung schildern, wie der Grieche, sondern muß einen Tadel einflechten, und das geschieht durch die Ironie. Der Gedanke ist, wie oben oft, streng zurechtweisend, aber die Form ist burlesk. Die Mischung beider ergibt die eine Seite von Busch' Humor. Ein Mensch, der wie Busch so unbarmherzig scharf die Schwächen der andern sieht, wird sich wohl hüten, die eigenen an den Tag zu legen. In der Tat ist nicht einmal der 'Simplicissimus,' dieses maliziöseste Witzblatt, imstande, ihm etwas vorzuhalten. Entweder verneigt er sich ehrfurchtsvoll vor Junker Satan, oder was fast noch ein feineres Kompliment ist, er benutzt dessen Waffen. Es ist eben unmöglich, Busch zu überbuschen, wenn man sich nicht selbst lächerlich machen will; mit so sicherer Hand versteht er es an der Grenze des Möglichen zu bleiben, gerade das Äusserste zu geben, ohne fratzenhaft zu werden. Das heißt: er hat Geschmack. Ist das aber nicht selbstverständlich bei einem Künstler[29] von seiner Bedeutung?—Man sehe sich Dickens an, der eine Menge Humor aber schmerzlich wenig Geist hat. Nun, sagt man, er ist ein Engländer—als ob die Engländer nicht eine ganze Menge geistreicher und geschmackvoller Dichter hätten, wie Byron, Pope, Shaw. Aber wir wollen uns einmal in Frankreich umsehen. Unter den Dichtern des 19ten Jahrhunderts steht Hugo in erster

[28] Ebenda.

[29] Künstler—hier gleich Schöpfer im weitesten Sinne.

Reihe. Und doch ist wohl keiner unter den Großen der Weltliteratur, der ihn überträfe an Albernheiten. Er hat Humor, wenn auch nicht so viel wie Dickens, und beinahe möchte man meinen, daß es eben der Humor ist, der ihn wie Dickens häufig zum Toren macht. Busch, dessen Bedeutung vor allem in seinem Humor besteht, ist es also um so höher anzurechnen, wenn er diesen in geschmackvollen Schranken zu halten weiß. Der Dichter, besonders der Moralist, sucht, um auf möglichst viele Menschen zu wirken, bewußt oder unbewußt die typischen, d. h. extremsten Fälle aus: Ibsens "Nora" läßt sich nicht nur von ihrem Manne scheiden, sie hat auch Kinder, die sie liebt, von denen sie sich losreißen muß. Busch, der nicht nur Moralist, sondern auch Humorist ist, treibt diese Konsequenz natürlich bis zur äußersten Grenze: damit hängt wohl auch seine vielbesprochene Rohheit zusammen. Man betrachte genau die Fälle, wo er grausam wird, es ist gewöhnlich, um auch die schlimmsten Konsequenzen einer Unachtsamkeit oder eines bösen Streiches darzutun. Der tragische Dichter, wenigstens der moderne, begnügt sich mit seelischer Qual, oder der einfachen Exekution seines Helden. Busch als Komiker kann sich einige pikante Zutaten leisten, wie sie dem Tragiker nur in verhältnismäßig primitiven Zeiten gestattet wurden. Im ernsten Bild oder im ernsten Drama würden wir es unausstehlich finden, wenn ein Mensch an der großen Zehe in die Höhe gezogen würde, abgesehen natürlich von geschundenen Heiligen, die einen besonderen Fall darstellen. Busch hat entschieden etwas vom Dichter der primitiven Zeiten, und so schafft er seine extremen Fälle dadurch, daß er die Vernunft und das moderne Surrogat der Vernunft, die Polizei, aus seiner Tragikomödie eliminiert hat; das heißt, die selbstischen Triebe herrschen ungezügelt in seiner Welt. Vom Kind sagt er:

> "Sein Prinzip ist überhaupt,
> Was beliebt, ist auch erlaubt;
> Denn der Mensch als Kreatur
> Hat von Rücksicht nicht die Spur." (*Julchen*, S. 5.)

Und das gilt auch im großen ganzen von seinen ausgewachsenen Kindern. Was sich Shakespeare in der Umwelt bot durch die

Zerstörung der engen mittelalterlichen Gesellschaftsordnung und das Nichtvorhandensein des modernen Polizeistaates, das erreicht Busch auf künstlichem Wege, nämlich ein ungebundenes Walten der selbstischen Triebe. Der von solchen Trieben geleitete Mensch ist ein verhältnismäßig einfacher Mechanismus, den Busch nochmals simplifiziert und damit ein Wesen erhält, das durch die Übersichtlichkeit seiner Triebe sich vorzüglich für das Experiment eignet. Beim Kind ist das, wie wir schon bemerkten, noch mehr der Fall als beim Erwachsenen. Beim Tier erreicht häufig die Vorausbestimmbarkeit einen Grad mathematischer Sicherheit, auf die jeder Automat stolz sein könnte. Ein Tier wird gereizt, natürlich beißt es; ein boshafter Schlingel sieht die Möglichkeit eines Streiches, natürlich führt er ihn aus. Das ist so bei dieser Art von Lebewesen, weil hier nur *ein* starkes Motiv vorhanden ist. Bei Erwachsenen sollte es anders sein. Diese haben doch die Vernunft als Gegengewicht der Instinkte, wenigstens nehmen wir das an. Sehen wir einmal zu, wie Onkel Nolte, ein ruhiger alter Herr, sich in einer kritischen Lage benimmt. Helene näht sein Nachthemd an Hals und Armlöchern zusammen,—als überlegender Mann wird er wohl bald entdecken, warum er nicht in sein Hemd kommt, und die Übeltäterin damit strafen, daß er sie den Schaden wieder gut machen läßt,—keine Spur davon; er müht sich immer wütender ab, in das Hemd zu kommen, bis er es zerreißt. Nun, er war allein, glaubte sich unbeachtet, da läßt man sich gehen. In Gegenwart seiner Frau wäre das ganz anders gewesen; er würde sich scheuen vor der weisen Sittenpredigerin, sich an ihrer Ruhe ein Beispiel nehmen. Helenchen gibt ihm bald Gelegenheit, die Scharte auszuwetzen. Nachts zieht sie das Plumeau der beiden Alten mit einer Angelschnur weg:

> "Hupp, jetzt spürt die Tante auch
> An dem Fuß den kalten Hauch.
> 'Nolte' ruft sie, 'lasse das,
> Denn das ist ein dummer Spaß.' "

Sie "ruft," das sollte eine gesetzte alte Dame nicht tun; ihre Gebärde ist aber noch impulsiver: die Faust gegen Noltens Nase:

> "Und mit Murren und Gebrumm
> Kehrt man beiderseits sich um."

Sie liegen Rücken gegen Rücken; jedes so nah an seinem Rand des Bettes als möglich:

> "Schnupp, da liegt man gänzlich bloß
> Und die Zornigkeit geht los."

Es endet natürlich mit einer Prügelei; und diese ganze Erregung wird durch einen kleinen Streich verursacht. So sind nach Busch die alten friedlichen Leute; man kann sich einen Begriff machen, wie die jungen erst sein werden.

Maler Klecksel liest die Kritik seines ersten Bildes:

> "Wie düster wird sein Blick umnebelt!
> Wie hat ihn Hinterstich vermöbelt!
> Sogleich in eigener Person
> Fort eilt er auf die Redaktion.
> Des Autors Physiognomie
> Bedroht er mit dem Parapluie.
> Der Kritikus in Zornextase
> Spieß mit der Feder Kunos Nase."

Schirm, Tintenfaß und Feder werden in einer wütenden Keilerei als Schutz- und Trutzwaffen gebraucht.—Die Handlung ist hier noch eine Idee impulsiver als oben; die Tante machte doch noch einen kleinen Versuch zu einem gütlichen Vergleich. Hier schießt dem Malerjüngling das Blut gleich so stark in den Kopf, daß sein Blick getrübt wird. Nicht einmal auf dem Weg zur Redaktion gedenkt er den Kritiker erst zur Rede zu stellen, sondern sofort greift er ihn an. Noch geringeren Anlaß zum Gefecht bedarf es bei den Tieren:

> "Fips [der Affe] hat sich einen Knochen stibitzt
> Wo auch noch ziemlich was drannen sitzt.
> Neugierig hocken im Hintergrund,
> Grips der Kater und Schnips der Hund."

"Wau, Wau," sie sausen von ihrem Platze auf den Affen. Der Hund beißt den Affen in den Schwanz, die Katze zaust seinen Kopf; hier sind wir also bei einem ganz triebhaften Handeln angelangt. Wiederum mit mehr Verstand versehen als seine beiden Gegner ist der Affe, wie seine Kampfart beweist. Er flüchtet, lockt die Katze mit dem bewußten Knochen in einen

Korb. Auf diesen springend drückt er ihn so zusammen, daß gerade die Pfoten herausstehen. Mit der Zange reißt er ihr dann die Klauen aus und befestigt hierauf den Korb an ihrem Schwanz, der am andern Ende desselben heraussteht. Hierauf geht es an den Hund; Fips packt ihn am Schweif und

> "Schwingt ihn solchermaßen im Kreis,
> Bis er nichts Gescheidtes mehr zu denken weiß."

Dann schleift er ihn am Schwanz über den Hof und ihn immer noch am Schwanz haltend, läßt er ihn über einem Ziehbrunnen baumeln:

> "Drauf so führt er ihn hinten nach
> Auf des Daches Rinne bis aufs Dach.
> Und lehnt ihn über den Schlot allhier.
> Draus geht ein merklicher Dampf herfür."

Diese rasende Rachsucht erinnert etwas an Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." Busch mußte diese in der heutigen, etwas verfeinerten Zeit auf ein Tier übertragen. Wir sehen, diese Geschöpfe sind von einem einzigen, wütenden Trieb erfüllt, der sie nichts anderes sehen oder hören läßt: vor der Tat nie ein Gedanke an die Folgen. Wenn sie nebenbei Verstand haben, so dient dieser nur, um diesen Trieb zu befriedigen, was sich in der raffinierteren Kampfesweise des Menschen und Affen zeigt. Und in diese zügellose Welt stellt Busch seinen guten Philister, der nichts höher schätzt als Ordnung und Regel. Der Erfolg ist von einer erschütternden Lächerlichkeit.

Busch gelangte zu der fast mechanischen Reaktion des psychischen Lebens, wie wir schon gesehen haben, durch Reduktion der Triebfedern unseres Mechanismus auf das Impulsive. Es ist eigen, daß bei den Charakteren Corneilles, die doch ganz von der Vernunft beherrscht werden, etwas Ähnliches vorhanden ist; ja gerade, weil sie ausschließlich von der Vernunft beherrscht werden, sind sie von ähnlicher Einfachheit. Sobald man gefunden hat, was diese Vernunft sich zum Ziel gesetzt hat, sei es sittlich, sei es unsittlich, so hat man das Naturgesetz ihres Wesens entdeckt. Dieses ist meist eine ethische Norm, da Ethik und Vernunft häufig miteinander verknüpft sind.

Während nun Busch und Corneille bei durchaus klassizistischer Vereinfachung der Psychologie, der eine in fast unbedingter Betonung des Verstandes, der andere in fast absoluter Hervorhebung des Instinktiven, zu dieser fast mechanischen Reaktion des Handelns gelangen, kann beispielsweise bei einer Gestalt des modernen Dichters—ich wähle "Faust," da dieser am Beginn der Bewegung nach Komplikation der Psychologie steht—nicht das künftige Handeln mit Sicherheit vorausgesagt werden; d. h. wenigstens nicht im ersten Teil der Tragödie, so lange sich Vernunft und Trieb einigermaßen das Gleichgewicht halten, und er somit in die Reihe der modernen komplizierten Naturen gehört.

Ganz ihrer Psychologie entsprechen die Weltanschauungen der drei Dichter. Der Mensch nach Corneille soll das Erhabene wollen, und nur dieses; Herrscher soll er sein, der sich nur einer stolzen Moral unterwirft. Menschlich will Goethe den Menschen; er sei weder ein Gott noch ein Tier; er unterdrücke nicht seine Triebe, sondern leite sie durch die Vernunft. Busch ist zufrieden, wenn die gesellschaftsfeindlichen Triebe einigermaßen gezügelt werden, wenn aus dem jugendlichen Nichtsnutz ein ehrbarer Philister wird, der eine behagliche Existenz führt, ohne jemand zu schaden. Tatsächlich scheinen ihm solche Menschen die wünschenswertesten Existenzen zu sein: einfache Leute, wie man sie in der mittleren Bürgerschicht findet, deren Leben mit den Sorgen des Alltags ausgefüllt ist, die gerne gut essen und trinken, überhaupt ihren Instinkten nachgehen, sofern diese harmlos sind; Leute wie der spätere Schenkwirt Klecksel oder wie Knopp, der seinen Lebenszweck erfüllt glaubt, nachdem er ein Kind in die Welt gesetzt und dann verheiratet hat,[30]—sie werden wenigstens mit einigermaßen heiler Haut entlassen; dies sind die Leute mit denen er Sympathie empfindet. Theoretiker dagegen kann er nicht ausstehen, wie wir schon im Fall

[30] Vgl. den Schluß von "Julchen"; nachdem Julchen, Knopps Tochter, verheiratet ist, heißt es:

"Knopp der hat hienieden nun
Eigentlich nichts mehr zu tun."

Er hat seinen Zweck erfüllt etc.

von Onkel und Tante Nolte sahen. Und wie lächerlich wird Rektor Debisch gemacht, der der Ansicht ist:

> "Oberflächlich ist der Hieb,
> Nur des Geistes Kraft allein
> Schneidet in die Seele ein."

Es genügt Busch nicht, ihn durch Wort und Bild *ad absurdum* zu führen; mit intensiver Bosheit wird ihm die obige lächerliche Sentenz gewissermaßen selbst in den Mund gelegt, so daß er sich selbst albern machen muß.

Nun, so ein Mensch wie Busch, der in seinen Büchern alles kurz und klein schlägt, muß wohl für Prügelstrafe sein,—da, wenn er gegen sie predigte, er sich selbst die Existenzberechtigung nehmen würde. Gleich nachdem uns Debisch und sein Sohn vorgeführt wurden, lernen wir Herrn Druff kennen, dessen Namen schon erraten läßt, was wir zu erwarten haben:

> "Druff hat aber diese Regel,
> Prügel machen frisch und kregel
> Und erweisen sich probat
> Ganz besonders vor der Tat."

Auch zum heutigen Schützenfest scheint ihm dies für Franz das beste; schon der Ton läßt ahnen, daß Busch nicht so ganz mit diesem Verfahren einverstanden ist, und noch mehr wird das Prinzip widerlegt durch die bitterbösen Streiche, die sich der Junge an dem Fest leistet.

Ein Erzieher nach Busch' Wunsch ist Bockelmann, der nicht lange theoretisiert, sondern je nach den Umständen es mit freundlichem Zureden versucht, oder wenn es nötig ist mit dem Stock argumentiert. Er macht aus zwei nichtsnutzigen Schlingeln zwei Musterknaben, die dann wieder eine ähnliche Erziehung mit ihren Hunden vornehmen, so daß diese für 100 Mark an einen Engländer verkauft werden können und so das Glück der Familie begründen.

Im großen ganzen ist Busch' Moral mehr verneinend als aufbauend. Er zeigt vor allem, wie wir nicht sein sollen, was eigentlich von seinem ironischen Temperament zu erwarten wäre; ja selbst seine Lieblinge kommen nie ungerupft davon.

Das hat vielleicht eine tiefere Ursache. Seine Personen sind Alltagsmenschen, die sich meist in alltäglichen Situationen befinden. Wie kann er sie interessant machen, ohne das Lächerliche an ihnen hervorzuheben? Nicht daß er *immer* von oben herunter einen herzlosen Spott über sie ergießt; gelegentlich vergißt er sich, und wird auf ein paar Augenblicke liebenswürdig. Er hatte eben als Kind, Schuljunge, Kleinstädter, nicht nur bei anderen, sondern auch an sich selbst so manche von den Nöten, Gelüsten und Schmerzen seiner späteren Helden empfunden. So erzählt er in seiner kurzen Selbstbiographie: "Beim Küster diente ein Kuhjunge fünf, sechs Jahre älter als ich, der hatte in einen rostigen Kirchenschlüssel, so groß wie dem Petrus seiner, ein Zündloch gefeilt. Gehacktes Fensterblei hatte er auch schon genug; blos das Pulver fehlte ihm noch zu Blitz und Donner. Infolge seiner Beredsamkeit machte ich einen stillen Besuch bei einer gewissen steinernen Kruke, die auf dem Speicher stand. Nachmittags zogen wir mit den Kühen auf die Waldwiese. Großartig war der Wiederhall des Geschützes und so beiläufig ging ein altes Bäuerlein vorbei in der Richtung des Dorfes. Abends kehrte ich fröhlich heim und freute mich so recht auf das Nachtessen. Mein Vater empfing mich an der Türe und lud mich ein, ihm auf den Speicher zu folgen. Hier ergriff er mich beim linken Arm und trieb mich vermittelst eines Rohrstocks um die Kruke herum, in der das Pulver war. Wie peinlich mir das war, ließ ich weithin verlauten." Man erkennt hier die Motive verschiedener von Busch' Erzählungen; da damit der Mensch Busch gleichsam der Spielball des Künstlers Busch wird, so entsteht der mildere Spott desjenigen, der alles versteht, der nicht über die Dinge, sondern mit ihnen lacht.—Aber in der ersten Periode verhältnißmäßig selten: Es ist als schäme er sich, ein menschliches Gefühl blicken zu lassen. Dementsprechend sagt er auch in seinen Briefen an Marie Andersen: "Die Grausamkeit soll sich schämen, wie die Liebe—Hm!"

3.—*Gestalten und Klassen.*

Wenn Shakespeare und Molière uns ein ziemlich volles Bild der Stände und Gesellschaftsklassen ihrer Zeit gegeben haben, so hat uns Busch, wie gesagt, nur mit einer beschränkten Sphäre seines Jahrhunderts bekannt gemacht, nämlich dem Mittelstand. Wenigstens ist um diesen alles andere gruppiert, wenn auch von hier aus gelegentlich Perspektiven nach unten wie nach oben gegeben werden. Von diesem Mittelstand aber hat Busch ein weit genaueres Bild entworfen, in intensiver wie extensiver Hinsicht, als der Brite oder der Franzose es für irgend einen ihrer Stände taten. Er weiß, wie diese Menschen spucken, sich schneuzen, kratzen, sich winden, wenn sie Leibschmerzen haben, er kennt sie bis tief ins Physiologische hinein; weiß, was sie gerne essen, wie sie mit Gabel und Messer umgehen, wann sie frühstücken, wann sie kneipen, was sie alles in der Trunkenheit anstellen, wie sie sind, wenn verliebt, wenn fröhlich, wie sie sich ändern, wenn sie sich verheiraten, wie ihre Häuser gebaut sind, wo die Gegenstände in Küche und Keller stehen, wie die Magd den Kuchen macht. Ja, Busch dringt hier in eine Sphäre, um die sich die älteren Dichter überhaupt nicht kümmerten, eine Sphäre, die erst im neunzehnten Jahrhundert das Interesse der breiteren Schichten erregte, nämlich *die Kindheit*. Wenn Blake kleine Kinder darstellt, haben sie etwas ungemein Zartes, Ahnungsvolles; bei Busch sind es einfach feiste Tierchen, die schreien, bis sie etwas zu lutschen bekommen und dann mit innigem Behagen saugen.[31]—Er reduziert sie fast ganz auf das Physiologische; mit diesen ganz kleinen Kindern allerdings gibt er sich nicht allzu viel ab, sie sind ihm noch zu passiv, als daß er viel Verwendung für sie hätte. Sobald sie aber genügend Kraft und Verstand haben, etwas *kaput* zu machen, dann gönnt er ihnen mehr Raum als sonst einem Geschöpf. Es sind vor allem natürlich die bösen Buben, die den Vorzug haben, wie Max und Moritz, oder Vetter Franz und Fritz. Es sind die Kinder der Bürgerschaft, die ohne Zwang auf Gassen und Feld sich selbst

[31] Maler Klecksel, Julchen.

überlassen aufwachsen. Bei ihnen ist noch am meisten triebmäßiges Leben zu finden, ein Leben, wie es zu allen Zeiten und Orten mehr oder minder häufig auftritt. Es ist eben das *allgemein Menschliche*, das Busch vor allem interessiert; daher sind auch viele seiner Menschen, ja die meisten Hauptgestalten berufios. Berufe pressen den Menschen zu sehr in die Form einer bestimmten Zeit, als daß das Typische der Menschheit stark in ihnen betont werden könnte. Nun gibt es aber Beziehungen unter den Menschen, die sich im grossen ganzen gleichbleiben, wie z. B. die Verwandtschaftsverhältnisse; und in der Tat finden wir wohl bei kaum einem Schriftsteller so viele Väter, Mütter, Onkel, Tanten, Nichten, Vettern wie bei Busch. Die Familie steht also im Mittelpunkt seines Werkes, und gerade in den Kreisen, die er vorzugsweise schildert, hat sie noch eine wirtschaftliche Bedeutung. Die reiche Kaufmannsfamilie, die einen Livreediener hält, und in der die Dame des Hauses in allen Schönheitskünsten bewandert ist, die Familie also, die schon zu den oberen Schichten der bürgerlichen Gesellschaft gehört, finden wir nur einmal.[32] Auch vom Haus des Lebemanns erfahren wir nicht viel.[33] Was ihn eigentlich interessiert, ist das intime kleinbürgerliche Familienleben, Familien, deren Mittel *fast* ausreichen, um ein Mädchen für alles halten zu können, oder die gerade noch im Stande sind, sich dies zu leisten: da haben wir den Mann mit dem kleinen Einkommen und der großen Kinderzahl. Der Gatte muß den Tisch decken und die Kinder hüten, während die Frau allem Anschein nach die Wäsche besorgt. Etwas Warmes ist vom Mittagessen übrig geblieben, das wurde sorgfältig in einem verdeckten Topf in die Familienlagerstätte gestellt, um warm zu bleiben, eine Gewohnheit, die man in manchen Landgegenden noch findet.[34]— Ein Bischen weniger armselig geht es bei Fittigs her, wo doch jedes ein Bett für sich zu haben scheint und—allerdings als Leibgericht—Pfannkuchen and Salat aufgetischt werden sollte.

[32] Herr und Frau Schmock in der "frommen Helene."

[33] Herr und Frau Mücke in den Abenteuern eines Junggesellen.

[34] Herr Plünne in den Abenteuern eines Junggesellen.

Für diese Klasse zeigt Busch gelegentlich sogar seine Liebe, wenigstens für die kleinen Kinder. Da haben wir z. B. die ganze vergnügte Schar kleiner Leute, die dem Balduin Bählamm, einem Bureauschreiber, gehören. Den Vater kann Busch zwar nicht ausstehen, aber in ihrer Gegenwart wird selbst er glimpflich behandelt. Er will gerade dichten, da:

"Aufspringt die Tür!
An Bein und Arm
Geräuschvoll hängt der Kinder Schwarm.
"He!" ruft der Franzel, "Kinder hört,
Jetzt spielen wir mal Droschkenpferd.
Papa ist Gaul und Kutscher ich!"
"Ja," ruft die Gustel, "fahre mich!"
"Ich," ruft der Fritz, "will hinten auf!"
"Hopp, hopp, du altes Pferdchen, lauf!"
"Hu!" ruft der kleine Balduin,
"Will er nicht ziehn, so hau ich ihn!"

Endlich abends hofft der Dichter seine Ideen fixieren zu können:

"Der Papa hat sich ausgestreckt,
Gewissenhaft sich zugedeckt.
Warm wird der Fuß, der Kopf denkt nach,
Da geht es "bäh" vielleicht nur schwach;
Doch dieses Bäh erweckt ein Zweites,
Dann bäh aus jeder Kehle schreit es.
Aus Mamas Mund ein scharfes Zischen,
Bedrohlich schwellend tönt dazwischen,
Und Papas Baß, der grad noch fehlte,
Verstärkt zuletzt das Tongemälde."

Mit Busch' Liebe für die Kinder hängt sein Haß gegen den Vater zusammen. Dieser in seinem törichten Wunsch, höher hinaus zu wollen als seine Begabung geht, hat weder Verständnis für seine reizenden Kinder, noch bemerkt er die liebevolle Aufmerksamkeit, mit der seine Gattin um ihn besorgt ist. Mit grimmigem Hohn faßt Busch am Ende seines Werkes die alberne Lage des Schreibers und Dichterlings, die dieser selbst verschuldet hat, in einem grotesken Traum zusammen; Bählamm schwebt empor, einer "Flügeldame" nach:

"Doch ach, wie schaudert er zusammen,
Denn wie mit tausend Kilogrammen
Hängt es sich plötzlich an die Glieder."

Wie das Bild zeigt, ziehen ihn Frau und Kinder an den Beinen herunter, wodurch sehr fein das Anfangsmotiv, die an seinen Beinen kletternden Kinder, wieder aufgenommen wird; und hierauf, um uns wieder ganz in den Schreiberhaushalt mit den regelmäßigen Bureaustunden zu versetzen, schließt Busch:

> "Frau Bählamm ruft, als er erwacht:
> Heraus, mein Schatz, es ist schon acht."

Das war die Familie mit vielen Kindern, in der sich weder Vater noch Mutter viel mit dem einzelnen abgeben können. Ganz anders verhält es sich da, wo nur eines ist, das dann natürlich der Hauptgegenstand des elterlichen Interesses wird. Alle die Geschäfte des Waschens und Einwickelns bei dem ganz kleinen Kinde tut die Mutter mit der größten Feierlichkeit, während der Vater mit intensivem Interesse zusieht. Busch hat diesen Vorgang in "Julchen" so typisch festgehalten, daß man sofort an ein halbes Dutzend befreundeter Familien erinnert wird. Hier hat er wirklich ein kleines Philisteridyll geschaffen, Menschen, die die kleinen, harmlosen, häuslichen Freuden zu genießen wissen. Mit Entzücken belauscht er alle Geheimnisse ihres Haushaltes, wie Frau Doris ihrem Mann Kaffee und Milch einschenkt, wie, während er seinen langen röschen Brotstengel nach guter alter Sitte in die Tasse tunkt, ihm von hinten die Frau eine selbstgestickte Hausmütze auf den Kopf setzt, eines jener Geschenke langer mühsamer Arbeit, wie sie jetzt glücklicherweise mehr und mehr im Abnehmen begriffen sind, da es nicht mehr das Ideal unserer Mädchen ist, ganz in häuslichen Arbeiten aufzugehen, ja unterzugehen; wie Herr Knopp, weil ihm das Abendessen—es sind Frikandellen, ein abscheuliches Gemisch aus alten zusammengehackten Fleischresten—nicht schmeckt, zornig ins Wirtshaus geht, um seinen Ärger hinunterzuspülen. Dann wird uns die ganze desperat alberne Lage des Mannes bei der Geburt eines Kindes vorgeführt. Das alte, kinderlose und daher etwas verschrobene Ehepaar haben wir schon in Onkel und Tante Nolte kennen gelernt. Die Junggesellenwirtschaft dürfte auch erwähnt werden, wie sie dem noch ledigen Knopp von der Haushälterin geführt wird oder dem

Gottlieb Michael von Base und Tanten. Die alte Jungfer, dieses jetzt verschwindende Anhängsel des Haushaltes, seitdem nunmehr Berufe für Frauen eröffnet werden, hat Busch uns mit ihren Eigenheiten gerade noch zu rechter Zeit konserviert.

Der Mittelstand, den uns Busch schildert, besteht der Hauptsache nach aus jener Art von kleinen Leuten, die jetzt großenteils im Aussterben begriffen sind, die mehr und mehr ihrem Untergang entgegengehen. Es ist jene Klasse, die ihr eigenes Geschäftchen oder Handwerk treiben, und deren behäbige Existenz durch Großindustrie und Warenhaus nach und nach unmöglich gemacht wird. Da ist z. B. der Dorf- oder Kleinstadtmüller. Der hat einen ganz kleinen Betrieb, wie man ihn jetzt nur noch sehr selten findet, mit einem Wasserrad kaum so groß wie er selbst, auf welches das Wasser vermittelst einer schmalen Holzrinne geleitet wird. Allem Anschein nach besorgt er das Geschäft ganz allein, was er um so eher kann, da er vermutlich eine Kundenmühle besitzt; d. h. er arbeitet nicht mit eigenem Korn, sondern der Bauer bringt sein Getreide zum mahlen und holt es wieder als Mehl ab.[35]—Ein anderes Geschäft, das momentan auch schwere Zeiten durchmacht, ist das des Krämers. Konsumvereine und andere kapitalkräftige Betriebe machen ihm das Auskommen nicht leicht. Busch hat diesen Typus im Kaufmann Kunze und dessen Lehrling oder Gehülfen festgehalten. Die Waren, um die es sich in der Geschichte handelt, grüne Seife, Kümmel und Vitriol deuten schon an, daß man hier alles bekommt, was im bürgerlichen Haushalt noch vor 40 Jahren nötig war. Der Alte mit der Pfeife und langen Schürze konnte sowohl in Kleinstadt wie Dorf vorkommen; der geschniegelte Fritze mit dem eleganten Schlips und wohlfrisierten Kopf ist der typische von vulgärer Eleganz strotzende Ladenschwengel, wie er sich meist nur in Städten findet; eine Menschensorte, die unangenehm zunimmt.[36] Näheres über das alte patriarchalische Verhältnis von Meister und Lehrjungen erfahren wir im "Maler Klecksel." Hier erhält der Lehrjunge

[35] Max und Moritz.

[36] Fritze.

Kost und Logis vom Meister. Dem Untergange weit weniger nahe als die obigen Berufsarten und Verhältnisse sind kleine Bäcker, Konditoren, Wirte und Schneider. Da Busch allem Anschein nach die primitiven Gelüste des Menschen darzustellen liebt, so haben die drei Berufsarten den Vorzug, die für den Magen sorgen. Wenn dann noch etwas von der Schöpferfreude dabei ist, wie bei dem Feinbäcker Knickebieter, so ist der Betreffende für Busch von vollendetem Interesse. Die Schaffensfreude, die beim rapiden und maschinenmäßigen Großbetrieb unmöglich ist, die aber der kleine Mann beim gemütvoll ruhigen Gang seiner Geschäfte in hohem Grad haben kann, ist es, die Busch fasciniert. Allerdings weiß er auch, daß der Künstler gerade bei dieser Klasse doch meist von dem Geschäftsmann übertroffen wird, wie dies bei Knickebieter der Fall ist, der nicht der Versuchung wiederstehen kann, sein großes, schönes Butterhuhn um die Hälfte kleiner zu machen und noch dazu innen auszuhöhlen, um mehr Gewinn daraus zu ziehen. Das Vergnügen über die eigene Schlauheit, die Kurzsichtigkeit dieser kleinlichen Gewinnsucht, das hat Busch in seiner typischen Gestalt hervorgehoben im "Geburtstag."

Den gewöhnlichen Brotbäcker lernen wir in "Max und Moritz" mitten in seiner Arbeit kennen; den Konditor und dessen Produkte sehen wir in der Kunstbäckerei des Herrn Rock in "Fips der Affe."

Wir haben schon darauf hingewiesen, daß Busch als Moralist sich nicht nur um Tugend und Laster, sondern auch um deren Ursachen kümmert. Da die Trunkenheit einen Hauptgegenstand seines Spottes ausmacht, so ist es natürlich, daß auch die verschiedenen Quellen des Alkohols eine große Rolle in seinen Geschichten spielen. Da haben wir das Gasthaus der kleinen Stadt oder des Dorfes, wo die "besseren Leute" zusammenkommen, Doktor, Förster und der wohlhabende Privatier Knopp; dann das elegante aber etwas zweifelhafte Lokal mit sehr intimem Nebenzimmer, wenn nicht *chambre séparée,* mit *weiblicher* Bedienung. Rheinwein und Sekt fließen nur so, und auch die Kellnerin kann eingeladen werden, mitzuhalten.[37] Auch das bessere

[37] Abenteuer eines Junggesellen.

Hotel mit befracktem Kellner fehlt nicht.[38] Und in die kleine gemütvolle Kneipe werden wir ebenfalls geführt; den Maßkrügen nach zu schließen muß sie in München oder doch mindestens in Bayern sein. Künstler und Spießer sitzen behaglich an einem Tisch, ja Redakteur, Lehrer, Geck und Anstreicher sieht man da vereint, wie es in kaum einer andern deutschen Großstadt als München möglich ist. Auch haben Wirt, Kellnerin und die Gäste—allem Anschein nach Stammgäste—die sanftgerundeten Umrißlinien des typischen Münchener Biertrinkers. Der Wirt geht bei den Gästen herum, spricht mit ihnen, bietet ihnen eine Prise an; der jüngere Gast macht der Kellnerin den Hof, pumpt sie auch an, wie das immer und immer wieder in dieser Art von Lokalen geschieht.[39] Ja, auch die Dorfschenke ist nicht vergessen, in der sich allsonntäglich Apotheker, Schneider, Bauern, der Bürgermeister oben am Tisch, versammeln. Die Gegend, in die uns Busch führt, muß irgendwo in Norddeutschland sein; wenigstens ist die Sprache der Leute ein plattdeutscher Dialekt und ihr Getränk, den Gläsern nach zu schließen, Schnaps, an dessen Stelle in Süddeutschland Bier oder Wein zu erwarten wäre.—Das Wirtshaus ist das geistige Centrum eines solchen Ortes. Alle Fragen von Wichtigkeit werden hier erörtert. Sobald sich irgend etwas ereignet, eilt man hin, um es zu verhandeln.[40] Mit den verschiedenen Arten von Wirtshäusern sind aber die Quellen des Alkohols noch nicht erschöpft; Busch weiß z. B., daß auch manche Apotheken so einen behaglich kleinen Winkel haben, wo man sich gelegentlich stärken kann.

Wie wir schon gesehen haben, hat Busch eine Vorliebe für Knaben. Da nun der Lehrer eine wichtige Rolle im Leben fast jedes Knaben spielt, so ist es nicht erstaunlich, wenn wir diesen Stand des öftern in Busch' Werken finden. Der Volksschullehrer im Dorf oder dem Landstädtchen wird hier wiederum bevorzugt, da er ganz in die Klasse gehört, welche Busch vor Allem schildert, den unteren Mittelstand. Ganz im Verein mit dem derben

[38] Fromme Helene.

[39] Maler Klecksel.

[40] Der Geburtstag.

Humor Busch' spielt natürlich körperliche Züchtigung eine große Rolle in der Erziehung; nicht daß er sie unbedingt zu empfehlen scheint, was Botels[41] Mißerfolg andeutet, der sie jähzornig erteilt, ohne irgendwie auf die Eigenart seines Schülers einzugehen. Aber mit weisem Maß angewendet, möchte sie gute Resultate erzielen; wenigstens glückt es Herrn Bockelmann, wie wir schon gesehen haben, auf diesem Wege aus zwei bösen Rangen wohlerzogene, manierliche Herrchen zu machen.[42]—Neben dieser Art des praktischen Pädagogen, einem Typus, den wir nicht allzu selten unter den deutschen Volksschullehrern finden, steht der halbgebildete aber um so eingebildetere Idealist, der sich berufen fühlt, wie Lehrer Lampel, der Weisheit Lehren zu verbreiten.[43] Lehrer Lampel gehört zu der frommen Species dieser Lehrer, die, wenn sie auf dem Dorfe angestellt sind, die Kirchenorgel spielen. Busch hat das selbstgefällige Pathos dieser Gattung mit maliziösem Vernügen festgehalten.

Als Beispiel des Lehrerstandes an höheren Schulen kann nur Rektor Debisch dienen, den wir schon früher besprochen haben; denn Professor Klehn ist eine groteske Gestalt, deren ganze pompöse Beredsamkeit nur dazu dient, um einem Streich des Affen Fips mehr Relief zu geben. Dasselbe gilt für die Gouvernante in den "Abenteuern eines Junggesellen." Auch der Pfarrer, wenigstens der katholische, tritt vor allem in Beziehung mit der Familie auf, deren Glück er häufig durch Sittenlosigkeit stört. Mit besonderer Schärfe sind die Portraits des gemütlichen, etwas beschränkten Landgeistlichen[44] und des verbrecherisch intriguierenden Jesuiten[45] entworfen, in feiner Vornehmheit wird der protestantische Geistliche nur leicht karrikiert, nicht mehr als es sich jeder gefallen lassen muß, der in die Hände Busch' gerät.[46]

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[41] Maler Klecksel.

[42] Plisch und Plum.

[43] Max und Moritz.

[44] Vetter Franz in der "frommen Helene."

[45] Pater Filucius.

[46] Geburtstag: der Adjunctus Klingebühl.

Noch enger als Geistliche und Lehrer sind die Dienstboten mit der Familie verbunden. Da Busch vor allem allgemein menschliche Beziehungen festhält, so haben wir eine stattliche Gallerie von diesen. Verschiedene für den Nationalökonomen späterer Tage interessante Typen sind da vorhanden: von der Stallmagd, die in Holzschuhen herumklappert[47] bis zum Livreediener, der sehr korrekt ein paar Schritte hinter seiner Herrin hergehen muß, um ihr das Gesangbuch zu tragen.[48] Dazwischen haben wir das Bauernmädchen, das in der Stadt dient oder doch bei Leuten, deren Haushalt ein städtisches Gepräge hat, wie Hanne, Liese, Adelheid,[49] die jedoch, da der Ort, wo sie dienen, jedenfalls klein ist, und ihre Herrschaft zu den einfacheren Leuten gehört, ihre ländliche Kleidung beibehalten. Daneben haben wir das Kindermädchen bei der reichen Familie, die aus Koketterie der Herrschaft in eine recht putzige Bauerntracht gesteckt wird, wie man das auch jetzt noch häufig findet. Bemerkenswert an dieser Gestalt ist, daß sie ganz vom Standpunkt der Herrschaft aus geschildert wird, schon ihr stupid schnarchendes Gesicht deutet darauf hin. Dann wird ihr vorgehalten, daß sie noch im Bett liest:

"Wie gewöhnlich liest die Jette
Wieder nachts in ihrem Bette.
Auf dem Kopf hat sie die Haube,
In der Hand die Gartenlaube.
Hieran will sie sich erfreun,
Duselt, nickt und schlummert ein.
An das Unschlittkerzenlicht
Daran denkt sie freilich nicht."

Und zur Strafe dieses Verbrechens gerät das Haus in Brand. Daran denkt allerdings die Herrschaft nicht, daß ein Mädchen, dessen ganze Zeit beansprucht wird, ausgenommen ein paar Stunden jeden anderen Sonntag, wie wir dies meist in Deutschland finden, sehr leicht in Versuchung kommt, sich ein unerlaubtes Vergnügen heimlich zu leisten. Sehr charakteristisch

[47] Rieke Mistelfink in "Balduin Bählamm."

[48] Jean in der "frommen Helene."

[49] Fromme Helene und Herr und Frau Knopp.

ist das Milieu und der Bildungsgrad dieser Art von Mädchen durch Unschlittkerze und Gartenlaube angedeutet.[50]

Eine weitere Folge der allzu großen Bevormundung des Personals ist, daß es auch das Gefühl der ethischen Verantwortlichkeit nur in geringerem Grad erlangt. Die Herrschaft ein wenig zu bestehlen, besonders was Eßbares betrifft, oder die Benutzung von Gegenständen, die der Herrschaft gehören, gilt als ganz in der Ordnung. Beide Fälle finden wir bei Busch in der "frommen Helene" und "Herr und Frau Knopp." Mit dieser unselbständigen Stellung der Dienstboten hängt noch zusammen, daß das weibliche Personal als bei weitem unter der Herrschaft stehend betrachtet wird. Dies führt dazu, daß die Männer sich häufig bedenkliche Scherze mit den weiblichen Dienstboten erlauben, wie das auch in dem Haushalt von "Herr und Frau Knopp" vorkommt. Die Schwierigkeit, gute Dienstboten zu bekommen, die sich momentan in Deutschland mehr und mehr steigert, spiegelt sich auch schon in den Werken Busch'. Frau Knopp entläßt drei Dienstboten in kurzer Zeit, bis sie wieder froh sein muß, die erste zu bekommen. Neben den eigentlichen Dienstboten haben wir die Haushälterin. Diese nimmt schon eine ganz andere Stellung ein und kann daher vom Hausherrn sehr wohl geheiratet werden, wie wir dies bei der Dorothee, der späteren Frau Knopp finden.

Auch die Tiere treten mehr oder minder als Teil des Haushaltes auf; es sind daher vor allem die Luxustiere, Hund, Katze, Affe, oder die nützlichen Haustiere, welche dem Bauern gehören, Schweine, Kühe, Ziegen, Hühner; in erster Reihe Hund und Affe, weil hier mehr Psychologie gegeben werden kann als bei den andern, und Busch nicht den bloßen Trieb zu schildern liebt, sondern den Trieb von mehr oder weniger Verstand begleitet,— ich sage nicht: geleitet.

Die akademisch Gebildeten blicken gerade noch ein wenig in Busch' Welt. Wir finden auch hier wieder, daß Busch die alten komischen Typen bevorzugt, nämlich die Geistlichen und

[50] Fips der Affe.

Ärzte. Die Geistlichen haben wir schon betrachtet; unter den Ärzten schenkt er bezeichnenderweise dem Folterknecht, dem Zahnarzt, besondere Beachtung. Es ist ien Mann der alten Zeit, der weder Mundspiegel noch Zange kennt, dessen Patient statt auf einem Operationsstuhl auf einem gewöhnlichen Lehnstuhl Platz nehmen muss. Dann leuchtet er seinem Opfer, da es schon dunkel ist, mit einer Kerze in den Mund; heißt ihn nach damaliger Mode an alles Schöne denken und macht sich mit einem Schlüssel an die Arbeit.[51] Den praktischen Arzt mit großer Brille und gewichtiger Amtsmiene, Dr. Pelikan,[52] und den Tierarzt Sutit[53] bekommen wir auch einen Augenblick zu Gesicht. Der Apotheker fehlt natürlich nicht: Mickefett und im "Geburststag"[54] Herr Pille. Den feinen, gelehrten Skeptiker und Weltmann, elegant in Kleidung und Haltung, hat Busch in seiner ursprünglichen Gestalt, dem Renaissance-Gelehrten, festgehalten.[55] Aber er zeigt uns auch dessen modernen Nachkömmling, Doktor Hinterstich, welchen wir an seinem überlegenen Lächeln, der fürwitzig zugespitzten Nase und dem herausfordernden Kneifer sofort als Kritiker erkennen.[56] Der Förster mit dem keck sitzenden Lodenhut, der Kantor, Heilige, Huren, Engel und Teufel, Mönche,[57] die Seele einer Abgeschiedenen müssen auch erwähnt werden, um eine Idee von der Vielseitigkeit unseres Humoristen zu geben. Die meisten sind so sehr in ihrer Eigenart festgehalten, daß man sie auch ohne die häufig beigefügten Attribute sehr wohl erkennen könnte. Busch kennt eben ihre Beschäftigungen, ihr Milieu sehr genau, er weiß, was für Falten, Runzeln, eigenartige Körperhaltung durch Bewegungen und Geschäft ihren Gestalten eingeprägt werden.

Busch' Werke ließen sich einteilen in Sitten- und Charakterfarcen, und Farcen, die kaum eine Spur der Psychologie

[51] Balduin Bählamm.
[52] Herr und Frau Knopp.
[53] Julchen.
[54] Julchen.
[55] Doktor Alopecius im "heiligen Antonius."
[56] Maler Klecksel.
[57] "Der heilige Antonius," "die fromme Helene," "Julchen."

enthalten, außer dem Funken, der gerade nötig ist, um eine Explosion hervorzurufen. Ein besonderes Genre unter diesen würden die Tier- und Betrunkenen-Schwänke ausmachen. Wenn hier auch nur das Minimum von Psychologie gegeben wird, so ist mit diesem Minimum von Energie alles erschöpft, was an ihr auch in der Wirklichkeit vorhanden ist. Für dieses eigentlich realistische Gebiet scheint Busch eine ganz besondere Vorliebe zu haben. In vielen seiner Geschichten kommt doch *ein* Betrunkener vor.[58] Dann sind eine Reihe ganzer kleiner Epen der Trunkenheit gewidmet.[59]

Im "Geburtstag" möchte man fast versucht sein, den Rausch den Helden der Geschichte zu nennen. Trotz der zahlreichen Beispiele dieser Art wiederholt sich Busch kaum; meisterhaft hat er es verstanden, die Haupttypen dieses Zustandes festzuhalten. Vom stumpfsinnigen Meister Zwiel, der sich in sein Regenfaß setzt, einschläft und erfriert, bis zum wahnwitzig tätigen Affen, der mit allen vier Händen, Maul und Schwanz keine Sekunde ruhen kann, ohne Unheil zu stiften, oder bis zum visionären, schon nahe an Wahnsinn grenzenden Zustande eines Menschen, der zuerst doppelt, dann vierfach sieht, dessen Möbel ein Leben erhalten, wie es der phantastische Realismus von Dickens nicht hätte toller gestalten können. Der Stiefelzieher wird zum Hornschröter, der den seiner Sinne nicht mehr mächtigen in den Fuß zwickt. Durch seine wütende Gegenwehr scheint das Tier umso lebendiger zu werden. Mit einem wilden Ruck schleudert er es ins Bett; er setzt sich unbedacht darauf, so daß er sich wieder von ihm angegriffen fühlt. Wütend dreht er sich nach ihm um, stößt dabei gegen seinen Kleiderständer, an dem sein Hut und Mantel hängt, dieser fällt gegen seinen Rücken, so daß er sich von hinten angegriffen glaubt. Eine rasende Keilerei der drei geht los! der Pendel der Uhr, die heruntergerissen wird, sticht den Besessenen,—ein neuer Gegner;

[58] In der "frommen Helene" Schmock; Helene selbst und auch der Diener haben eine bedenkliche Nase. Im "Tobias Knopp" der Held selbst mehr wie einmal; Herr Mucke, der Klausner Konrad in der Kirmeß; die Mönche im "heiligen Antonius."

[59] "Das Trinklied," "der Undankbare," "eine milde Geschichte," "Fritze."

dann hat er alle besiegt, die Nase wird lang wie eine Gießkannenspritze:

> "Und dick und dicker schwillt der Kopf;
> Er ist von Blech und wird zum Topf.
> Wobei ein Teufel voller List
> Als Musikus beschäftigt ist."

Er trommelt nämlich darauf, wie das Bild zeigt.[60]

Neben dieser Art der Trunkenheit, die Geist und Körper in krankhafter Regheit erhält, haben wir jene Menschen, die durch den Genuß des Alkohols mehr oder minder abgestumpft werden, z. B. den Studenten,[61] der bekneipt nach Hause kommt und barfuß die Treppe hinauf steigt, um mit schrecklichem Gepolter herunter zu fallen; den Drogisten-Lehrling, der in seinem Taumel einer alten Jungfer Vitriol statt Kümmel einschenkt; den Bauer, der nicht mehr klar genug sieht, um die Gegenstände recht zu erkennen, daher alles in verkehrter Weise behandelt, bis er sich in die Teigmulde statt in sein Bett legt. Vor einem andern scheint sich alles zu drehen, bis er sich als das Centrum eines Wirbels vorkommt. Ein alter halbschläfriger Geiger dient dem kleinen Jungen zum Spott; jener schaut beim Tanz zu tief ins Glas, dreht sich mit allzuviel Schwung, bis er Alles umwirft. Eine fromme alte Jungfer kneipt im Geheimen; ein Anachoret fällt gierig über die allem Anschein nach lang entbehrte Flasche her und predigt dabei Weltverachtung. Der Diener, der einen Schluck stibitzt, wo er ihn erhaschen kann; der Philister, der seinen Zorn ersäuft, nachdem ihn seine Frau schlecht behandelt hat; die fröhlichen Mönche, die im Klosterkeller kneipen und singen; das sind alles typische Figuren, die aber doch in der Zeichnung fast immer individuelles Leben erlangen.

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[60] Vergl. "Vierhändig," "eine kalte Geschichte," "die ängstliche Nacht."

[61] "Nur leise."

TEIL II.

Vorbemerkung.

Ich fasse das über die Werke der zweiten Periode schon früher Gesagte nochmals zusammen. Wenn wir diese Werke als Gesamtheit betrachten, so fällt sofort auf, daß in ihnen der Zeichnung ein weit geringerer Raum gegönnt ist als in der ersten. Manches wird daher nicht mehr ausgedrückt, anderes spricht Busch jetzt in Worten aus, was er vorher in Linien andeutete, oder überhaupt nicht gestalten konnte (wollte?): so eine Innigkeit des Gefühls, eine Liebe zum All, ein ernstes Pathos, eine eigenartige Traumphantasie, lyrische Landschaften, Lyrik überhaupt.

Die philosophischen Reflexionen, die früher selten waren, sind jetzt häufig, weshalb ich sie an dieser Stelle behandle. Aber nicht nur das philosophische Element, fast alle jene Saiten, die in der zweiten Periode voll tönen, erklangen schon früher teils schon voll teils erst leise zögernd in den Briefen an Marie Andersen, die daher auch abgesehen von ihrer eigenartigen Ursprünglichkeit von ganz besonderem Interesse sind.[62] Da also diese Briefe aus derselben psychologischen Unterströmung wie die späteren Werke hervorgingen, so behandle ich sie mit diesen zusammen, obgleich sie ins Jahr 1875, also in die Zeit der Herausgabe des "Pater Filucius" und "Dideldum" fallen. Ebenso jedoch, wie in der ersten Periode die zweite *schlummernd* vorhanden war, so ist der frühere Busch noch sehr deutlich, oft sogar vorherrschend in der späteren Periode da. Der alte Satyriker, Skeptiker und Psychologe schaut bald hier bald da heraus.

"Eduards Traum." Das romantische Element. Busch im Vergleich mit anderen Schriftstellern. "Schein und Sein." Der Lyriker und Philosoph.

Während die Hauptgestalten Busch' in der ersten Periode durchaus phantasielos waren, steht am Eingang der zweiten

[62] Vgl. S. 2.

Eduard, ein seltsamer Phantast, der im Traum in einen Punkt von unbegrenztem Bewegungsvermögen zusammenschrumpft. Wir sehen, er ist ein Dichter, wenn auch nur im Zustand des Träumens, und es ist ein himmelweiter Unterschied beispielsweise zwischen ihm und Knopp; selbst wenn auch die meisten seiner Metaphern aus Küche oder Speisekammer entlehnt sind, so haben sie doch eine gewisse ursprüngliche Kraft, die sie poetisch macht. Der Sumpf erscheint Eduard als eine "schwarze Suppe," und der von anderen Dichtern zu allen möglichen romantischen Zwecken mißbrauchte Mond bekommt in seiner Anschauungsweise ein fettes, glänzendes Gesicht. Um den Unterschied zwischen der ersten und zweiten Periode zu ermessen, vergleiche man auch "Schnurrdiburr," ein Werk aus der ersten Periode, wo der Vollmond in der Zeichnung als gemütlicher Spießer mit der Pfeife im Munde hervorlugt, das Kinn auf die Berge wie auf ein Fenstersims gestützt, wo aber dieses romantische Element noch nicht im Text zum Ausdruck kommt.

Vor dem Kunstwerk hat Busch, wie unter anderem auch aus einem seiner Briefe hervorgeht, eine hohe Achtung: Eduard vergleicht es daher mit der Leibspeise des Kleinbürgers, dem Sauerkraut:

"Was nun aber das Kunstwerk betrifft, meine Lieben, so meine ich, es sei damit ungefähr so, wie mit dem Sauerkraut. Ein Kunstwerk, möcht' ich sagen, müßte gekocht sein am Feuer der Natur, dann hingestellt in den Vorratsschrank der Erinnerung, dann dreimal aufgewärmt im goldnen Topfe der Phantasie, dann serviert von wohlgeformten Händen, und schließlich müßte es dankbar genossen werden mit gutem Appetit." Man beachte übrigens wie Eduard, d. h. in diesem Falle Busch, hier trotz des barocken Vergleiches in so ernstem und aufrichtigem Ton spricht, daß wir wohl merken, wie ernst er die Kunst nimmt. Und ebenso ernst, fast schmerzlich resigniert klingt es, wenn er vom Tod eines großen Mannes sagt: "Die Welt ist wie Brei, zieht man den Löffel heraus, und wär es der größte, gleich klappt

die Geschichte wieder zusammen als wenn gar nichts passiert wäre."

Aber trotz alles Ernstes, der Vergleich mit etwas Eßbarem muß herein, wie er eben ganz dem Temperament des Helden, der erzählt, entspricht; ja sogar im erhabensten Augenblick seines Leben ist dies der Fall; nachdem Eduard, die äusserste Kruste der Welt durchstoßend, sich weit hinaus in die leere Unendlichkeit geschwungen hat,[63] glückt es ihm nicht, auch das Schneckenhaus seiner Philisterwelt hinter sich zu lassen:

"Von meinem Ich allein, von einem einzigen Punkte aus, durch die unendliche Nacht, warf ich einen elektrisch leuchtenden Strahlenkegel auf die Weltkugel, die in ziemlicher Entfernung mir grad gegenüber lag. Sie hatte wirklich ein Ende und sah von weitem aus wie ein nicht unbedeutender Knödel, durchspickt mit Semmelbrocken."

Wir dürfen übrigens nicht ungerecht sein: wenn auch in Eduard das höchste was ihm das Leben bieten kann nur Associationen von Sauerkraut und Knödeln auslöst, hat er doch eine gewisse Bildung, besonders in mathematischen und astronomischen Fächern, die in Verbindung mit seiner humoristischen Einbildungskraft ihm ein komisches Fabulieren ermöglicht. Die Fähigkeit dazu findet man meist nur bei den Größten. Allerdings macht bei Eduard, der hier wieder eine Seite von Busch selbst verkörpern dürfte, der Umstand, daß diese Phantasie humoristischen Ursprungs ist, einen sehr wesentlichen Unterschied. Alles wird auf das Niveau des Helden herabgezogen; wir befinden uns in einem Miniaturkosmos, wie wir ihn in einer Jahrmarktsbude besichtigen könnten. Das Sternbild des kleinen Bären hat einen "rauhen Schwanz" und die Himmelsachse wird zur "Kletterstange," an welcher der Held auf die Erde herunterrutscht.

Goethe und Byron haben beispielsweise auch den Weltraum poetisch zu gestalten versucht; aber sie gesellen sich zum Weltgeist, während Busch den Weltgeist bittet, gefälligst in seine Staatsstube einzutreten, ja, schliesslich läßt er ihn in

[63] Eduards Traum, 52.

der Küche Platz nehmen; es ist dort so viel gemütlicher.[64] Scheinbar geschieht dies alles zum charakteristischen Zweck: Eduard soll uns vorgeführt werden. Hätte aber Busch die objektivere Darstellungsweise anwenden können? Wohl kaum. Busch ist eben ein Künstler—groß und bescheiden. Er kennt seine Grenzen. Noch manches hat Eduard neben den früher schon bemerkten Zügen mit Busch gemeinsam. Er verkörpert gewissermaßen auch die Fähigkeit unseres Dichters, überall hineinzuschlüpfen, selbst in die intimsten Winkel von Haus und Herz. Es ist eine ähnliche Begabung wie wir sie bei Le Sage finden, der auch diese ganze kleine häusliche Welt auf geheimnisvolle Weise belauscht. Sehr fein und wohl auch symbolisch für den Dichter ist der Zug, daß Eduard infolge der "Konzentration" seines Innern unter Zurücklassung des Äußern die Fähigkeit zum Wechselverkehr mit der gewöhnlichen Menschheit verloren hat. Diese Art der persönlichen Symbolik ist romantisch, sowie noch einiges andere in den späteren Werken; hie und da zerreißt Busch mit einem humoristischen Ruck die Illusion, so z. B. wo Eduard, wie auch der Leser, immer und immer wieder aus der Traumwelt gerissen werden durch ein energisches "Schnarche nicht, Eduard!" Ganz ähnliches findet sich z. B. in Heines "Nächten von Lucca," wo die musikalische Vision öfters durch eine geschmacklose Bemerkung des alten Juden zerstört wird. Ja, diese ganze phantastische und allegorische Erzählung paßt eigentlich vollständig in den Rahmen der romantischen Tendenzen und Theorien; schon der Traum eignet sich ja vorzüglich zu einer Verbindung von Phantasie

[64] Man vergleiche hierzu auch folgende Stelle: "Es sauste bereits ein Komet an mir vorüber, jedoch so eilig, daß ich nur konstatieren konnte, es war eine runde, hohle durchscheinende Kugel von Milchglas, die ein Loch hatte, aus dem geräuschvoll ein leuchtendes Gas ausströmte, welches nach hinten den Schweif, nach vorne, vermutlich durch Rückstoss, die rapide Bewegung dieses merkwürdigen Sternes erzeugte.

Wenige Sekunden später passierte ich den Tierkreis. Die hübsche "Jungfrau" mit den gesunden "Zwillingen," auf jedem Arm einen, schielte zärtlich nach dem "Schützen" hinüber, einem schmucken, blonden, krausköpfigen Burschen, dessen Flügel schön bunt, dessen Köcher, Bogen und Pfeile von Gold sind. Nicht weit davon in seiner Butike saß der schlaue krummnasige Wassermann—Juden gibt's doch allerwärts!—und regulierte die "Waage" zu seinen Gunsten. (Eduards Traum, 50 und 51.)

und Realismus; und daher war das auch ein Thema, in dem Busch trotz seiner ironischen Nüchternheit der Einbildungskraft die Zügel schießen lassen konnte; besonders, da er seinen Helden erzählen läßt, und somit dieser gewissermaßen die Verantwortung trägt. Eduard berichtet, wie er in die Region der Arithmetik, dann in die mathematische Ebene fliegt, die mit zweidimensionalen Wesen bevölkert ist. Zahlen und geometrische Gebilde werden in grotesker Symbolik beseelt: "Kummer und Elend gab's auch sonst noch genug. An allen Strassenecken hockten die gebrochenen Zahlen; arme geschwollene Nenner, die ihre kleinen, schmächtigen Zählerchen auf dem Buckel trugen und mich flehentlich ansahen. Es ließ mich kühl. Ich hatte kein Geld bei mir; aber wenn auch, gegeben hätt' ich doch nichts." Dann geht die Reise in die mathematische Ebene:

"Da lag sie vor uns, die Horizontalebene, im Glanz der sinkenden Abendsonne. Kein Baum, kein Strauch, kein Fabrikschornstein ragte daraus hervor. Alles flach, wie Judenmatzen, ja noch zehntausendmal flacher; und doch befanden wir uns am Eingang eines betriebsamen Städtchens, welches nur platt auf der Seite lag.

"Das Tor, welches wir passieren mußten, hatte nur Breite, aber nicht die mindeste Höhe. Es war so niedrig, dass ich mir, obgleich ich mich bückte, doch noch die Glatze etwas abschabte, und selbst mein winziger Begleiter, ein Punkt, konnte nur eben drunter durch."

. . . . . .

"Ich selber suchte, da es schon spät, eine naheliegende Herberge auf.

"Hier nun trat mir zum ersten Mal in Gestalt des Herrn Oberkellners eine richtige mathematische gerade Linie entgegen. Etwas Schlankeres gibt's nicht. Mir fiel gleich dabei ein, wie mein kleiner Neffe mal sagte. "Onkel Eduard," sagte er, "ein Geist muß aber recht mager sein, weil man ihn gar nicht sieht!"

"Und wie lächerlich dann so ein mathematischer Strich ist, das sah ich so recht des Nachts, als ich zu Bett gegangen. In der Kammer nebenan schliefen ihrer dreißig in einer Bettstelle,

die nicht breiter war als ein Cigarrenetui, und doch blieb noch Platz übrig. Freilich, erst schalten sie sich, denn es war ein Pole dabei, der an unruhigen Träumen litt und sich viel hin- und herwälzte, bis sie ihn schließlich durch zwei Punkte festlegten; dann gab er Ruh. Ich bemühte mich, seinen Namen auszusprechen: Chrrr—Chrrr— Im selben Augenblick läßt sich wieder die Stimme vernehmen:

"Eduard, schnarche nicht so!!"

Ich fuhr heftig zusammen."

. . . . . .

"Am nächsten Morgen besah ich mir die Stadt. Selbstverständlich muß jedermann platt auf dem Bauche rutschen. Vornehme und Geringe sind auf den ersten Blick nur schwer zu unterscheiden, und wer genötigt ist, höflich zu sein, muß riesig aufpassen; denn da nichts Höhe hat, also gar keinen Schatten wirft, so erscheint vorläufig jeder, auch der quadratisch Gehaltvollste und Eckigste, der einem begegnet, als gewöhnlicher Strich.

"Natürlich zieht der Mangel an Schatten auch den Mangel an Photographen nach sich, und so müssen denn die Leute den schönen Zimmerschmuck entbehren, wofür wir unsererseits diesen Künstlern so dankbar sind. Aber man behilft sich so gut es geht. Man läßt seinen Schreiner kommen; man läßt sich ausmessen; er macht einen kleinen proportionalen Abriß in das Album des betreffenden Freundes, notieret den wirklichen Quadratinhalt nebst Jahr und Datum in die Mitte der werten Figur, und das Andenken ist fertig."

. . . . . .

"Ich erkundigte mich nach dem Kongruenzamte, eine Einrichtung, die ungefähr unserm Standesamt entspricht. Da mir niemand Auskunft zu geben vermochte, wandte ich mich direkt an den Magistrat.

" 'Solche Dummheiten,' hieß es, 'machen wir hier nicht. Die das wollen, müssen sich gefälligst in die dritte Dimension bemühen, und die Symmetrischen erst recht!' "

Man beachte übrigens auch, wie Busch nie die Wirklichkeit ganz unter den Füßen verliert. Immer wieder wird das Traum-

hafte der Erzählung uns zu Bewußtsein gebracht, gerade als wolle der Verfasser sich entschuldigen, daß er, der Vernünftige, Weise, uns so verrücktes Zeug erzähle. Und vielleicht aus demselben Grunde läßt er uns immer und immer wieder empfinden, daß es ein ganz hausbackener Kleinbürger ist, dessen Unterbewußtsein, wenn es auch in die Welt des Unrealen dringt, sich doch nur in dessen verstandesmäßig nüchternsten Reichen, wie den Gebieten der Algebra, Geometrie und Utopie umhertreibt, und diese wiederum so alltäglich wie möglich eingerichtet findet. Kellner, Schlafkammer, Bett, Briefträger, eine Wurst, die 93 Pfg. hostet, "17 Schneider, die die doppelte Anzahl Löcher, nämlich 34 Löcher in die Wurst stechen, einen rechenkundigen Schreiber, dessen schwefelgelbe Hose 45 Pfennige kostet," das ist es, was wir kennen lernen—überall peinlich genaue Angaben bis auf zahlenmäßige Einzelheiten. Das entspricht ganz dieser mathematischen Philisterphantasie. Aber mit welchem Geschick läßt er die zwei nüchternsten Welten einander symbolisch repräsentieren! Tiefsinniger und sarkastischer wird die Symbolik bei den sphärischen Gebilden:

"Die Bewohner dieses unwesentlichen Landes sind hohl. Es scheint Sonne und Mond hindurch, und wer hinter ihnen steht, der kann ihnen mit Leichtigkeit die Knöpfe vorn an der Weste zählen. Einer durchschaut den andern; und doch reden diese Leute, die sich durch und durch kennen, die nicht so viel Eingeweide haben, wie ein ausgepustetes Sperlingsei, von dem edlen Drange ihres Innern und sagen sich darüber die schönsten Flattusen. Ja, einer war da, der wollte behaupten, er hätte einen fünf Pfund schweren Gallenstein und verfluchte sein Dasein und schnitt Gesichter, und seine Familie sprang nur so, wenn er pfiff, und tat ganz so, als wär's so, und seine Nachbarn machten ihm Kondolenzvisiten unter kläglichem Mienenspiel."

. . . . . .

"Schwere gab's hier nicht. Man bewegte sich am Boden, oder in der Luft, gleichviel, mit einer unabhängigen Leichtigkeit, wie sie nur bei solch rein förmlichen Blasengestalten und Windbeuteln sich denken läßt."

. . . . . .

"Am Ausgange wurde ich mit einer fetten Baßstimme von einem Unbekannten angeredet, der so rund und dick war, daß er die ganze Tür versperrte. Er entpuppte sich als mein ehemaliger Reisebegleiter, das mathematische Pünktchen.

"Durch eine gewandte Drehung in der Ebene hatte er's dort bald zu einem umfangreichen Kreise gebracht, war darauf in den dreidimensionalen Raum ausgewandert, hatte sich hier durch ähnliche Umtriebe zur wohlbeleibten Kugel entwickelt und wollte sich nun mit Hilfe eines geeigneten Mediums materialisieren lassen, um dann später, ein Streber, wie er war, als Globus an die Realschule zu gehen.

"Aus dem nichtssagenden Kerlchen war ein richtiger Protz geworden, der mich behaglich wohlwollend zu behandeln gedachte. Da ich mir das aber von einem bloß aufgeblasenen Punkte, denn das sind alle seinesgleichen, nicht gefallen lassen wollte, . . ."

Da haben wir die Phantasie Swifts, aber mit einem Gegenstand, der ihr weit mehr liegt, als das was Swift behandelte; denn bei Swifts Hauptwerken ist ein Gegensatz vorhanden zwischen der realistischen Darstellung und der irrealen Welt, welche nur durch die Symbolik mit der Wirklichkeit verknüpft ist. Außerdem hat Swift trotz seiner mathematisch exakten Technik nie die Mathematik selbst zu seinem Gegenstand genommen. Diese Art romantischer Symbolik hat ein starkes gedankliches Element, das unwillkürlich in die Philosophie mündet: "Gelungene Burschen, diese Art Punkte! Der alte Brennecke, ein Mathematiklehrer, pflegte freilich zu sagen: 'Wer sich keinen Punkt denken kann, der ist einfach zu faul dazu!' Ich hab's oft versucht seitdem. Aber just dann, wenn ich denke, ich hätt' ihn, just dann hab' ich gar nichts. Und überhaupt, meine Freunde, geht's uns nicht so mit allen Dingen, denen wir gründlich zu Leibe rücken, daß sie grad dann, wenn wir sie mit dem zärtlichsten Scharfsinn erfassen möchten, sich heimtückisch zurückziehen in den Schlupfwinkel der Unbegreiflichkeit, um spurlos zu verschwinden, wie der bezauberte Hase, den der Jäger

nie treffen kann? Ihr nickt, ich auch!" Das ist wiederum ganz romantisch; aber während die Romantiker nur allzu oft ihre Form sprengen müssen, um Raum für ihre Philosophie zu gewinnen, fallen diese philosophischen Bertachtungen ganz selbstverständlich aus Eduards Mund, weil sie ganz in den Rahmen seines Traumes passen, und auch Busch nicht einmal von den Ideen des Scheins und Seins, der Vergänglichkeit und Unendlichkeit zu absoluter Ehrfurcht gezwungen wird, so daß er sie in der trivialen Sprache und den gemeinen Associationen des Philisters heimisch machen kann.

Auch Satzbau und Stil erinnern des öftern an den größten der Romantiker, an Heine: "Der Abend dämmerte bereits. Auf dem Walle lief ein Mann hin und her, einsam und unruhig. Er hatte den Zeigefinger an die Stirne gelegt und sagte in einem fort das A B C her, bald vor- bald rückwärts. Ehe ich ihm ausweichen konnte, stieß er mir mit dem Kopf vor die Brust. Nun riß er die Augen weit auf und schrie mich an: 'Hah! wie heisst er?' 'Ich heiße Peter!' sag ich. 'Nein, Er, Er, mit dem ich vor zehn Jahren im Monat Mai drei Wochen lang herumgewandert bin an der polnischen Grenze.' 'Gewiß ein Herzensfreund!' 'Nein, gar nicht.' 'Oder er ist Euch was schuldig.' 'Keinen Heller!' "[65] Oder wieder in "Eduards Traum" haben wir folgende Stelle, die ganz an Heine erinnert: "Aber ein Kritiker—denn Flöhe giebt's überall—sagte zu einem andern, mit dem er vorüberging: Da drinnen hocken sie, Zahlen im Kopf, Bazillen im Herzen. Alles pulverisieren sie: Gott, Geist und Goethe. Und dann die Besengilde, die gelehrte, die den Kehricht zusammenfittchet vor den Hintertüren der Jahrtausende."

Die kurze Art, in der er uns zu verstehen gibt, daß Kritiker und Flöhe in dieselbe Gattung gehören, die baroke Zusammenstellung von Gott, Geist und Göthe, die journalistische Verwendung von Metaphern, das ist ganz in der Art Heines. Und bei einzelnen der Gedichte passen Klang und Idee auch wieder ganz in Heines Welt:

[65] "Schmetterling" S. 16. Vgl. obige Stelle beispielsweise mit Heines "Nächten in Lucca."

IMMERHIN.

Mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen,
Noch wird die Welt nicht alt.
Der Frühling ist wieder gekommen,
Frisch grünt der deutsche Wald.

Hier lieg ich im weichen Moose
Unter dem rauschenden Baum,
Die Zeit, die wesenlose,
Verschwindet als wie ein Traum.

Von kühlen Schatten umdämmert,
Versink ich in selige Ruh;
Ein Specht, der lustig hämmert,
Nickt mir vertraulich zu.

Mir ist, als ob er riefe:
Heiha, mein guter Gesell,
Für ewig aus dunkler Tiefe
Sprudelt der Lebensquell.[66]

Hier wird sogar das Herz wieder angerufen, oder der Dichter redet in liebenswürdig schalkhafter Weise die Sommertage an:

IN TRAUTER VERBORGENHEIT.

Ade, ihr Sommertage,
Wie seid ihr so schnell enteilt,
Gar mancherlei Lust und Plage
Habt ihr uns zugeteilt.

Wohl war es ein Entzücken,
Zu wandeln im Sonnenschein,
Nur die verflixten Mücken
Mischten sich immer darein.

Anderes bringt Busch in die Nähe Gottfried Kellers. So wenn der in einen Punkt zusammengeschrumpfte Eduard auf der Wetterfahne Karussel fährt, würde das ganz in den Rahmen des Dichters der verrückten Einfälle passen. Ebenso die kurios realistische Art, wie er das Märchen behandelt;[67] oder wie er in unwahrscheinlicher Zweckmäßigkeit die Ereignisse verkettet

[66] "Schein und Sein" S. 71.

[67] Vgl. den "Schmetterling."

mit einer nie versagenden Erfinderkraft. Es ist eine Welt, in der nicht die Schwerkraft, sondern eine boshafte Teleologie herrscht.[68]

"Munter dreinschauend spaziert ich weiter. Den letzten Rest der Mahlzeit, nämlich die treffliche, zähe, salzige Schwarte, schob ich hinter die Backenzähne, so daß ich die Freude hatte, noch eine Zeitlang dran lutschen zu können.—Dicht vor einem Dörflein begegneten mir zwei unbeschäftigte Enten, die lediglich zum Zeichen ihres Vorhandenseins durchdringend trompeteten. Da ich nunmehr die Schwarte bis aufs Äusserste ausgebeutet hatte nach menschlichen Begriffen, warf ich sie hin. Die geistesgegenwärtigste der zwei Schnattertaschen erwischte sie und eilte damit, vermutlich weil sie nichts abgeben wollte, durch das Loch einer Hecke. Die zweite, die wohl auch keinem andern was gönnte, wackelte emsig hinterher. Ich, natürlich als Naturbeobachter, legte mich auf den Bauch und steckte den wißbegierigen Kopf durch die nämliche Öffnung.

"Mir gegenüber, an einer gemütlichten Pfütze, sah ich zwei Häuschen stehen, und jedes Häuschen hatte ein Fenster und hinter jedem Fenster lauerte ein Bub, ein roter und ein schwarzhaariger, und vor jedem Häuschen erhob sich ein beträchtlicher Düngerhaufen, stand ein Gockel, ein dicker und ein dünner, inmitten seiner Hühner, die eben ihre Scharrtätigkeit unterbrachen, um gespannt zuzusehen, was die zwei Enten da machten.

"Vergebens bemühte sich die erste, durch Druck und Schluck die Schwarte hinter die Binde zu kriegen; sie war grad so um ein Achtelzöllchen zu breit. Hiernach durfte die zweite, die mit neidischer Ungeduld dieses Ergebnis erwartet hatte, ans schwierige Werk gehen. Schlau, wie sie war, tauchte sie das widerspänstige Ding zuerst in die Pfütze, um's glittschig zu machen, und dann streckte sie den Schnabel kerzengerad in die Höhe und ruckte und zuckte; aber es ging halt nicht; und dann kehrten die beiden Enten kurz um und rüttelten verächtlich mit den Schwänzen, als sei ihnen an der ganzen Sache überhaupt nie etwas gelegen gewesen.

[68] Vgl. "Schmetterling" S. 23-25.

"Kaum hatten dies die Hühner erspäht, so rannten sie herbei und versuchten gleichfalls ihr Glück, eins nach dem andern, wohl ihrer zwanzig; indes alle Hiebe und Stöße scheiterten an der zähen Hartnäckigkeit dieser Schwarte. Zuletzt kam ein munteres Schweinchen daher getrabt und verzehrte sie mit spielender Geläufigkeit; und so blieb sie doch in der Verwandschaft

"Während dieser Zeit hatten sich die beiderseitigen Gockel unverwandt angeschaut mit teuflischen Blicken; ohne Zweifel, weil sie sich schon lange nicht gut waren von wegen der Damen. Plötzlich krähte der Dicke im Kochinchinabass: "Kockerokoh!"

"Dieser verhaßte Laut gab dem Dünnen einen furchtbaren Riß. Mit unwiderstehlichem Vorstoß griff er den Dicken so heftig an, daß sich dieser aufs Laufen verlegte um die Pfütze herum. Der Dünne kam nach. Gewiß zehn Minuten liefen sie Karussell; bis der Dicke, dem vor Mattigkeit schon längst der Schnabel weit offen stand, unversehens unter Aufwand seiner letzten Kräfte seitab auf das Dach flog, wo er ein mächtiges Kockerokoh! erschallen ließ, damit nur ja keines glauben sollte, er hätte den Kürzeren gezogen.

"Sofort schwang sich der Dünne auf den Gipfel des feindlichen Düngerhaufens; jedenfalls mit der Absicht, von dieser Höhe herab durch ein durchdringendes Kickerikih! im Tenor der Welt seinen Sieg zu verkünden.

"Ehe er noch damit anfangen konnte, sah er sich veranlaßt, laut krächzend in die Höhe zu fliegen.

"Der rothaarige Knabe, heimlich heranschleichend mit der Peitsche, versetzte ihm einen empfindlichen Klapps um die mageren Beine. Aber schon, aus dem Nachbarhaus, war der Schwarzkopf mit einer Haselgerte als Rächer des seinerseitigen Gockels herbeigekommen und erteilte dem Rothaarigen, grad da, wo die Hose am strammsten saß, einen einschneidenden Hieb. Hell pfiffen und klatchten die Waffen. Man wurde intimer, man griff zu Haar und Ohren; man wälzte sich in die Pfütze; aus dem Kampf zu Lande wurde ein Seegefecht. Für mich ein spannendes Schauspiel. Ich war so begeistert, daß ich ermunternd ausrief: 'Fest, fest, nur nicht auslassen!'

"Im selben Augenblick ruhte der Streit. Mein Kopf wurde bemerkt; eilig zog ich ihn zurück. Aber sogleich waren die Schlingel hinter mir her. Sie warfen mich mit Erdklössen; ich drehte mich um und ermahnte sie, artig zu sein; sie schimpften mich Stadtfrack!"[69]

Eine gewisse Art von Busch' Bildern sind aus der saft- und kraftstrotzenden Sphäre des großen Schweizers genommen. Noch eines: Keller wie Busch—Busch als Schriftsteller und Zeichner—gehören mit zu den Größten durch die feine Art, wie sie junge Mädchen darzustellen vermögen. Die meisten Schriftsteller, ja Künstler überhaupt zerstören durch die Energie der Linien das Weiche, Mädchenhafte, oder sie verwischen alle charakteristischen Linien und geben nur Duft und süßliche Lieblichkeit. Busch und Keller verstehen beides zugleich herauszuarbeiten, vielleicht durch das feine schalkhafte Blitzen in Augen und Mundwinkeln.[70]

GEDANKENVOLL.

1. Ich weiß ein stilles Fensterlein
   Liegt heimlich und versteckt,
   Das hat mit Laub der grüne Wein
   Und Ranken überdeckt.

2. Im Laube spielt der Sommerwind,
   Die Rebe schwankt und nickt,
   Dahinter sitzt ein hübsches Kind
   Gedankenvoll und stickt.

3. Im jugendklaren Angesicht
   Blüht wundersüß der Mund
   Als wie ein Rosenknösplein licht
   Früh in der Morgenstund.

4. Im Netzgeflecht das blonde Haar
   Umfaßt ein braunes Band,
   Das liebe blaue Augenpaar
   Blickt sinnend auf die Hand.

[69] "Der Schmetterling."

[70] In den früheren Werken Busch' ist dies nur in der Zeichnung vorhanden; in den spätern auch im Text.

5. Und's Köpfchen scheint so still zu sein.
Ist doch ein Taubenschlag.
Gedanken fliegen aus und ein
Den lieben langen Tag.

6. Sie fliegen über Wald und Flur
In's weite Land hinaus.
Ach, käm ein einzig Täubchen nur
Und flöge in mein Haus.

Die liebenswürdige Schelmerei gibt dem Gesicht des Mädchens jene leise Würze, die verhindert, daß der Eindruck fad wird, d. h. Busch' Größe beruht hier auf seinem Humor. Noch mehr erkennen wir das im folgenden, graziös tändelnden Gedicht:

PLAUDERTASCHE.

Du liebes Plappermäulchen
Bedenk Dich erst ein Weilchen,
Und sprich nicht so geschwind.
Du bist wie unsere Mühle
Mit ihrem Flügelspiele
Im frischen Sausewind.
Solang der Müller tätig
Und schüttet auf was nötig,
Geht alles richtig zu;
Doch ist kein Korn darinnen,
Dann kommt das Werk von Sinnen,
Und klappert so wie Du.[71]

Bei Busch' kleinen, feinen Gemälden, welche in der Art von Burns in das intime Tierleben einführen, kommt wiederum der Schalk heraus und ein Humor, der eigentlich ganz neu ist.

VERLUST DER ÄHNLICHKEIT.

Man sagt, ein Schnäpschen, insofern
Es kräftig ist, hat jeder gern.
Ganz anders denkt das Volk der Bienen,
Der Süffel ist verhaßt bei ihnen,
Sein Wohlgeruch tut ihnen weh.
Sie trinken nichts wie Blütenthee.
Und wenn wer kommt, der Schnäpse trank,
Gleich ziehen sie den Stachel blank.
Letzthin hat einem Bienenstöckel

[71] Schein und Sein S. 40.

Der brave alte Schneider Böckel,
Der nicht mehr nüchtern in der Tat,
Aus Neubegierde sich genaht.
Sofort von einem regen Leben
Sieht Meister Böckel sich umgeben,
Es dringen giftgetränkte Pfeile
In seine nackten Körperteile.

. . . . . .

Feiner und tiefer ist der Humor in folgendem Gedicht:

DULDSAM.

Des Morgens früh, sobald ich mir
Mein Pfeifchen angezündet,
Geh ich hinaus zur Hintertür
Die in den Garten mündet.

Besonders gern betracht ich dann
Die Rosen, die so niedlich;
Die Blattlaus sitzt und saugt daran
So grün, so still, so friedlich.

Und doch wird sie, so still sie ist,
Der Grausamkeit zur Beute;
Der Schwebefliegen Larve frißt
Sie auf bis auf die Häute.

Schlupfwespchen flink und klimperklein,
So sehr die Laus sich sträube,
Sie legen doch ihr Ei hinein
Noch bei lebend'gem Leibe.

Sie aber sorgt nicht nur mit Fleiß
Durch Eier für Vermehrung;
Sie kriegt auch Junge hundertweis
Als weitere Bescheerung.

Es ist hier eine liebevolle Wärme vorhanden, wenn sie auch nicht so lebhaft hervortritt wie bei Burns. Aber bei Tieren, die dem Menschen näher stehen, kommt sie doch noch mehr zur Geltung:

HUND UND KATZE.

Miezel, eine schlaue Katze,
Molly, ein begabter Hund,
Wohnhaft an demselben Platze,
Haßten sich aus Herzensgrund.

Schon der Ausdruck ihrer Mienen,
Bei gesträubter Haarfrisur,
Zeigt es deutlich: zwischen ihnen
Ist von Liebe keine Spur.

Doch wenn Miezel in dem Baume,
Wo sie meistens hin entwich,
Friedlich dasitzt, wie im Traume,
Dann ist Molly außer sich.

Beide lebten in der Scheune,
Die gefüllt mit frischem Heu.
Alle beide hatten Kleine,
Molly zwei, und Miezel drei.

Einst zur Jagd ging Miezel wieder
Auf das Feld. Da geht es bumm.
Der Herr Förster schoß sie nieder.
Ihre Lebenszeit ist um.

Oh, wie jämmerlich miauen
Die drei Kinderchen daheim.
Molly eilt, sie zu beschauen,
Und ihr Herz geht aus dem Leim.

Und sie trägt sie kurz entschlossen
Zu der eigenen Lagerstatt,
Wo sie nunmehr fünf Genossen
An der Brust zu Gaste hat.

Mensch, mit traurigem Gesichte,
Sprich nicht nur von Leid und Streit,
Selbst in Brehms Naturgeschichte
Findet sich Barmherzigkeit.

Einige allerliebste Genrebilder auch wieder in der Art von Burns finden sich in den Briefen:

"Mein Bruder hat eine Küche gebaut, eine Zeitlang waren keine Fenster drin. Ein Rotstärtchen—es singt immer zick zackzackzack!—und bibbert dabei mit dem Schwanze—war heimlich aus- und eingeflogen und hatte sich auf einem Balken mit vieler Geduld ein weiches Nest gebaut von manchem Halm und mancher Feder. Nun kommt der böse Glasermeister und macht alles fest zu. Das gibt ein trauriges Gezwitscher in den Bäumen da draußen.

"Neulich pusselt Nachbar Mumme mit dem Spaten in seinem

Garten herum, dicht bei den Stachelbeerbüschen. Auf einmal springt ein fremder Hund heraus und knurrt und will nicht weg und zeigt die Zähne. 'Der Hund ist toll' so heißt es gleich. Man holt die Flinte—bum!—Die Kugel geht dem Hunde durch den Kopf, er streckt sich aus und stirbt.—Wie man genauer sieht, liegen drei ganz kleine neugeborene Hündchen im Gebüsch."

Auch als Gedicht findet sich der letzte Teil des Briefes, etwas abgeschwächt durch die glatte Form. Immerhin ist daran bemerkenswert, daß in dem vermutlich erst später geschriebenen Gedicht (es kam erst in der nachgelassenen Schrift "Schein und Sein" heraus) die Liebe zum Tier deutlicher zu fühlen ist als in der prosaischen Form:

DER FREMDE HUND.

Was fällt da im Boskettgesträuch
Dem fremden Hunde ein?
Geht man vorbei, so bellt er gleich
Und scheint wie toll zu sein.

Der Gärtner holt die Flinte her.
Es knallt im Augenblick.
Der arme Hund, getroffen schwer,
Wankt ins Gebüsch zurück.

Vier kleine Hündchen liegen hier,
Nackt, blind und unbewußt,
Sie saugen emsig alle vier
An eines Toten Brust.[72]

Gelegentlich scheint mir Busch tiefer in die Eigenart des Tieres, immer ohne jegliche naturwissenschaftliche Pretensionen, einzudringen, mehr von seinen Gewohnheiten zu geben, als dies Burns tut. So in folgendem Gedicht:

DIE SCHNECKEN.

. . . . . .
Jetzt in dichtbelaubten Hecken,
Wo es still verborgen blieb,
Rüstet sich das Volk der Schnecken
Für den nächtlichen Betrieb.

[72] Schein und Sein S. 23.

Tastend streckt sich ihr Gehörne.
Schwach nur ist das Augenlicht.
Dennoch schon aus weiter Ferne
Wittern sie ihr Leibgericht.
Schleimig, säumig, aber stete,
Immer auf dem nächsten Pfad,
Finden sie die Gartenbeete
Mit dem schönsten Kopfsalat.[78]
. . . . . .

Wie originell er das dumpfe, triebhafte Leben der Schnecken anzudeuten weiß!

Das detailliertere Beschreiben bei Busch im Vergleich zu Burns ist vielleich weniger charakteristich für die zwei Künstlerpersönlichkeiten,—denn beide waren feine Beobachter und hatten, da sie beide auf dem Lande lebten, genügend Gelegenheit, sich die Tiere anzusehen,—als für die Zeiten, in denen sie lebten; besonders wenn wir noch hinzunehmen, daß Busch trotz seiner Liebhaberei zu moralisieren und seiner begrifflich philosophischen Bildung seine Lehre, die er aus dem Tierleben folgert, häufig in ein knappes Epigramm zusammendrängt, ja womöglich sie uns selbst erschließen läßt, während Burns, der Mensch des 18ten Jahrhunderts, dessen Sache aber von Natur weniger das Generalisieren zu sein scheint, sich auf ein breites gedankliches Element etwas besonderes zu gute tut. Aber doch ist bei Busch das Moralisch-Rationalistische so stark, daß er sogar die alte Tierfabel aufnimmt:

DIE TEILUNG.

Es hat einmal, so wird gesagt,
Der Löwe mit dem Wolf gejagt.
Da haben sie vereint erlegt
Ein Wildschwein stark und gut gepflegt.
Doch als es ans Verteilen ging,
Dünkt das dem Wolf ein mißlich Ding.
Der Löwe sprach: Was grübelst Du?
Glaubst Du, es geht nicht redlich zu?
Dort kommt der Fuchs, er mag entscheiden,
Was jedem zukommt von uns beiden.
Gut, sagt der Wolf, dem solch ein Freund

[78] Zu guter Letzt S. 15.

Als Richter gar nicht übel scheint.
Der Löwe winkt dem Fuchs sogleich:
Herr Doktor, das ist was für Euch.
Hier dieses jüngst erlegte Schwein,
Bedenkt es wohl, ist mein und sein.
Ich faßt es vorn, er griff es hinten;
Jetzt teilt es uns, doch ohne Finten.
Der Fuchs war ein Jurist von Fach,
Sehr einfach, spricht er, liegt die Sach.
Das Vorderteil, ob viel, ob wenig,
Erhält mit Fug und Recht der König.
Dir aber, Vetter Isengrimm,
Gebührt das Hinterteil. Da nimm!
Bei diesem Wort trennt er genau
Das Schwänzlein hinten von der Sau.
Indes der Wolf verschmäht die Beute,
Verneigt sich kurz und geht beiseite.
Fuchs, sprach der Löwe, bleibt bei mir.
Von heut an seid ihr Grossvezier.

Wir sehen, Busch versteht die Knappheit Lessings mit der frischen Sinnlichkeit und ironischen Grazie Lafontaines zu verbinden.

Je feiner die Tierfabel behandelt wird, je mehr die Tiermaske mit dem dahinter steckenden Menschengesicht verwächst, umsomehr entfernt sich der Fabeldichter von der Allegorie und nähert sich dem Symbol. Busch erreicht dies in einer Art, die ihn wieder nahe zu Burns bringt:

EIN MAULWURF.

Die laute Welt und ihr Ergätzen,
Als eine störende Erscheinung,
Vermag der Weise nicht zu schätzen.
Ein Maulwurf war der gleichen Meinung.
Er fand an Lärm kein Wohlgefallen,
Zog sich zurück in kühle Hallen
Und ging daselbst in seinem Fach
Stillfleißig den Geschäften nach.
Zwar sehen konnt er da kein Bissel,
Indessen sein getreuer Rüssel,
Ein Nervensitz voll Zartgefühl,
Führt sicher zum erwünschten Ziel.
Als Nahrung hat er sich erlesen
Die Leckerbissen der Chinesen,
Den Regenwurm und Engerling,

Wovon er vielfach fette fing.
Die Folge war, was ja kein Wunder,
Sein Bäuchlein wurde täglich runder,
Und wie das häufig so der Brauch,
Der Stolz wuchs mit dem Bauche auch.
Wohl ist er stattlich von Person
Und kleidet sich wie ein Baron,
Nur schad, ihn und sein Sammetkleid
Sah niemand in der Dunkelheit.
So trieb ihn denn der Höhensinn,
Von unten her nach oben hin,
Zehn Zoll hoch, oder gar noch mehr,
Zu seines Namens Ruhm und Ehr
Gewölbte Tempel zu entwerfen,
Um denen draußen einzuschärfen,
Daß innerhalb noch einer wohne,
Der etwas kann, was nicht so ohne.
Mit Baulichkeiten ist es mißlich,
Ob man sie schätzt, ist ungewißlich.
Ein Mensch von anderm Kunstgeschmacke,
Ein Gärtner kam, mit einer Hacke.
Durch kurzen Hieb nach langer Lauer
Zieht er ans Licht den Tempelbauer
Und haut so derb ihm übers Ohr,
Daß er den Lebensgeist verlor.
Da liegt er nun, der stolze Mann.
Wer tut die letzte Ehr ihm an?
Drei Käfer schwarz und gelb gefleckt,
Die haben ihn mit Sand bedeckt.[74]

Man beachte, wie durch leise doppelsinnige Wendungen wir immer mehr fühlen, daß hinter dem philosophischen Maulwurf noch eine Unzahl anderer Geschöpfe stecken; daß wir es hier nicht allein mit einem Sonderling, einer Einzelerscheinung zu tun haben.

Liebe zu Natur und Tieren und damit zusammenhängend symbolische Beseelung derselben sind Züge, die wir häufig bei Pantheisten finden, wie z. B. bei Goethe, oder Shelley. Und in der Tat, Busch, dieser derbe, rohe Spötter, entpuppt sich in späteren Werken als Pantheist.[75]

[74] Zu guter Letzt S. 120.

[75] Daß dies nicht bloß die Geburten einer momentan durch Erregung befruchteten Künstlerphantasie sind, beweisen die Briefe an Marie Andersen, S. 40-41. Übrigens findet sich schon einiges Derartige in der "Kritik des Herzens."

Verse sprießen empor von einem zarten Duft, wie sie wiederum an Shelley erinnerten, wenn er Humor hätte.

IM HERBST.

Der schöne Sommer ging von hinnen,
Der Herbst, der reiche, zog ins Land.
Nun weben all die guten Spinnen
So manches feine Festgewand.

Sie weben zu des Tages Feier
Mit kunstgeübtem Hinterbein
Ganz allerliebste Elfenschleier
Als Schmuck für Wiese, Flur und Hain.

Ja, tausend Silberfäden geben
Dem Winde sie zum leichten Spiel,
Die ziehen sanft dahin und schweben
Ans unbewußt bestimmte Ziel.

Sie ziehen in das Wunderländchen,
Wo Liebe scheu im Anbeginn,
Und leis verknüpft ein zartes Bändchen
Den Schäfer mit der Schäferin.[76]

Hier wie an anderer Stelle spricht Busch offen aus:

"Mit allen Kreaturen bin ich
In schönster Seelenharmonie,
Wir sind verwandt, ich fühl' es innig,
Und eben darum lieb ich sie."

Und wir sind mit dem All verbrüdert, weil unsere Seele gleichsam von einem Geschöpf ins andere wandert; dementsprechend sagt Busch in den Briefen: "So nahe wie möglich.— "Glaub ich an die alte, gute, ehrliche, biedermännische Lehre von der *Seelenwanderung?* So ganz doch nicht! Aber ich fühle, daß Wahrheit dahinter steckt, wie hinter andern Religionen und Mythologieen.—Wenn mir nun aber einer käme mit Daumschrauben und siedendem Öl und wollte mich klemmen und braten, bis ich Dichtung für Wahrheit nähme, so würd ich ihm womöglich einen Boxerhieb unter die Nase geben, daß ihm sein Schraub- und Kochgeschirr aus der Hand fiele." Und an an-

[76] Zu Guter Letzt S. 77.

derer Stelle in den Briefen heißt es: "Jede Geburt ist Wiedergeburt.—Warum wissen wir nichts mehr von unserm Vorleben? Weil wir "Lethe" tranken, als wir starben, so gut, wie wir Lethe trinken müssen, wenn wir sterben werden. Der Säugling hat seine Leib- und sonstigen Schmerzen. Warum? Weil er ein Taugenichts war vor seiner Geburt.—Meist sind die Kinder den Eltern, oft sind die Enkel den Großeltern ähnlich. Warum? Die "Seele" wandert aus dem einen heraus in den Andern hinein.

"Und nun, mein gutes Madamchen, daß Sie mir nicht kommen und sagen, ich hätte gesagt: Dieses sind die nämlichen Seelen, die im Himmel singen, im Fegfeuer purgieren oder in der Hölle schmurgeln. Und dann—natürlich!—Die Seelen der Tiere—die "wandern" auch, so gut wie die Seelen der Menschen, der Pflanzen und der Steine.

"Bin ich ein Konglomerat von Atomen? Ja!—Aber unter anderem und außerdem auch Ihr ergebener Busch.—Warum interessieren wir uns für die Gesammtkultur? Darum! Wie der gebildete Mensch das Gute erbt aus früheren Lebensläufen, so möchte er auch mit der Wahrscheinlichkeit sterben, daß er was Gutes vorfindet, wenn er wieder auflebt; und so fort durch alle Ewigkeit, d. h. bis zu jenem Moment, wo das Wort "Zeit" keine Bedeutung mehr hat."

Daß ein Mensch, der alle Geschöpfe als seine Brüder betrachtet, vegetarische Neigungen haben wird, ist naheliegend zu vermuten; in der Tat sind auch solche bei Busch vorhanden; so finden wir folgende Briefstelle:

"Auch ich habe gefunden, daß die meisten Kinder Fleischbrühe und Fleisch nicht gerne wollen. Was hilft's? Solange beim Menschen die Eckzähne noch so verdächtig markiert sind, so lange wird es Leute geben, die sich auf die Natur berufen und fröhlich weiter schlachten."

Gegen Ende seines Lebens sei Busch sogar ganz Vegetarianer geworden. Auch in einem Gedicht gibt er seinen Ekel gegen das Fleischessen kund:

BIS AUF WEITERES.

Das Messer blitzt, die Schweine schrein,
Man muß sie halt benutzen,
Denn Jeder denkt: Wozu das Schwein,
Wenn wir es nicht verputzen?

Und Jeder schmunzelt, Jeder nagt
Nach Art der Kannibalen,
Bis man dereinst Pfui Teufel! sagt
Zum Schinken aus Westfalen.[77]

Busch' Pantheismus erinnert durch den pessimistischen Grundton an Schopenhauer. Viele seiner andern Anschauungen über Welt und Menschen bewegen sich in derselben Richtung. Aber nicht nur eine allgemeine Verwandschaft von Anschauungen, auch eine direkte Beeinflussung Busch' durch Schopenhauer geht aus den Briefen an Marie Andersen hervor:

"Also zurückgeblättert im Katechismus bei Seite I. Unser Dasein besteht aus Wollen. Wollen ist Wünschen. Wünschen setzt Mangel voraus. Mangel ist Schmerz. Wir leiden Schmerzen, weil wir so sind. Wir sind so, weil unsere Erzeuger so waren und deren Erzeuger und so zurück und immer zurück. Kinder, Eltern, Geschlechter; Familie, Volk, Menschheit; sind intellektuelle Teilungen eines Ganzen; d. h. unser Intellekt sieht alles durch das Medium von Raum und Zeit. In Wahrheit ist *ein* Wille, *eine* Schuld, *ein* Leiden. Ein Stück davon sitzt auch in meiner Brust." Und an anderer Stelle heißt es: "Schopenhauer hat jedenfalls die ernstliche Absicht deutlich zu sein, sonst wäre seine Schreibweise nicht so bündig, wie sich's ein Mathematiker nur wünschen könnte. Zudem ist es, mein' ich, immer interessant, obgleich er stets dasselbe Thema variirt; denn dieses Thema ist ja unser Fleisch und Blut. Freilich *Kant* wird vorausgesetzt.—Den Intellekt darf man nicht als etwas Apartes, Losgetrenntes ansehen, sondern als ein Produkt des Willens, dem es in seiner Dunkelheit unheimlich geworden. Der Intellekt ist ein Organ. Er bringt die Motive in Wechselwirkung; er schließt,

[77] Schein und Sein S. 54.

aber der Wille beschließt.—Wie oft folgen wir, der reiflichen Überlegung zum Trotz, im entscheidenden Momente dem dunkeln Drange, dem plötzlichen Impuls!—Der Wille ist Kraft; der Intellekt ist Form.—Der Intellekt ist sterblich; der Wille lebt, solange er will.—Der Gedanke an den Tod scheint mir deshalb meistens so verdrießlich, weil der einem die Laterne auspustet und einen in eine neue Haut steckt, von der man nicht weiß, ob sie besser ist als die, welche man ausgezogen.—Der Glaube an Seelenwanderung kommt mir wirklich recht verständig vor und höchst erbaulich dazu.''[78]

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[78] Über den Zusammenhang von Busch und Schopenhauer vergl. auch Joseph Holmiller, ''Wilhelm Busch'' in den *Süddeutschen Monatsheften*, Jahrg. 5, 1908, Seite 426-30: ''In diesem schmalen Bändchen offenbarte Busch zum ersten Male neben wundervoll zarten und weichen Stimmungen eine geradezu erschreckende Verachtung der Welt und ihres Treibens. Auch dem dickhäutigsten Leser hätte allmählig eine Ahnung aufdämmern müssen, daß das Lachen dieses Humoristen ein merkwürdig compliciertes Lachen war, das bald wie ersticktes Schluchzen klang, bald wie ingrimmiges Fluchen. Das Publikum aber rümpfte die Nase über die nicht illustrierte 'Kritik des Herzens' und wurde erst wieder warm, als der erste Teil der Knopp-Trilogie erschien, 'Die Abenteuer eines Junggesellen.' ''

. . . . . .

Schopenhauer sagt ''Aus der Nacht der Bewußtlosigkeit zum Leben erwacht, findet der Wille sich als Individuum, unter zahllosen Individuen, alle sterbend, leidend, irrend; und wie durch einen bangen Traum eilt er zurück zur alten Bewußtlosigkeit.''

Busch drückt es auf seine Weise also aus:

Eh' man auf diese Welt gekommen
Und noch so still vorlieb genommen,
Da hat man noch bei nichts Was bei,
Man schwebt herum, ist schuldenfrei,
Hat keine Uhr und keine Eile,
Und äußerst selten Langeweile.
Allein man nimmt sich nicht in acht,
Und schlupp! ist man zur Welt gebracht.

''Das Leben ist ein fortgesetzter Betrug,'' heißt es bei Schopenhauer; ''hat es versprochen, so hält es nicht; es sei denn, um zu zeigen, wie wenig wünschenswert das Gewünschte war: so täuscht uns also bald die Hoffnung, bald das Gehoffte.''—''Im Durchschnitt ist man kummervoll,'' sagt Busch; ''und weiß nicht, was man machen soll.'' Hat aber der Mensch das sehnlichst Gewünschte bekommen:

''Gleich steht er da, seufzt, hustet und spricht
Ach, Herr, nun ist es ja doch so nicht.''

Man gebe sich einmal die Mühe, sich diese lustigen Geschichten ohne Bilder vorzustellen und ohne die drolligen Wendungen des Textes: man wird erschrecken. Man mache sich umgekehrt das Vergnügen, sich zu ''Eduards Traum'' und zum ''Schmetterling'' die gemäßen Bilder hinzuzudenken, und man ist nicht mehr weit von den ''Abenteuern eines Junggesellen.'' Hat man schon bemerkt, daß Busch eigentlich der Regisseur und Kommentator der Bosheit ist? Jener tiefen schopenhauer-

Theoretisch ist also das Wesen von Busch' Welt der Wille, und das entspricht ganz dem Resultat, welches wir aus der Analyse der früheren Werke erhielten, und das sich auch aus einer Untersuchung der späteren Werke ergibt: Ein wimmelndes, zappelndes, ewig reges, ewig unvernünftiges Leben.

Eine ganz ähnliche Auffassung machen Goethe und Carlyle zu Optimisten für die Zukunft; denn jede Kraftäusserung ist für sie, sei sie auf das Gute oder Schlechte gerichtet, immer noch besser als absolute Faulheit: Eine Welt, in der gehandelt wird,

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ischen Bosheit, die nichts anderes ist, als uneigennützige Freude an fremden Leiden und sich bis zur Grausamkeit steigert? Die Bosheit ist, genau betrachtet, die eigentliche Heldin dieser Bilderfolgen. Sie ist in all ihren Folgen die Haupttriebfeder dieser übermütigen Verwickelungen, sie ist die *causa prima* dieser vernüglichen Zwischenfälle.

Gottfried Michael beweist nichts. Denn er ist kein Mensch, sondern eine Allegorie. Man muß bis auf Swift zurückgehen, um einen gleichen Verächter der Menschen *en bloc* zu finden.

Am schlimmsten kommt bei Busch die Ehe weg. Auch darin folgt er Schopenhauer: "Glückliche Ehen sind bekanntlich selten; eben weil es im Wesen der Ehe liegt, daß ihr Hauptzweck nicht die gegenwärtige, sondern die kommende Generation ist! Die scheinbar so lustigen "Abenteuer eines Junggesellen" sind die galligste Satire auf Frauen und Ehe, in ihrer vereinfachenden Typik viel galliger als Balzacs "Petites misères de la vie conjugale." Man nehme sich Abenteuer um Abenteur vor und ziehe die Summe.—Adèle: das hübscheste Mädchen (nach Schopenhauer der Knalleffekt der Natur) wird einmal häßlich. Die Försterin Knarthe: seht, wie das Weib dem Manne Hörner aufsetzt! Rektor Debisch: Wenn ihr Kinder nur mit Liebe behandelt, geraten sie übel. Meister Druff: Wenn ihr sie mit Strenge behandelt, geraten sie auch übel. Babbelmann: seht, welch augenverdrehenden Mucker ein Weib aus dem flottesten Junggesellen macht! Küster Plünne: da habt ihr eure dumpfe, deutsche Stubenbehaglichkeit; was ist sie anderes denn Armlichkeit und Unsauberkeit, die mit der Zahl der Kinder wächst? Herr und Frau Mücke, vor Fremden zärtlich wie die frommen Tauben, leben in greulichstem Unfrieden: seht den Mann, wie er an einer Animierkellnerin herumschmiert! Wann trifft Sauerbrot der Schlag? Da seine gute Frau stirbt? Nein, da sie, die nur scheintot gewesen, wieder erwacht. Zu welchem Ende entgeht Knopp der alten Jungfer Klotilde Piepo? Damit er, heimgekehrt, sogleich seine Köchin heiraten kann. Was demonstriert Knopp als Ehemann? Schopenhauers Wort: 'In unserm monogamischen Weltteile heißt heiraten seine Rechte halbieren und seine Pflichten verdoppeln." Kaum ist Julchen Knopp versorgt, so hat Knopp

"Hienieden nun
Eigentlich nichts mehr zu tun.
Er hat seinen Zweck erfüllt—;
Runzlich wird sein Lebensbild."

Tugend geht Hand in Hand mit dem Kräfteverfalle. Nur die alten Leute,

"Die haben alles hinter sich
Und sind, gottlob, recht tugendlich."

muß schließlich zum Guten führen, denn die Weltseele, nach ihnen, ist vernünftig und gut.—Für Busch und Schopenhauer folgt gerade aus dieser urkräftigen Vitalität der Pessimismus, da nach ihnen der Weltwille vernunftlos ist.

Und doch nähert sich Busch wieder Goethen und Carlyle, denn jede Betätigung des Willens, die ja doch, seiner Philosophie nach, früher oder später Schmerz auslösen muß, erweckt eine intensive Künstlerfreude in ihm, vielleicht weil wir, wie Busch selbst in einem seiner Briefe meint, eine Lust am grausamen Schauspiel finden: "Hierbei mit freundlichem Dank die Bücher zurück!—So eigentlich angeregt hat mich nur die kleine Schrift über das Jagen und einer der vorangestellten Wahlsprüche.—Die Folgerung, zu der das Schriftchen kommt, hat meinen vollen Beifall, die Voraussetzung aber ist falsch. Die Voraussetzung "Der unverdorbene Mensch hat von Natur bei allen Leiden seiner Mitgeschöpfe ein unangenehmes Gefühl" —ist falsch, weil einseitig. Das Leiden, die Marter hat vielmehr etwas schauderhaft Anziehendes, es bewirkt Grauen und Ergötzen zugleich.—Haben Sie jemals den Ausdruck von Kindern bemerkt, wenn sie dem Schlachten eines Schweines zusehen?—Nein?—Nun, so rufen Sie sich doch das Medusenhaupt vor die Seele. Tod, Grausamkeit, Wollust—hier sind sie beisammen. Muß ich Ihnen sagen, nach dem, was ich so oft gesagt, wie das kommt?—Der gute und der böse Dämon empfangen uns bei der Geburt, um uns zu begleiten. Der böse Dämon ist der stärkere und gesundere; er ist der heftige Lebensdrang. Der gute Dämon aber winkt zurückt, und gute Kinder sterben früh; ihnen sind die Engelsflügel nicht abgeschnitten.—Kurzum, der natürliche, unverdorbene (?) Mensch, also besonders das Kind, muß überwiegend böse sein, sonst ist seines Bleibens nicht in dieser Welt.—Und die Jagdlust?—Die Jagdlust ist ein Stück Lebenslust. Sie ist eine Übung der Daseinsbedingungen: List, Scharfblick, Gewandheit, Kraft, verbunden mit dem Reiz der Grausamkeit. Sie ist folglich natürlich, folglich bös.—Und die Strafe bleibt nicht aus: Jeder Jäger wird mal ein Hase, früher oder später, denn die Ewigkeit ist lang.—Was mich betrifft, so

werd' ich jedenfalls, nachdem ich ein—oder zwei—oder drei—oder hundertmal gestorben, ein Spatz. Mein Weibchen wird ein Nest zusammen zotteln unter dem Dach; es wird Eier legen; und wenn dann die wackelköpfigen Jungen ausgebrochen, so kommt ein flachshaariger Bub daher, holt eine lange Stange, spaltet sie an der Spitze und—heraus aus dem Nest!—Da wird der alte Spatz ein schönes Geschrei erheben!"

Wenn aber Grausamkeit schlecht ist nach Busch, warum verspottet er die Utopie, in der durch Herausschneiden der Konkurrenzdrüse bei den Menschen der Wettbewerb und somit ein großer Teil der Lebenskraft und damit des Lebensschmerzes zerstört wird; warum verspottet er, was ihm wünschenswert erschien und was er später wieder für wünschenswert hält? Möglich, daß er seine Anschauungen zweimal wechselte. Wahrscheinlicher ist, daß er indifferent gegen den Ruhm einer starrköpfigen Konsequenz der momentanen Stimmung nachgab. Allerdings entfernt er sich ebenfalls in "Eduards Traum" auch in anderer Hinsicht von Schopenhauer, wir finden hier Stellen, die durchaus eine materialistische Philosophie ankünden. Er reduziert alles, selbst Denken und Gefühle, auf Bewegung:

"Dies," (so heißt es in "Eduards Traum" S. 60-63) "erklärte der Meister, ist der Kreislauf der Dinge!—Darauf nahm er ein unscheinbares Gerät vom Schranke. Es war ein kleine Wehmühle. Er blies den Staub davon, hielt sie mir vor und sprach bedeutungsvoll: 'Hier, mein Geschätzter, seht Ihr das Ding an sich; das vielberufene, welches vor mir noch niemand erkannt hat.' Er drückte auf einen Knopf, die Mühle fing langsam zu fächeln an. Ein ungemein wohliges Gefühl überkam mich, als würd' ich von zarten Händen so recht sanft hinter den Ohren gekraut.

"Er drückte zum zweiten Mal auf den Knopf. Nur das feinste Diner kann der Zunge ein solches Wohlgefallen bereiten, wie es mir jetzt zu Teil wurde.

"Er drückte zum dritten Mal. Nun kam der Geruchssinn an die Reihe. Erschrocken blickte ich den Meister an. Doch nicht der leiseste Zug einer verdächtigen Heiterkeit störte den Ausdruck seines ehrbaren Gesichts.

. . . . . .

"'So ist denn,' sprach er erklärend, 'alles das, was zwischen uns und den Dingen an sich passiert, nichts weiter als ein Bewegung, bald schneller, bald langsamer, in einer Äther- oder Luftschicht, die bald dicker, bald dünner ist.'

"'Auch die Gedanken?' fragte ich.

"'Auch sie!' erwiderte der Meister. 'Wir werden gleich sehen!'

"Er stellte die Wehmühle weg und kriegte ein Windmühle her. Sie war nach dem gleichen System gearbeitet, wie diejenigen, welche man in die Wipfel der Kirschbäume stellt, um die Spatzen zu verscheuchen, nur war sie viel kleiner und hatte Flügel von Papier. Indem er mir dieselbe entgegenhielt, rief er ermunternd:

"'Wohlan, mein Bester, jetzt denkt mal drauf los!' Ich nahm mich zusammen, was ich nur konnte, und je eifriger ich dachte, je eifriger drehten sich die Papierflügel der Mühle, und klappern tat sie, daß es selbst ein erfahrener alter Sperling nicht gewagt hätte, in ihre Nähe zu kommen.

"'Je mehr Wind, je mehr Lärm!' sprach der Gelehrte erläuternd.

"'Und Lust und Leid des Herzens,' forschte ich weiter, 'sind die gleichfalls Bewegung?'

"'Gewiß!' erhielt ich zur Antwort. 'Nur schraubenförmig!'

"Damit nahm er vom Gesimse ein zierliches Gestell, worin horizontal ein Pfropfenzieher lag, den man vermittelst einer Kurbel in drehende Bewegung setzen konnte.

"'Nur zu!' rief ich erwartungsvoll.

"Er schloß das linke Auge und fixierte mich blinzelnd mit dem rechten. 'So geht es noch nicht!' sprach er zögernd. "Denn wie ich bemerke, mein Lieber, ist Eure Konstitution etwas anders beschaffen, als wie es sonst üblich ist. Darum bitte ich, zuvörderst hier Platz zu nehmen in dem Sessel der höheren Empfindsamkeit!'

"Dies war ein ungemein weich gepolsterter Lehnstuhl. Ich ließ mich darauf nieder. Der Meister näherte sich mit der Schraube und fing an vorwärts zu drehen.

"Ein unsagbar peinliches Gefühl durchbohrte mein innerstes Wesen. Ich hätte laut aufschreien mögen. Es war, als wäre meine alte Grosstante gestorben.

" 'Der Schmerz ist positiv!' sprach der Meister gelassen.

"Und nun drehte er rückwärts. Der Schmerz ließ nach. Es durchströmte mich, wie ein großes unerwartetes Glück. Es war, als hätte mir die Selige eine halbe Million vermacht.

" 'Die Freude ist negativ!' erklärte der Meister, indem er die Seelenschraube wieder an ihren Platz stellte."

Noch ganz schopenhauerisch gedacht ist dabei allerdings, daß der Schmerz positiv, die Lust negativ nur ein Nachlassen des Schmerzes sei. Ebenso der Pessimismus im Hinblick auf die menschlichen Motive, die als rein egoistisch fast im ganzen Buch dargestellt werden; ja es wird dies noch ganz besonders betont durch die Psycho-Analyse zweier Menschen, die zuerst einen äusserst edlen Eindruck machen.

"Während ich noch hierüber nachdachte, fiel mir plötzlich was ein. Soviel Wunderbares und Herrliches mir nämlich bisher auch begegnet war, ein wahrhaft guter Mensch war mir nicht vorgekommen. Nicht, daß ich mich so recht herzlich danach gesehnt hätte; es war nur der Vollständigkeit wegen.

"Wie ich munkeln hörte, sollte einer da und da, Hausnummer so und so, gleich draußen vor der Stadt leben; ein auffälliger Menschenfreund, dem der Besitz eine Last sei und das Verteilen ein Bedürfnis, und ich beeilte mich, ihm sofort einen heimlichen Besuch abzustatten.

"Er hatte grad von der Heerstrasse, die vor seiner Türe vorüberführte, fünf das Land durchstreifende Wanderer hereingeholt. 'Brüder!' so sprach er mild. 'Tut, als ob ihr zu Hause wäret.' Wir wollen alle gleich viel haben.

"Die Fremden zeigten sich einverstanden. Man aß gemeinsam, man trank gemeinsam, man rauchte gemeinsam, und was die Stiefel anlangt, so wurde freudig beschlossen, daß sie in der Früh gemeinsam geputzt werden sollten.

"Hier fing der Maurerpolier, einer der vier Gäste, wieder an, sich zu räuspern und sagte, ja, das wäre wohl so, aber jetzt

sollte er sich mal draußen unter's Fenster stellen, und dann wollten sie ihm mal richtig auf den Kopf spucken und wollten mal zusehen, ob der Herr Bruder noch stolz sei.

"Der Menschenfreund, dem inzwischen noch eine vierte Träne in's Auge getreten, zeigte sich abgeneigt.

"Als das die fünf Brüder bemerkten und sahen, daß er sich sträuben wollte, faßte ihn einer von hinten am Hosenbund und zog dran, bis die Waden unten zum Vorschein kamen, und so führten sie ihn rings in der Stube herum und ließen ihn 'stolz gehen,' wie sie es nannten, und dann hielten sie ihn horizontal in der Schwebe und trugen ihn auf den Hausflur, und dann zählten sie eins, zwei, drei, indem sie ihn pendulieren ließen, und bei drei flog er zum Tore hinaus und tat einen günstigen Fall in warmen Spinat und erschreckte eine Kuh, die sich hier einen Augenblick verweilt hatte, und als er so dalag, rannen ihm die angesammelten vier Tränen auf einmal aus den Augen heraus, und schimpfen tat er auch. Daraus, daß er letzteres tat, sah ich nur zu deutlich, daß er doch kein recht guter Mensch war.— Wer der Gerechtigkeit folgen will durch dick und dünn, muß lange Stiefel haben. Habt Ihr welche? Habe ich welche? Ach, meine Lieben! Lasset uns mit den Köpfen schütteln."[79]

Und nun zu dem zweiten guten Menschen:

"Der nicht unbeleibte Besitzer, eben der zweite gute Mensch, gab eine Mark für die äußere Mission und fünfzig Pfennige für die innere. Nachdem er dies getan und der Kollektant sich entfernt hatte, verfiel er in Schwermuth. 'Ich bin zu gut. Ich bin viel zu gut!' rief er seufzend und war ganz gerührt über sich selber wegen seiner fast strafbaren Herzensgüte."[80]

Klarer kann man die Skepsis an der Güte menschlicher Triebe nicht dokumentieren, und doch finden wir verschiedentlich eine Überwindung des Pessimismus:

> Wie liegt die Welt so frisch und tauig
> Vor mir im Morgensonnenschein.
> Entzückt vom hohen Hügel schau ich
> Ins frühlingsgrüne Tal hinein.

[79] Eduards Traum.

[80] Vergl. hiezu übrigens auch Hartleben, "Ein wahrhaft guter Mensch," worin dieselbe Idee erörtert wird.

Mit allen Kreaturen bin ich
In schönster Seelenharmonie,
Wir sind verwandt, ich fühl' es innig,
Und eben darum lieb ich sie.

Und wird auch mal der Himmel grauer;
Wer voll Vertraun die Welt besieht,
Den freut es, wenn ein Regenschauer
Mit Sturm und Blitz vorüberzieht.[81]

Hier ist die Opposition gegen den Pessimismus ästhetischer Natur. Das Schauen der großen Zusammenhänge hebt ihn in stolzer Künstlerbegeisterung über die kleinlichen Gemeinheiten des Alltags. An anderer Stelle ist es die Reaktion einer derben Lebenslust, besonders in den früheren Werken.

Manchmal finden wir bei Busch Worte von eigener Gelassenheit, die aber nicht der Ausdruck einer unbedingten Lebensverneinung sind, sondern nur der Extrakt einer durch eine trübe Weltanschauung und herbe Erlebnisse geklärten Seele. So bei der folgenden symbolischen Elegie auf die Vergänglichkeit, in der ohne ein Wort der Erklärung tiefsinnige und ergreifende Gedanken suggeriert werden.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Ich schnürte meinen Ranzen
Und kam zu einer Stadt,
Allwo es mir im Ganzen
Recht gut gefallen hat.

Nur eines macht beklommen,
So freundlich sonst der Ort:
Wer heute angekommen,
Geht morgen wieder fort.

Bekränzt mit Trauerweiden,
Vorüber zieht der Fluß,
Den jeder beim Verscheiden
Zuletzt passieren muß.

Wohl dem, der ohne Grauen,
In Liebe treu bewährt,
Zu jenen dunklen Auen
Getrost hinüber fährt.

[81] Schein und Sein S. 64.

Zwei Blinde, müd vom Wandern,
Sah ich am Ufer stehn,
Der eine sprach zum andern:
Leb wohl, auf Wiedersehn.[82]

Eigentümlich, daß dieses feine, weiche Element, wie es auch in obigem Gedicht zum Ausdruck kommt, wenigstens bei dem Dichter erst in den allerletzten Werken zu bemerken ist; wohl, daß es mit den Jahren erst ganz gereift wurde; denn in seinen Briefen an Marie Andersen klingt es erst an. Waren jene Verse, die von Innigkeit, Liebe, Schwermut erfüllt sind, schon in der früheren Periode geschrieben? Oder mußte die Zeit erst diese Fähigkeit von Busch entwickeln? Oder war die Fähigkeit schon früher entwickelt, mußte aber aus Scheu vor sich selbst oder dem Publikum oder aus wer weiß welchem Grunde brach liegen? Das mir bekannte Material genügt nicht, um hier zu einem Schluß zu kommen. Am wahrscheinlichsten scheint mir, daß das weiche, zarte Element in Busch' Persönlichkeit durch den Spötter, der sich keine Blöße vor dem Publikum geben wollte, lange *drunten* gehalten wurde, wie er möglicherweise aus demselben Grunde seine Person vor der Welt versteckte, sobald diese ihn durch ihre Aufmerksamkeiten belästigte; ja, daß das zynische und brutale Element bei weitem nicht so stark herausgearbeitet worden wäre, hätte Busch seine Sensitivität nicht hinter seinen Zynismen verbergen wollen. Was Busch' Pessimismus betrifft, so scheint mir auch dieser mit seiner Empfindsamkeit zusammen zu hängen, vielleicht, daß er, hin- und hergezerrt zwischen Lebensgenuß und Ekel, Liebe zur und Abscheu vor der Menschheit, doch die Sache als korrekter Denker theoretisch wenigstens hatte abtun wollen und daher, wiederum mit von seiner Empfindsamkeit bestimmt, Schopenhauer zu seinem Philosophen gemacht hatte, obgleich dieser nur der einen Seite seines Wesens entsprach.

Ähnliche Motive möchten dem in den früheren Werken immer zur Schau getragenen Mangel an Ehrfurcht zu Grunde

[82] Zu guter Letzt.

liegen: Es war ihm wohl peinlich, vor einem größeren Publikum etwas Pathetisches sehen zu lassen.

In den Briefen, die an die Freundin gerichtet, wohl ein wahreres Licht auf sein Inneres werfen, als die für die Öffentlichkeit bestimmten Werke, ist er häufig, wie auch in den späteren Werken, von einer hohen Philosophie begeistert und sucht diese Begeisterung nicht hinter jener humoristischen Komik zu verstecken, die ihm sonst gelegentlich den Anschein gibt, als nähme er sich selbst nicht recht ernst. Der Humor läßt ihn allerdings auch hier nicht im Stich, aber es ist ein Humor, wie wir ihn z. B. bei dem Propheten Carlyle finden, ein Humor, der wie ein heftiger Kontrast den Ernst der Auffassung um so mehr hervorhebt, da er zeigt, wie selbst das Banale für ihn von mächtigen Gedanken durchdrungen ist. Es ist die Liebe zum All, zum Größten wie zum Geringsten, die sich schon in den Briefen, aber ganz besonders bei dem alten Busch nicht mehr verstecken läßt.

Während nun die pantheistischen Stimmungen schon früher vorhanden sind, ist anderes in den letzten Werken ganz neu: so einige schwermütige Klänge, die uns zeigen, daß Busch trotz hohen Alters die Schmiegsamkeit seiner Seele nicht verlor, ja noch mit den modernsten Lyrikern zu wetteifern vermochte.[83]

BÖS UND GUT.

Wie kam ich nur aus jenem Frieden
In's Weltgetös?
Was einst vereint, hat sich geschieden,
Und das ist bös.

Nun bin ich nicht geneigt zum Geben,
Nun heißt es: Nimm!
Ja, ich muß töten, um zu leben,
Und das ist schlimm.

Doch eine Sehnsucht blieb zurücke,
Die niemals ruht.
Sie zieht mich heim zum alten Glücke,
Und das ist gut.[84]

[83] Auch das schon früher besprochene Gedicht "Auf Wiedersehen" gehört durch seine eigene Musik hierher.

[84] Falls das Gedicht aus einer früheren Periode stammen sollte, so wäre Busch unter die Bahnbrecher der modernen Lyrik zu rechnen.

Unwillkürlich frägt man sich, ist das noch der Dichter des "Pater Filucius" und der "frommen Helene"? Und obgleich Busch erst jetzt jene seltsam süßen Klänge in schweren Akkorden zu modulieren weiß, ist er doch immer noch der alte Zyniker geblieben:

LEIDER!

So ist's in alter Zeit gewesen,
So ist es, fürcht ich, auch noch heut.
Wer nicht besonders auserlesen,
Dem macht die Tugend Schwierigkeit.

Aufsteigend mußt Du Dich bemühen,
Doch ohne Mühe sinkest Du.
Der liebe Gott muß immer ziehen,
Dem Teufel fällt's von selber zu.[85]

Über die feierliche Antike beispielsweise mokiert er sich noch genau so wie in der "frommen Helene"; z. B. in "Schein und Sein" und "Eduards Traum."

"Unterwegs, als ich bei einer ganz kleinen Insel vorüber kam, sah ich mehrere antike Sirenen auf ihren Nestern sitzen; Ihre Gesichter waren faltig, wie dem Großvater sein lederner Tabaksbeutel, und Stimme hatten sie auch nicht mehr, sondern schnatterten wie die Gänse. Da sie nicht länger, weder durch Gesang, noch durch Händewinken und Augenzwinkern, den Schiffer bezaubern konnten, versuchten sie's vermittelst goldener Eier, die sie selber gelegt hatten, und als ich mich auf nichts einließ, schmissen sie damit, und ich merkte wohl an einem, welches dicht an mir vorüber flog, daß sie nicht echt waren, und freute mich, daß mich keins traf, wegen meiner Geringfügigkeit, und so erreichte ich wohlbehalten das Festland, ohne verguldet zu werden."

Auch die Musik hat er noch immer nicht schätzen gelernt:

GEMARTERT.

Ein gutes Tier
Ist das Klavier
Still friedlich und bescheiden,
Und muß dabei
Doch vielerlei
Erdulden und erleiden.

[85] Schein und Sein S. 4.

Der Virtuos
Stürzt darauf los
Mit hochgesträubter Mähne.
Er öffnet ihm
Voll Ungestüm
Den Leib, gleich der Hyäne.

Und rasend wild,
Das Herz erfüllt
Von mörderischer Freude,
Durchwühlt er dann,
Soweit er kann,
Des Opfers Eingeweide.

Wie es da schrie,
Das arme Vieh,
Und unter Angstgewimmer
Bald hoch, bald tief
Um Hülfe rief,
Vergeß ich nie und nimmer.[86]

Selbst der Blitz wird wieder wie im heiligen Antonius angeulkt mit einer allerliebsten Unbekümmertheit um das Furchtbare der Naturkraft:

Fritz war ein kecker Junge
Und sehr geläufig mit der Zunge.
Einstmals ist er beim Ährenlesen
Draußen im Felde gewesen,
Wo die Weizengarben, je zu zehn,
Wie Häuslein in der Reihe stehn.
Ein Wetter zog herauf.
Da heißt es: Lauf!
Und flink, wie ein Mäuslein
Schlüpft er ins nächste Halmenhäuslein.
Krach!—Potztausendnochmal!
Dicht daneben zündet der Wetterstrahl.
Ätsch! rief der Junge, der nicht bange,
Und streckt die Zunge aus, die lange:
Fehlgeschossen, Herr Blitz!
Hier saß der Fritz![87]

Und doch gehört Busch zu jenen Weisen, die wie Goethe alles verstehen und alles verzeihen, selbst verlogene Poesie, was für ihn, den großen Realisten, nicht wenig bedeutet.

[86] Zu guter Letzt.
[87] Schein und Sein.

VERZEIHLICH.

Er ist ein Dichter, also eitel.
Und, bitte, nehmt es ihm nicht krumm,
Zieht er aus seinem Lügenbeutel
So allerlei Brimborium.

Juwelen, Gold und stolze Namen,
Ein hohes Schloß im Mondenschein
Und schöne höchstverliebte Damen,
Dies alles nennt der Dichter sein.

Indessen ist ein enges Stübchen
Sein ungeheizter Aufenthalt.
Er hat kein Geld, er hat kein Liebchen,
Und seine Füße werden kalt.[88]

Busch betrachtet eben nicht die Einzelerscheinung als solche, sondern sieht sie in einem notwendigen Zusammenhang im Rhythmus der Unendlichkeit:

IMMERFORT.

Das Sonnenstäubchen fern im Raume,
Das Tröpfchen, das im Grase blinkt,
Das dürre Blättchen, das vom Baume
Im Hauch des Windes niedersinkt.

Ein jedes wirkt an seinem Örtchen
Still weiter, wie es muß and mag,
Ja selbst ein leises Flüsterwörtchen
Klingt fort bis an den jüngsten Tag.[89]

Zu diesem Gedicht findet sich auch der ursprüngliche Gedanke in den Briefen, Seite 55: "Der kleinste Stein, der vom Dach fällt, erschüttert die Welt; aber sein Fall war selber veranlaßt, war ein Teil der drängenden Bewegung, welche das All durchwühlt. Wir wühlen mit und Alles muß.

"Dieser Gedanke zieht sich durch alle Zeiten. Fatum, Prädestination sind ein paar seiner allegorischen Gewänder.—Könnte die Kraft, deren Erscheinung das fallende Steinchen ist, in Nichts verschwinden, könnte einer ein Loch in die Welt fressen

[88] Schein und Sein.

[89] Ibidem.

—könnte ein Glied des Kettensystems sich selbst zerreißen—rums!!—mit *einem* Ruck müßten Sonne und Planeten und wir selbst und der ganze Krempel zusammenrumpeln und hinuntersausen in den bodenlosen, seligen Abgrund.—Wird's jemals *einer* können? Sind *Alle* dazu nötig? Wird der unruhvolle Schöpfer ermüden und allmählig entschlummern? So viel scheint festzustehen: Man ist noch allerseits recht munter; und 'n richtigen Heiligen hat's bis jetzt noch nicht gegeben, sonst hätten wir's gespürt und verhielten uns still.

"Mit der Versicherung, dass ich in solchen Sachen niemals etwas zu wissen behauptete, zeichne ich mich als Ihren gläubigen, leider nicht frommen, aber ganz ergebenen W. B."

Das klingt fast wie Hebbels Tagebücher in humoristischer Form.

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THE CRITICS OF EDMUND SPENSER

BY

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I

ABSOLUTE CRITICISM. A FOREWORD

No age, by its own resources alone, can appreciate the many sides of a supreme poet. How can we then escape from the narrowness of our times and gain a really large and adequate appreciation of our Titans? For some time I have been meditating upon an absolute method in criticism—a scheme by which our own estimate of a poet may be modified and enriched through a study of his critics in the ages previous to our own. We cannot test the poet and our glittering generalities by the superior wisdom of unborn generations. But we can subject our ideas to a most severe examination in the light of the wisdom of a spacious past—a wisdom which I do not think, despite my belief in human progress, will be ever improved in fundamentals as long as

mankind has the fundamental habits of loving, hating, and of occasionally enjoying poetry. Spenser, for instance, will be thoroughly appreciated for the first time when we learn what the men of consequence in his own days and since have thought of him and when we place our own ideas, warped by our times and our personalities, in a proper perspective. But I hear a still, small voice saying that even this cannot be absolute criticism, that my investigations cannot be absolutely exhaustive, that I cannot absolutely escape from my own personality. I recognize the the presence of this voice, but I scorn it. In an age whose chief disease is doubt I will not administer to the widespread evil by apologizing for the grandiloquence of my phrase—absolute criticism. Nor am I tormented by the popular disease of the academic mind, the absurd worry as to whether my idea of absolute criticism is old or new. The only thing that disturbs me is that absolute criticism, because it involves some dreary citation, partakes too much of the nature of the catalogue to be as pleasurable and therefore as profitable as impressionistic criticism. Yet I believe that my method has a right to exist as a sister of the more artistic method. I purpose, therefore, to recount the history of Spenserian criticism and its significance in relation to our opinion of Spenser to-day.

Of the Golden Age of English literature, the Age of Enthusiasm, I will say little, for the moment, because it is well understood by all lovers of good English books. Volcanic floods of rhetoric on the subject now harden and glisten in countless volumes. It is enough to remember that in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth Shakespeare made the splendors of English history move in a vast, heroic pageant across a little wooden stage. It was the age of Spenser-worship because the English worshipped everything English. It has long been a popular superstition among the ignorant and the learned that great poets are not appreciated in their own day. It is true, as I have said, that they are not completely appreciated, but nothing could be more ill-supported by evidence than the notion that they are not appreciated by contemporaries within certain limits. It is true

that the world often allows a great poet to go threadbare because the world has a disgusting habit of being loth to pay for what it can get free. But the world is always liberal in the appreciation of great poets, even in their own age. As a matter of fact, poets are generally more heartily if less shrewdly appreciated in their own day than later. Shakespeare, for instance, when we make due allowance for the freer intercourse of nations and the increase of cheap editions and text-books was much more widely appreciated in his own day than in this. He is a fairly popular poet now except with certain critics who have grown ashamed of our sturdy English worship and who point out, with breathless pseudo-radicalism, the faults that we all have long known and indulgently loved. For thousands he is a delectable bundle of aphorisms. Whether the words are taken from the mouth of Desdemona or Iago, Hamlet or Polonius, they are quoted as Scripture with that damnable label, "Shakespeare says—". But compare with these days when Shakespeare is occasionally "revived" on the stage the times when Shakespeare was a living force in the theatres, when he was talked about in the adjoining stews, when his words held fine nobles and dirty apprentices, when, despite the jealousies of the craft, he was loved by many a fellow-writer. Take another example. For a long time the misanthrope could tell us, with cloudy brow, how insignificant was the fame of Milton in his own day. But recent scholarship has dispelled the fantasy. Provided that a poet is supreme, provided that his worth is dazzlingly undeniable, the world has always been ready to nourish a starving poet with appreciation to the choking point. Now Phineas Fletcher wrote a rhetorical alexandrine about Spenser which runs:

"Poorly—poore man—he liv'd; poorly—poore man—he di'd"

And Ben Jonson, when he was delightfully sour and fantastical, told Drummond wild tales of Spenser's poverty and misery. Many more spread the myths. Hence some students of English literature have taken it for granted that Spenser was of little consequence to his contemporaries. Whether Spenser could reasonably complain to his empty purse is a matter which biogra-

phers have yet to settle. But I will show presently that it was the age of Spenser-worship as it was the age of worship of all things English.

Then came the Age of Reason, and England developed a real literary criticism for the first time. When we find Davenant and others complaining about certain defects in the *Faërie Queene* we must not say, as some have said, that Spenser had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. We must ask ourselves whether these censors had not just cause for complaint and whether their appreciation, if less wildly enthusiastic, was not more true for all time. Of course we cannot date the Age of Reason or any other age. We can only say vaguely that Ben Jonson of the rocky face and mountain belly stood like a rock of reason in the very midst of the turbulent ocean of enthusiasm, scarred, sullen, but immovable, a prophet of the age at hand. We can only say that by about the middle of the seventeenth century the seas of enthusiasm were stagnant and the rock of reason stood dominant but not triumphant. For reason has no feelings and therefore never triumphs. England needed an Age of Reason to develop literary criticism as an art. And many of the words written about Spenser in those days will enrich our appreciation of the master.

But England had to pay the inevitable penalty for her Age of Reason. When reason comes in at the window faith is rather likely to fly out at the door. I think we may better understand the currents of English literature in the latter half of the seventeenth century if we call it the Age of Literary Anarchy. We can understand if we think for a moment of our own age. The Romantic Age was a time of great faiths. Now if mankind is to progress all faiths must be tried in the balance. So we had a Victorian Age of reason and doubt. Now we have an age of intellectual anarchy. It is a breach of decorum now to try to believe less than five conflicting theories at once. It is unpardonable to suppose that theory and practice have the remotest relations. Science has destroyed religion, we wail. But never was the world so full of creeds, innumerable variations of Christianity, the worship of mankind, the worship of the superman,

the worship of the Unknown God, neo-paganism, the religion of a literary man, the religion of an undergraduate, the religion of the free-thinking proprietor of a country grocery store. We have a magnificent choice. We preach democracy and practice oligarchy. We believe in socialism after a frugal breakfast and after an eight-course dinner we call it twaddle. Never was the human mind in a more active and a more healthy state. So it was at the close of the seventeenth century. "Hallelujah!" shouted the Elizabethans. "But hold," murmured the rationalists. After that, the deluge. There was the same confusion in theories of literature that there was in politics. There was the same deafening discord in matters religious. Dryden, as we shall see, epitomizes the age. I should like to cast a vote for Dryden's much-debated sincerity. Men changed creeds, literary, political, and religious, every day not only for reasons of policy but because they could not honestly cling long to one faith. A man dogmatized on page one and roundly contradicted himself on page two because it was an age of anarchy. There was a score of schools, sometimes sharply separated, sometimes overlapping. We often talk of our Augustan Age as though it was established by Waller or Denham or Dryden. But before the eighteenth century, classicism in England struggled desperately for a bare existence against a horde of foes. Even in the days of Pope, classicism never attained the splendid perfection and unity that we find in France when Racine and Boileau reigned. And before Pope what a riot there was! Think of Henry More and the Cambridge Platonists losing a noble cause against Hobbes and the materialists. Think of Bunyan, inconsistency incarnate, with his intense hopes and fears, at the beck and call of the least mood of the moment. It was the age when Locke could write that man "must not be in love with an opinion, or wish it to be true, until he knows it to be so, and then he will not need to wish it." Milton, in his maturest days, kept scornfully aloof from the restless yeas and nays of the age and chose his ideals with calm, sure certainty. Samuel Butler, a child of the age, sought cheap refuge from the bewildering maze of opinions in indiscriminate mockery. Dryden, another child of the age, groped about like all

the others, hesitated, professed, recanted, dallied with neo-classicism, almost returned to Elizabethanism, and at last struggled to a position not as high as Milton's but above his age and the next. Lyric poets like Sedley and Rochester showed the complete Pyrrhonism of the age by their attitude toward love. Love could bring them no Vita Nuova, no white faith to lead them to the fulfillment of vast enterprise. It was their lot to write of false love or love which they knew to be already on the wing. Cowley, Sprat, Waller, Dryden, and others convened to form an Academy that would dispel the murky anarchy in letters. But nothing came of it.

Then came the Augustan Despotism. Wise scholars are slowly and painfully teaching us to appreciate how much the neo-classicists did for England when they finally brought a faith to the tortured sceptics and the hundred jarring sects. But it will take time to right the wrongs inflicted by the great Romanticists in their splendid youth. For Keats wrote of the Augustans:

> "Yes, a schism
> Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
> Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
> Men were thought men who could not understand
> His glories: with a puling infant's force
> They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
> And thought it Pegasus. Ah dismal soul'd!
> The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
> Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
> Bar'd its eternal bosom, and the dew
> Of summer nights collected still to make
> The morning precious; beauty was awake!
> Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
> To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
> To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
> And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
> Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
> Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
> Their verses tallied. Easy was the task;
> A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
> Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
> That blasphem'd the bright Lyrist to his face,
> And did not know it,—no, they went about,
> Holding a poor, decrepid standard out
> Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in large
> The name of one Boileau!"

Of course there is much truth in this glorious abuse. Nevertheless we are beginning to see that after all the Augustans were not heavy villains but very useful ancestors. Their apologists, however, still make the mistake of thinking that they are not worth while unless they contain some symptoms of romanticism, real or fancied. Too much current scholarship on eighteenth century England is a mad scramble in search of romanticism. I would try to prove how much the Augustans, with their purely classical ideals, have done for a fuller appreciation of Spenser if we would only listen to them.

But the principles of Augustanism, in their turn, served their purpose, were distrusted, and flung aside. Then came the Triumph of Romanticism. I do not need to rhapsodize the great days of the new faith. In spite of the pasteboard dragons, realism, science, commercialism, romanticism still flourishes and is, in some aspects, even a menace. Poe, in his sonnet on science, voiced a thought still popular when he accused the men of scalpels and acids of driving the faun from the forest, the light of romance from men's eyes. As a matter of fact the romanticists, whatever they may have said by way of theory, have developed a highly organized method that may be often quite accurately termed Scientific Romanticism. Sometimes the romanticist makes of himself a delicately adjusted machine with works of fairy frailty that responds to the least shadow of a sensation and records it with painful accuracy. Hair is no longer merely golden to the eyes of the romanticist. "A citron colour gloomed in her hair." And man no longer merely rejoices. He is said to suffer in some glorious agony of delight. Like the seismograph which registers to the watching scientist the least tremor of the earth, this sensation-loving Scientific Romanticist, with body and soul magnetized to the point of disease, shudders exquisitely and luxuriously at the most dim adumbration of a feeling. Sometimes the romanticists have practically taken over the realistic methods of Zola. But instead of examining all human nature in a scientist's laboratory, as Zola advocates, they have confined themselves to an elaborate vivisection of the ego. Too often we mis-

use Spenser, who projected vaster, saner things, as a mere picture-gallery, a mere bundle of unregulated emotions, an exotic drug to feed an already over-developed part of our organisms. But we are not as decadent as our Jeremiahs and even some of our poets themselves would have us believe. When our poets are discerning enough to use the materials instead of the methods of science, when they abandon themselves to the magnificent fairy-land of the crowded skies, of a lichen, which the scientists have given us in place of the already outworn fairy-land that they took away, then truly our poets walk erect. Like reckless nature, we indulge in a princely waste of energy and hopes and fears. Something will come of our superb restlessness. How much poorer were the Elizabethans in source of inspiration with only Drake, Frobisher, and the round world to fire their sense of mystery!

By a study of all the critics who have felt these mighty currents of thought which I have sketched with such impertinent brevity we ought to come, for the first time, to a full appreciation of Spenser.

II

THE AGE OF ENTHUSIASM AND SPENSER-WORSHIP

I have said that Spenser's day was aglow with ardent faith in everything English and therefore with Spenser-worship. At the very outset, *The Shepheards Calender* was acclaimed with a full chorus of idolatrous panegyrics. There were those who demurred at praising *The Faërie Queene.* Gabriel Harvey was, for the moment, purblind with his plethora of eccentric classicism. Poets like Michael Drayton and Phineas Fletcher, to whom *The Shepheards Calender* was not a cold pastoral but an intimate song of youth's joys and sorrows and aspirations, of the delightful miseries of calf-love, preferred their master's maiden effort until maturity taught them to feel the sultry splendour and the more impersonal note of *The Faërie Queene.* A belated and perhaps solitary relic of this opinion appears in 1679 in Dr. Samuel Woodford's preface to his *Legend of Love,* a translation of the *Canticles.* Woodford was no obscure eccentric outside the literary circles of his day. In his *Epoda* to the *Legend of Love,* moreover, he used the stanza of *The Faërie Queene* and borrowed from the allegorical lore of the epic. But in spite of the good divine's religiosity he could not refrain from expressing a boyish preference for the work of Spenser's dawn, and his devotion to the love of God did not keep him from sharing with Spenser a keen interest in Rosalind, the widow's scornful daughter of the Glen. *The Shepheards Calender* has been justly classed by Mr. Schelling with the *Arcadia* and the *Euphues* as being one of the greatest contemporary influences. It is difficult for us, among whom formal pastorals have fallen into disrepute, to understand how the light of this first great poem of modern England dilated the eyes of those who were hungering for a countryman with a poet's insight. And those who do realize the immense popularity of the poem are too apt to attribute it merely to the flow of easy

melody, the variety and perfection of form. But to young men, poets and lovers, in the age of Elizabeth, *The Shepheards Calender,* despite its so-called artificiality, was a scripture to meditate upon. Those who were less enthusiastic at first about *The Faërie Queene* were, in the main, those who wished to hear more about Colin and his fortunes with Rosalind. Even Harvey, lost in learned meditations over the introduction of classical prosody into English, felt the same mood.

> "Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,
> Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
> That leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
> And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;
> That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto kinges:
> So like the lively Larke that mounting singes.
>
> "Thy lovely Rosalinde seems now forlorne,
> And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:
> Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
> Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight:
> Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well;
> Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell."[1]

But those whose enthusiasm for Spenser's personal confessions made them at first reluctant to see him retire to the heights of the epic poet, came forward, almost without exception, a little later, with the highest praise. And their hesitant protests had already been lost in a storm of laudation with which others had welcomed the poet's masterpiece. Even Harvey, though he has been always recorded as a most uncompromising enemy of *The Faërie Queene,* appears, on investigation, to have recanted.

The relations of Spenser and Harvey have not been carefully stated. It is probable that we have been overestimating the influence of the self-made dictator on the young poet. It is true that Spenser revered Harvey. He did not, however, share unreservedly his would-be mentor's enthusiasm for classical metres in English; his own experiments seem to have been few and the product of almost whimsical moments. He made restrictions on

[1] Verse by Harvey, *To the learned Shepheard,* prefixed to the first three books of *The Faërie Queene* when published in 1590.

classical metres in a letter to Harvey where he shows one of his few glimmerings of humour.

"For the onely or chiefest hardness; whyche seemeth, is in the accente; which sometime gapeth, and, as it were yawneth illflavouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and sometimes exceeding the measure of the Number, as in Carpenter the middle sillable, being used shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in Verse, seemeth like a lame Gosling that draweth one legge after her; and Heaven being used shorte as one sillable, when it is in Verse stretched out with a Diastole, is like a lame Dogge that holds up one legge. But it is to be wonne with Custome and rough words must be subdued with use."

And it is to be observed that all Spenser's real efforts were being spent on poems that bristled with rhymes. By 1580, at a time when Harvey's star was still in the ascendant, Spenser had at least begun work on his *Faërie Queene.* Harvey, to be sure, had mostly golden words for his friend. He liked the *Dreams* "passingly well" because "they savour of that singular extraordinarie veine and invention which I ever fancied moste, and in a manner admired onely in Lucian, Petrarche, Aretine, Pasquila." He gave his younger brother "a certaine famous Book called the newe Shepheardes Calender" telling him to make Willye's and Thomalin's emblems in *March* into English verse. Above all, in his address to the reader in *The First Booke of the Preservation of King Henry VII,* though he is praising classical metres and poets, he adds:

"Nevertheless I confesse and acknowledge we have many singular good poets in this our age . . . . whom I reverence in that kind of prose rhythme [viz. rhyming]; wherein Spenser (without offense spoken) hath surpassed them all."

It is not even safe to follow the beaten path of the historians of English literature and set down Harvey as the enemy of *The Faërie Queene.* It is true that his first attitude was cold. The strictures in his famous letter to Spenser are a commonplace of quotation.

"To be plaine, I am voyde of all judgement if your nine Comoedies . . . . come not neerer Ariostoes Comoedies eyther for the fineness of plausible elocution or the rareness of Poetical Invention, than that elvish queene doth to his 'Orlando Furioso'."[2]

[2] Harvey's letter of April 7, 1580. Spenser certainly could not have gone far with *The Faërie Queene* thus early.

His commendatory verses, with their grudging praise of the new poem and their regret for the abandoned vein of pastoral poetry, have already been transcribed. On the other hand we find a manuscript note in his own writing in his copy of Gascoigne's *Certain Notes of Instruction* which shows a clear appreciation of the stanza of *The Faërie Queene.* To Gascoigne's advice, "To hold the just measure wherewith you begin your verse," Harvey added: "The difference of the last verse from the rest in everie stanza, a grace in the 'Faërie Queene'."[2] In the *New Letter of notable Contents* (1593) there is a more general statement that certainly is not reconcilable with Harvey's earlier animadversions: "Or is not the verse of M. Spencer in his brave Faery Queene the Virginall of the divinest Muses and gentlest Graces?"

Among Spenser's other friends Sidney's generous praise is a matter of both fact and tradition. In his *Apology for Poesie* he saw in the anonymous author of *The Shepheards Calender* a great poet in an age of little achievement, although he disapproved of "that same framing of his stile to an old rustick language." Tradition, too, has it that the terrible picture of Despair, in the ninth canto of the first book of *The Faërie Queene,* opened the floodgates of Sidney's generous praise and loosened the tassels of his purse.

Nor were the earlier Elizabethan critics who were less closely connected with the poet less enthusiastic. William Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586), is full of enthusiasm for the new poet. He longed for the appearance of the *Dreames, Legends, Court of Cupid,* and the prose *English Poet.* He depreciated English poetry in general but judged Spenser not inferior to Theocritus and Virgil. In his remarks on eclogues, after praising Theocritus and Virgil and after approving of Chaucer with qualifications, he remarks:

"But nowe yet at the last hath England hatched uppe one Poet of this sorte, in my conscience comparable with the best in any respect; even Master Spenser."

[2] Quoted by Professor E. P. Morton in "The History of the Spenserian Stanza before 1700," *Modern Philology,* IV, no. 4, April, 1907.

Again:

"What one thing is there in them so worthy admiration whereunto we may not adjoyne something of his of equall desert."

Thomas Nashe, in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), in which he heartily championed the glory of English poetry, held forth in praise of Spenser with his customary exuberance.

"And should the challenge of deepe conceit be intended by any forreiner to bring our English wits to the tutchstone of Arte, I would preferre divine Master Spenser, the miracle of wit to bandie line for line for my life in the honor of England, gainst Spaine, France, Italie, and all the worlde."

When he dedicated his *Christs Tears over Jerusalem* to Lady Elizabeth Carey, the highest compliment he could pay was that "Fames eldest favourite, Maister Spencer, in all his writings hie prizeth you." Puttenham, or the author of *The Art of English Poesie* (1859), mentions "that other gentleman who wrote the late Shepheards Callender" among the English poets to be commended. Soon all England shared Nashe's sublime faith in the native poets. Francis Meres wrote his *Palladis Tamia* (1598) to prove them the peers of the singers of all the world. Concerning Spenser he uttered a stately pageant of elaborate compliments:

"As Sextus Propertius said 'nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade': so I say of Spenser's Fairy Queene, I know not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written."

In his remarks on the epic poets he declared:

"As Homer and Vergil among the Greeks and Latins are the chiefe Heroic Poets: So Spenser and Warner be our chiefe heroicall makers."

Spenser, it seems, was perfect in everything:

"As Pindarus, Anacreon, and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines are the best Lyrick poets; so in this faculty the best among our poets are Spenser (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel, Drayton, Shakespere and Breton. . . . As Theocritus in Greek, Virgil and Mantuan in Latine, Sanazar in Italian and the Authour of Amintae Gaudia and Walsingham's Melibaeus are the best for Pastorall, so amongst us the best in this kind are Sir Philip Sidney, Master Challener, Spenser, Stephen Gosson, Abraham Fraunce and Barnefield."

This is typical work of the Age of Enthusiasm. Unbounded faith in Spenser, appreciation of Shakespeare, Drayton, and

Daniel is accompanied by a grotesque lack of discrimination in citing such names as those of Fraunce and Gosson without a smile. We can see from the literary swashbuckling of men like Nashe and Meres what England had to learn before literary criticism became an art and what a rare world of fine frenzy England had to lose to buy her discrimination.

We can touch upon but a few of the more interesting poems in the torrent which sang the praises of Spenser. Samuel Daniel requires special attention. In one of the best known sonnets to Delia, Daniel had cried somewhat scornfully:

> "Let others sing of knights and paladins
> In agéd accents and untimely words."

This has often been plausibly assumed to be a reference to *The Faërie Queene.* In consequence some have thought that Daniel did not reciprocate Spenser's kindly admiration.[4] But it is easy to show that Daniel had the same rapturous faith that stirred Nashe and Meres to intemperate eloquence. In his *Dedication of Cleopatra* he lamented that England is bounded by the ocean and longed that her songs might be known to other nations.

> "Whereby Great Sidney and our Spenser might
> With those Po Singers being equalled,
> Enchant the World with such a sweet Delight
> That their eternal Songs forever read,
> May shew what great Elisa's Reign hath bred."

Michael Drayton's weighty *Epistle to Henry Reynolds of Poets and Poesie* should be always remembered as a piece of remarkably acute criticism at a time when national self-confidence and the spirit of eulogy ran so high that literary criticism was practically impossible. Drayton's estimate of his immediate predecessors was genial, sympathetic, and extraordinarily shrewd. For Spenser, however, nothing but hallelujahs could be expected from his pen. His noble lines are famous.

> "Grave moral Spenser after these came on,
> Than whom I am persuaded there was none,
> Since the blind bard his Iliads up did make,
> Fitter a task like that to undertake;
> To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
> In all high knowledge surely excellent."

[4] See *Colin Clouts Come Home Again,* ll. 405-416, for Spenser's kindly praise of the younger poet.

Joseph Hall, bishop and rough-and-ready satirist, has perplexed more than one critic with what they consider his inconsistent attitude toward Spenser.[5] He has been named as an admirer of Spenser, as an enemy of Spenser, as hopelessly, even treacherously, inconsistent. But with those who have found him at any time hostile lies the burden of proof. All the definite references to Spenser laud him. The harsh lines tell no tales and have been quoted too often without any explanation of their general context. A careful examination of Hall's poems *in toto* makes his attitude perfectly clear. He called himself the first English satirist. He believed that the age of creative poetry was at least temporarily over. His was the academic or bookish attitude common in many ages. The great writers have said it all. What is the use of writing feeble echoes? And to Hall one of the supreme writers who had left nothing more to be done was Edmund Spenser. In 1597 the disgruntled bishop brought out his *Virgidemiarum* containing six books of satires. As a kind of preface he wrote a *Defiance of Envy,* the seventh stanza of which has offended the admirers of Spenser. He asserted that he did not care to

> ". . . . Scoure the rusted swords of Elvish Knights,
> Bathed in Pagan blood; or sheath them new
> In misty morall Types, or tell their fights,
> Who mightie Giants, or who Monsters slew.
> And by some strange inchanted speare and shield,
> Vanquisht their foe, and won the doubtful field."

This certainly seems, by itself, like girding at *The Faërie Queene.* But let us look at the poem as a whole. It begins humbly enough with the statement that the pines of Ida may fear the sudden fires of heaven. With his lowly shrubs, in their humble dales, he may feel secure. If his muse did attempt to "scoure the rusted swords of Elvish Knights," then Envy might attack him.

> "But now such lowly Satyres here I sing,
> Not worth our Muse, not worth their envying."

[5] Thus Dr. Grosart, *Hall's Poems* ed. Manchester, 1879, p. xviii: "I cannot help regretting his double-dealing treatment of Spenser as the most unpleasant alloy of the satires." Thomas Warton, too, (quoted by Grosart, *ibid.*), was very much disturbed over the same problem. Other critics have conveyed even more unfortunate impressions by tearing fragmentary selections inconsiderately from Hall's references or possible references to Spenser.

The swords are rusted, then, because there is no Spenser to draw them. That is the point. The poem is full of Spenserian phrases and ends with an unmistakable tribute. He dares try no high pastoral strain but

> "At Collin's feete I throw my yeelding reede."

It is not possible to use these lines as evidence that Hall loved *The Shepheards Calender* but thought meanly of *The Faërie Queene.* For elsewhere he writes:

> "Th' eternall Legends of thy Faerie Muse,
> Renowned Spenser: whom no earthly wight
> Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight
> Salust of France and Tuscan Ariost
> Yeeld up the Lawrell garland ye have lost:
> And let all others willow wear with me
> Or let their undeserving Temples bared be."[6]

It is important to know, moreover, that our quotation closes with a vigorous attack on Romantic poems, particularly the *Orlando Furioso,* but makes careful exception in the case of Spenser. And we should note Hall's conviction of the futility of writing new poems in emulation of the master. It is the satiety of the bookish mind.

> "Whilome the sisters nine were Vestal maides,
> . . . . . .
> Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes
> And on Bay-stocks the wanton Myrtle grewes."[7]

The great poets have written. Times are degenerate. What seem like attacks on Spenser generally close with self-abasement. So it was with the *Defiance of Envy.* So we find it in another passage that has worried the critics.

> "Nor Ladies wanton love, nor wandering knight,
> Legend I out in rimes all richly dight,"

but

> "Rather had I, albee in careless rymes,
> Check the mis-ordered world and lawlesse times."[8]

This is the characteristic attitude of the Jeremiah who thinks that all the beautiful things have been said and that the present

[6] Book I, Sat. IV, ll. 21 sq.
[7] Book I, Sat. II, ll. 1-18.
[8] Book I, Sat. I, ll. 30 sq.

is diseased. A few lines below he is more specific in self-effacement.

> "Or if we list [viz. to make lofty songs] what baser muse can bide,
> To sit and sing by Grantaes naked side?
> They haunt the tyded Thames and salt Medway
> Ere since the fame of their late Bridall day."[9]

This is evidently a reference to Spenser's beautiful description of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway[10] and an expression of diffidence. We may complete our citations by quoting from Hall's lines to William Bedell on his poem, *A Protestant Memorial*,[11] which are at once imitative of Spenser and a tribute.

> "Willy, thy Rhythms so sweetly run and rise
> And answers rightly to thy tuneful Read
> . . . . . .
> That Collin dying, his Immortal Muse,
> Into thy Learned Breast did late infuse."

It is ridiculous to attempt, in the face of all this, to attack Hall's attitude toward Spenser.

We cannot pause over the myriad voices of the other poets who threw their garlands at the feet of the great singer. Everyone should know Barnfield's exquisite sonnet, "If Music and sweete Poetrie agree." Peele, Breton, Browne, Davies, William Basse, Francis Beaumont, a legion, glowed with the most generous praise. The sweet persuasiveness of some well-known lines from *The Return from Parnassus* may fitly represent the full-chorused laud.

> "A sweeter swan than ever sang in Po,
> A shriller nightingale than ever blessed
> The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome!
> Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud,
> While he did chant his rural minstrelsy;
> Attentive was full many a dainty ear;
> Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
> While sweetly of his Faërie Queene he sung,
> While to the waters' fall he tun'd his fame."

[9] Book I, Sat. I, ll. 30 sq.

[10] *Faërie Queene*, Book IV, Canto 11.

[11] Bedell's poem is an imitation of *The Shepheards Calender*.

III

THE AGE OF REASON AND THE RISE OF LITERARY CRITICISM

While the Elizabethans were in the first rapture of self-discovery, extravagant mutual eulogy was to be expected. But when they dropped back to the C-major of this life and rodomontade ceased to be the fashion, a genuine literary criticism was born.

Even in the Age of Enthusiasm, Drayton and Hall have been seen to show some critical discrimination. But Ben Jonson's burly figure looms largest among the first English writers of critical works. Unfortunately he gave us no well-rounded estimate of Spenser although he was liberal with tantalizing allusions. With Spenser's stanza and diction he was clearly out of tune. He told Drummond (*Conversations,* 1619), that "Spenser's stanzaes pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of which Allegorie he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Rauglie." But Jonson was grumbling almost unintermittently at this famous symposium. And perhaps Drummond tinged his record more deeply with his own apparent impression of Ben's perennial surliness. Jonson, at all events, had some good words for Spenser's matter in his *Discoveries* (1625-35?).

"Spenser, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language. Yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius."

The attack on Spenser's archaisms was promptly caught up by subsequent critics.[1] In another part of the *Discoveries* Jonson says, somewhat inconsistently:

"Words borrow'd of Antiquity doe lend a kind of Majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes."

1 There is a bare possibility that Jonson was influenced in his distaste for Spenser's diction by Sidney. Professor J. E. Spingarn (*Crit. Essays of the 17th Century* Introd. p. xiii) points out that the Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* is "a noble patchwork of passages from the Apology for Poesie. Jonson may have learned his distaste for Spenser's old words from the stricture in the same work.

But, on the whole, he prefers the newest words. That Ben Jonson of the rocky face and mountain belly was not always impervious to Spenserian appeal is attested in Drummond's record that

"He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's Calender about wyne, betweene Coline and Percye."

Jonson's masque, *The Golden Age Restored,* introduces Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and Spenser as ideal figures of the good old days. When Pallas has driven away Iron Age and her rout of Vices, she summons Astraea and Golden Age with a flourish of her aegis. And for their retinue she calls:

"You far-famed spirits of this happy isle,
That, for your sacred songs have gained the style
Of Phoebus' sons, whose notes the air aspire
Of the old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre
That Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Spenser hight,
Put on your better flames and larger light,
To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,
Since Virtue pressed shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish."

This readiness to accept Spenser as at least a traditional classic is also apparent in a characteristic fling at the rascal many in the *Discoveries.*

"There were never wanting those that dare prefer the worst poets. . . . Nay, if it were put to the question of the water-rimers works against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favor common vices out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgements and like that which is nought."

It is not unlikely that Jonson, on the whole, was an admirer of Spenser. And his animadversions are those of a man who probably loved Spenser as he loved Shakespeare—"on this side idolatry."

Edmund Bolton, although his contribution to Spenserian criticism is slight, should not be forgotten, because he has considerable significance in the history of English criticism. He reacted against the irresponsible sentences and parti-coloured diction of Elizabethan novelists and pamphleteers. In feeling the need of conscious ideals in prose style he was of the new age. His *Hypercritica, Or A Rule of Judgment For Writing Or Reading*

Our Histories (completed c. 1618 but first published in 1722)[2] treated not only the problem of sources but the kind of prose that was suitable for good historical writing. For this purpose Bolton considered the manner of both English poetry and prose. He seems to have had a wide knowledge and a fair appreciation of English literature. For prose suitable to the writing of histories he preferred, sensibly enough, the poetry of Jonson and the prose of Bacon as supreme models. But he found Spenser's *Hymns* valuable for the same purpose.

"In verse there are Ed. Spencer's Hymns. I cannot advise the allowance of other of his Poems, as for practick English, no more than I can do Jeff Chaucer, Lydgate, Pierce Ploughman, or Laureate Skelton."

For the use of "old outworn words" in history was, in Bolton's opinion, to be condemned.

In the tenth chapter of his *Compleat Gentleman* (1622) Henry Peacham pointed out the value of the study of poetry and closed his review of great poets with a brief but flattering picture of those of Elizabeth's days.

"In the time of our late Queen Elizabeth, which was truly a golden age . . . . above others who honoured Poesie with their pennes and practise . . . . were Edward Earle of Oxford, the Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget; our Phoenix, the noble Sir Philip Sidney; M. Edward Dyer, M. Edmund Spencer, M. Samuel Daniel, with sundry others whom . . . . not out of Envie but to avoide tediousnesse I overpasse. This much of Poetrie."

William L'isle in prefatory words to the reader before his translation of Du Bartas (1625) made a thoroughly neo-classical comment on Spenser's alexandrines that should be quoted as among the comparatively few definite criticisms of Spenser's stanza in the seventeenth century.

"The Bartasian verse (not unlike herein to the Latin Pentameter) hath ever this propertie, to part in the mids betwixt two wordes: so much doe French prints signifie with a stroke interposed. . . . The neglect of this hath caused many a brave stanza of the Faerie Queene to end but harshly, which might have been prevented at the first; but now the fault may be sooner found than amended."

[2] By Anthony Hall, at the end of his *Nicolai Triveti Annalium Continuatio, Oxford,* 1722.

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In the next century a critic as acute as Thomas Warton expressed the same insistence on the middle caesura and the same blindness to the charm of the flowing, pauseless alexandrine that Spenser used, at times, with such felicity.

The self-abasement or doubt that comes with an Age of Reason appears in Henry Reynolds, the mystic, to whom Drayton addressed his *Epistle, Of Poets and Poesie.* Reynolds lamented the bad state of English poetry, a mood which would not have occurred to a full-fledged Elizabethan, in his *Mythomestes wherein a short survay is taken of the nature and value of true Poesie, and the depth of the Ancients above our Moderne Poets* (1633). It is significant of the growing sense for criticism carefully weighed, and significant of Spenser's impregnable fame, that Reynolds included him in a brief list of well-selected poets whom he regarded as exempt from the sweeping condemnation that he had bestowed on most moderns. With the judgment of the acute connoisseurs who always know what will last in literature, Reynolds selected Chaucer (especially in his *Troilus*), Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton as the true elect.

"Next, I must approve the learned Spencer, in the rest of his Poems no lesse than his Fairy Queene, an exact body of the Ethicke doctrine; though some good judgments have wisht, and perhaps not without cause, that he had therein been a little freer of his fiction, and not so close rivetted to his Morall."

This guarded criticism of Spenser's didactic method is an expression of an attitude toward the *Faërie Queene* which we have inherited as a birthright and an affliction principally from the later romanticists who are responsible for many of our limitations in appreciating Spenser. But they are less careful in their statements than this gentle, far-seeing mystic of the seventeenth century.

The general tendency, however, throughout the seventeenth century and the first part of the eighteenth was to take Spenser's moralistic aspect very seriously and, on the whole, more justly and sympathetically than many of us do to-day. Sir Kenelm Digby's *Observations on the Twenty-Second Stanza of the Ninth Canto of the Second Book of Spencer's Faery Queen* (1644) is

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typical of the attitude of so many who accepted Spenser as poet and teacher. Sir Kenelm Digby took one of the most abstruse stanzas in *The Faërie Queene* and gave it an elaborate philosophical interpretation.

We approach a figure who was so significant in his own day and such a bare name at the present time that he must be elaborately considered. I have said that the Age of Reason inevitably begot a doubt which scattered into anarchy. Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, is a figure to be expected at such a crisis. Serene-eyed with the still-deep wisdom of Plato, he turned proudly and calmly from the growing materialism of the day and wrought strange, dim tapestries of mystical dreams. His cult was a power in its time against the rationalism of Descartes so ready to link hands with the ideals of the new classicists, "vraisemblance," "nature," "commonsense." He was one of the many forces that kept this neo-classicism starving in England for a half-century. In 1642 More published his *Psychodia Platonica* and in 1647 he brought out an enlarged edition of this *Platonick Song of the Soul* under the general heading *Philosophicall Poems.* This gigantic affair in Spenserian stanzas was certainly not calculated to captivate the masses who run. But it was the profound if eccentric utterance of a man who stood on the battle-line of a great controversy of the day. More's dedication to his father indicates how much of his idealism must have grown out of a life-long intimacy with Spenser's poems.

> "You deserve the Patronage of better Poems than these though you may lay a more proper claim to these than to any. You having from my childhood tuned mine ears to Spenser's rhymes, entertaining us on winter nights, with that incomparable Piece of his, The Fairy Queen, a Poem as richly fraught with divine Morality as Phansy."

To More, then, the poet was a noble priest, a conception too unpopular in our own day since the romanticists have taught us to toy with his seductive music alone. More, indeed, was at the other pole. He was one of those quixotic idealists who reared, with pathetic enthusiasm, towers of Babel in a noble but almost fruitless cause. He wrote in the days when men dared to justify the ways of God to man, though he wrote when the doubting

Thomases were becoming legion. In the eighteenth century men took to celebrating in song the cotton industry or *The Art of Preserving Health.* Today some of us have fallen lower and write for "Art's sake."

In the growing Age of Literary Anarchy we have already noted another figure proudly independent of the frailties of one age—John Milton. He, too, gave sturdy praise to the moralistic aspect of Spenser's genius. In the *Areopagitica* (1644) he wrote of "Our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." Edward Dowden has made this the text of the richest essay on Spenser that our age can claim.

We come now to one of the earliest apostles of that neo-classicism which in England struggled only with great difficulty through the Age of Literary Anarchy and gained supremacy at last when Pope and Addison planted the standard on the heights.

The first important critical document of the neo-classicists was Sir William Davenant's preface to *Gondibert.* This has been inconsiderately damned as crass and unsympathetic in its attitude toward Spenser. In Davenant's own day Aubrey wrote:

> "Sir John Denham told me that A. BP. Usher, Lord Primate of Armagh was acquainted with him [Spenser], by this token, when Sir W. Davenant's 'Gondibert' came forth, Sir John askt the Lord Primate if he had seen it? Said the Primate, 'Out upon him, with his vaunting preface, he speaks against my old friend, Edmund Spenser'."

Something like the Lord Primate's idea seems to have prevailed ever since. But to call Davenant hostile to Spenser is to read his preface without any sense of perspective. Davenant shared the generally increasing objections to the archaisms.

> "But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks: so we may wonder that our language . . . should receive from his [Spenser's] hand, new grafts of old wither'd words."

Again:

> "The unlucky choice of his stanza hath by repetition of Rime brought him to the necessity of many exploded words."

Although the preface is emphatic in its identification of the ideal poet and the moralist, yet Davenant was not in sympathy with

Spenser's method of inculcating virtue,—"His allegorical Story . . . . resembling (methinks) a continuation of extraordinary Dreams; such as excellent Poets, and Painters, by being over-studious may have in the beginning of Feavers." These are the shrewd complaints of Sir William Davenant, a sane literary critic who believed criticism to be the noble art of praise with intelligent qualifications. We must consider the general scheme of his essay to understand his full estimate of Spenser. He was about to propound the rules for an ideal epic and he began by naming those whom he considered the supreme writers of heroic poetry. He thus placed Spenser with Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Statius, and Tasso. He then pointed out the failings of each writer and Spenser hardly fared worse than any of the others. In this way Davenant gave Spenser implicitly the highest praise.

"Spencer may stand here as the last of this short File of Heroick Poets—Men whose intellectuals were of so great a making (though some have thought them lyable to those few Censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will in worthy memory outlast even the Makers of Laws and Founders of Empires, and all but such as must live equally with them because they have recorded their manner; and consequently with their own hand led them to the Temple of Fame. And since we have dar'd to remember those exceptions which the Curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against Spenser whose obsolete Language we are constrain'd to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge."

Davenant's tone was distinctly apologetic. He more than once foisted his adverse criticisms on "the Curious." He feared that his censures of "this short File of Heroick Poets" would make Hobbes, to whom he addressed his preface, think him "malicious" in observing the faults which "the Curious" had found with the revered writers. His detailed criticisms, restored to their context, become then of minor importance. There have been ardent admirers of Spenser, in every period, who could subscribe with little emendation to Davenant's complaints.

Abraham Cowley's delightful tribute needs no comment.

"I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I first began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what

accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion)—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; thus I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); so that, I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and thus was made a poet as irremediably as a child is made a eunuch."[3]

In 1669 Edward Howard, Dryden's disputant and a fairly staunch neo-classicist, brought out his *The British Princes*. Spenser was remembered as "the first of England's poets" and "by many granted a Parallel to most of the Antients."

The Age of Reason, meanwhile, had been verging rapidly into the Age of Literary Anarchy. But it seems fitting to begin our review of the later period with John Dryden who, as I have said, epitomizes its spirit.

[3] *Essays in Prose and Verse* 1668. No. XI.

IV

THE AGE OF LITERARY ANARCHY

Many times already, in this study, we have had occasion to note the change from the Elizabethan Age of rapturous faith to an age of doubt, of unrest, finally of absolute literary anarchy which corresponded well with the great political upheavals which distressed England throughout the reign of the Stuarts. Elizabethan ideals were unified by their abounding faith. In spite of our disgust for the fulsome eulogies of Elizabeth, we must admit that, when the last shred of the courtier's mask is torn away, there glows a genuine admiration, a deep faith in the sovereign. We have seen that the climax of the Elizabethan Age was the time of boyish panegyric, and that England's faith in her literature was so immense that sanely regulated literary criticism was impossible until the canker doubt had done deadly work. Then English poetry, which had moved in comparative harmony, gradually divided and subdivided itself into a hundred jarring sects. Hostile schools despised each other and doubted themselves. Men became inconstant or inconsistent members of two warring cults. The neo-classical credo, which was to unify literature once more, gained ground slowly, and did not, as some have thought, triumph in the days of Waller, Denham, or Dryden. It struggled for bare existence till Pope and Addison became dictators.

The Age of Literary Anarchy had no well-defined beginning. It came about very slowly. Such men as William Drummond of Hawthornden, Ben Jonson, and Edward Fairfax spread, consciously or unconsciously, the spirit of sedition. Drummond and Fairfax combined the Elizabethan love of sensuousness with a truly classical interest in form. Fairfax lived in the limelight and his tastes descended to Waller, who was glad to acknowledge him as a model. Drummond was unusually fond of using

and polishing the couplet, the form that the neo-classicists were to accept as supreme. His bookishness sent him directly back to the Latin poets again and again. His love of form stimulated him to experiment more with sonnet-schemes than any man in the language. In the abandon of the Elizabethan genius, then, his almost over-cultivated mind must have found some rough dissonances. Ben Jonson was a more definite classicist and his influence was immense. Of these earlier figures Edward Fairfax interests us most of all because, as the ardent student of Spenser and the acknowledged master of Waller, he linked Spenserian traditions with neo-classicism, the two currents of English literature that critics have long mistakenly regarded as antipathetic. In 1600 Fairfax published his translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (*Godfrey of Bulloigne or The Recoverie of Jerusalem Done into English Heroicall Verse*), a poem which, though in ottava rima, taught Waller how to fashion the smooth couplets that made him the model of all true believers in neo-classicism. Fairfax was an enthusiastic follower of Spenser, and frequently departed from his original to draw more near to *The Faërie Queene*. Spenser, for instance, had already translated and in many cases improved passages from Tasso in his sensuous account of the Bower of Bliss. As Fairfax turned his Italian into English, memories of Spenser often led him delightedly astray. He describes the two wantons, who would have lured Carlo and Ubaldo from their quest for Rinaldo, with an evident relish of Spenser's exquisite translation in his mind.[1] One siren loosed her long tresses so that they fell down and half hid her naked body.

> "Withal she smiléd and she blushed withal,
> Her blush, her smilings, smiles her blushing graced.
> Over her face her amber tresses fall,
> Whereunder Love himself in ambush placed."

The play on words is ultimately Tasso's. But Spenser wrote:

> "Withall she laughéd, and she blusht withall
> That blushing to her laughter gave more grace."

[1] Tasso, C. 15. St. 62. Spenser, B. II, C. 12, St. 68.

Fairfax was plainly captivated by the charming cadence of the repeated "withal" and pillaged Spenser's first line. In his description of the amorous Armida (C. 16, St. 18), Fairfax adds to the conceits of Tasso with a phrase from Spenser.

> "Her breasts were naked for the day was hot.
> Her locks unbound waved in the wanton wind;
> Some deal she sweat tired with the game you wot.
> Her sweat-drops bright, white, round, like pearls of Inde;
> Her humid eyes a firey smile forthshot
> That like sunbeams in silver fountains shined,
> O'er him her looks she hung and her soft breast
> The pillow was, where he and love took rest."

From Spenser's interpolation, "pure Orient perles," (2, 12, 78) Fairfax borrowed his simile, "like pearls of Inde," (for there is no trace in the original) to overweight a picture already langorous to the last degree. He constantly sought words as well as fancies from his master, making free use of Spenser's archaisms. In emulating the highly wrought technique of Spenser and Tasso the lesser man doubtless found himself forced into that more conscious attention to finish which caught the eye of Edmund Waller. At all events, Waller and Dryden considered Fairfax as one of their sacred authorities for the new couplet.

In decadent Elizabethans, who outlived the Elizabethan spirit of youth, ruddy enthusiasm became hectic disease, careless fancy was metamorphosed into ingenious artifice, the sensuousness of Petrarch was laid aside for the conceits of Marini. Such a spirit laid prematurely a blighting finger on the large soul of Donne and spread even more insidiously through the religious ecstasy of Crashaw. By 1630 England's poetry was visibly disturbed by the struggles of these discordant forces.

From about 1650 to the end of the century the influence of Spenser was at its lowest ebb in the history of English poetry. The cause of this lies precisely in that multiplicity of artistic theories that brought about the literary civil wars. When the Elizabethans thought that they tallied all antecedents they canonized Spenser in a thoroughly uncritical way. He was their morning star, their high priest of poetry. He was with Homer.

The admiration of later writers was no less deep and sincere, but doubt had sharpened their critical insight. The influence of Spenser was no less great than that of any other writer. It was only that influences were legion. There were no great central convictions like those which inspired the Elizabethans, Augustans, and romanticists at their highest point of development. The wonder is that Spenser was hospitably received in so many antagonistic groups of writers. In this way, indeed, a slender bond of unity remained. But it was a mere shadow of the old community of feeling.

The spirit of classicism had as yet but a thin voice in the literary affairs of the age. The heavy cloth of gold of the renaissance made a mantle which the poets were loth to relinquish. Giles and Phineas Fletcher, for instance, those pastor-poets of Cambridge University who sang, in Spenser's allegorical manner, of the sacrifice of Christ and the soul of man, founded a school of poets who perpetuated the sensuous Spenserian manner even into the eighteenth century. Quarles, Thomas Robinson, Dr. Joseph Beaumont, and others published ambitious attempts in imitation of Spenser and the Fletchers, and emulated their spirit in an age when chaotic sectarianism was vitally connected with the issues of the day. As late as 1679 this movement was very much alive in Samuel Woodford's *Legend of Love* and its *Epoda* in Spenserian stanzas. Even in the eighteenth century, when neo-classicism held full sway, William Thompson registered his name as the last in this school with his *Hymn to May* (1757), a piece which closely followed Spenser's *Epithalamion* and Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island* and which is pure Elizabethan even in an age of trim paterres. From Cambridge came a man who owed a debt to the school of the Fletchers although he was too large to be imprisoned as a member, John Milton, the supreme poet of his age, who learned from Spenser much of the eloquence with which he wrought his great religious and political experiences into immortal song. The spirit of the dreamer of *The Faërie Queene* was not, after all, so far remote from the great issues of the middle decades of the seventeenth century. These poets,

with the exception of Milton (who, like all supreme artists, knew how to reconcile classicism and romanticism), formed one of the many groups of seventeenth century poets who still preferred to worship beauty with Elizabethan exuberance and childlike enumeration of infinite detail rather than by attention to finish, the sense of finiteness, of repression which attracted the new classicists.

Literary anarchy became bewildering toward the close of the century because English poetry had fallen among little men. During the last two decades of the seventeenth century, except for Dryden, there were only the very dregs. The various warring creeds quarreled to the end. Marinism, which found its most brilliant supporter in Crashaw, was upheld by men like John Norris of Bemerton in his *Miscellanies* (1678). Two very different schools worked against them: the boisterous satirists of the type of John Cleveland and Dr. Robert Wild, who battled with the decadent poets by using a rugged style which constantly broke down into doggerel; Waller, Denham, and Sidney Godolphin, who fought for neo-classicism. Then there was the great number of belated Elizabethans, the school of the Fletchers and many more. These men were generally perfectly conscious of their conservatism. Mr. Edmund Gosse notes a volume by Philip Ayres, *Lyric poems, made in Imitation of the Italians,* as "the very last effort made to restore romantic poetry to its old place in English literature." There were some who inconsistently wrote in different veins. Such a man was Sir Richard Fanshawe, a good friend of the classicist Denham, but having many sympathies with the Elizabethans and Marinists. In 1676 a number of his miscellaneous poems appeared along with his translation of Guarini's *Il Pastor Fido. A Canto of the Progress of Learning,* though in Spenserian stanzas, is far less florid than some of his sonnets and lyrics. On the other hand its opening line, "Tell me, O Muse, and tell me Spencer's Ghost," seems to indicate that the master's poetry was not far from his thoughts. Again he translated Virgil, the idol of the Augustans, in the Spenserian stanza, a form quite generally regarded, even by its admirers in that day,

as unfit for heroic poetry. The civil wars in English poetry might easily be illustrated far beyond due proportion in this study. Charles Cotton continued at once the wholesome nature poetry of Browne, Herrick, and Marvel and wrote amorous lyrics in the vein of Suckling, Lovelace, Carew, men who cared little for the quiet country, who preferred the rustle of the silk gowns of court ladies to the wind among the trees. Cowley's eccentric Pindaric odes fell into disrepute toward the close of the century. Yet Thomas Flatman, one of the very few lyrists who wrote with high seriousness at the end of the century, followed Cowley almost exclusively. Flatman's friends, Dr. Samuel Woodford, the Spenserian, and Katherine Philips, "the matchless Orinda," wrote often in the manner of Cowley. Yet Katherine Philips, with her affected elegance and her importation of French ideals from the Hotel Rambouillet, contributed definitely to the rise of neo-classicism. Finally Dryden, who was to give the death-blow to Abraham Cowley, wrote one of his maturest poems, *To Mrs. Anne Killegrew*, (1686) in the Pindaric and metaphysical vein of the despised poet. Against the lyrics of the court amorists we may pit the long line of religious lyrics from Crashaw, himself as ardent a royalist as Lovelace or Suckling, to Vaughn. In the love-lyric, too, the approach of the dissolution of faith, of the Age of Anarchy, may be seen in Habington's *Castara*, a somewhat uneasy, overconscious attempt to fuse the erotic cavalier poetry with religion and Platonism, utterly unlike the fiery Platonism of the Elizabethans. Then complete cynicism broke in. At the close of the century Rochester, Sedley, Aphra Behn, and others were retailing the commonplaces of the amorists, striving to eke out their slender originality and to heal their shattered faith in the finer things of life with feverish sensuality, cynicism, and obscenity. Except for the slow and hotly contested rise of neo-classicism, this degradation of the court lyric is typical of the degradation of English poetry. Neo-classicism promised at least a wholesome repression in style and a theory, if no more, of the moral responsibility of poetry in its highest moods. It promised a much needed increase of intellectuality as opposed to unbridled fancy.

In turning to the heralds of Augustanism we must never forget that they were not outside the influence of Spenser and did not regard Spenser as necessarily opposed to their regime. We shall see how they came more and more to reconcile him with their ideals much as they reconciled Virgil. Sir John Denham classed Spenser and Jonson together as exponents of "Art" as opposed to the less revered native woodnotes wild which were falling into disrepute.

> "Next (like Aurora), Spenser rose
> Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
> Old Mother Wit and Nature gave
> Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have,
> In Spenser and in Jonson, Art
> Of slower Nature got the start."[2]

Edmund Waller, as we have noted, learned his devotion to finish from Fairfax. He seems to have returned to Spenser as well for that mellifluousness which is characteristic of his smooth, sensuous verse. His most elaborate poem, *The Battle of the Midsummer Islands,* follows Spenser and Fairfax in the creation of a sort of tropical Bower of Bliss, or Eden.[3] A reference in the third canto seems to show that Waller, unlike many professed students of English literature, had arrived as far as the fifth book of *The Faërie Queene.* For he describes a wounded whale scourging the waves "like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail." Similarly Katherine Philips, whom we have described as mainly neo-classical, draws from Spenser to adorn a polite and languid Sapphic effusion, *Content, To my dearest Lucasia.*

> "Content, the false World's best disguise,
> The search and faction of the wise,
> Is so abstruse and hid in night
> That, like that Fairy Red-Cross Knight,
> Who treacherous Falsehood for clear Truth had got,
> Men think they have it when they have it not."

But it was Dryden who sanctified Spenser for the Augustans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. With Dryden Eng-

[2] *On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death.*

[3] Canto I. See Mr. G. Thorn Drury's notes on this poem in the Muses' Library edition of Waller.

lish criticism came to a brilliant climax and the Age of Literary Anarchy received complete and powerful expression. England felt a growing interest in the superbly unified French theories of poetry, but found them practically impossible to reconcile with her sturdy native traditions and the restless spirit of the age. When we learn to realize thoroughly how some writers took refuge in an idolatrous worship of the classics, how others clamored for the perpetuation of the Elizabethan manner, how many caught up the extravagances of the English Marinists, the attempt to goad jaded emotions with the highly spiced diet of jaded conceits, and carried the hectic fancies of Cowley, Crashaw, and their crew to excess beyond excess, how some gave up hope of solution and sought false relief in cynicism and rough mockery, how the exquisite idyllic vein of Andrew Marvel could turn to barren and querulous satire, when we realize that it was the day of a hundred schools, the age of literary anarchy, as it was the age of civil broils and political plots, then we can understand Dryden with some human sympathy. In Dryden's day uncertainty ran riot. His admirers and detractors have long puzzled over his vacillations in matters religious, literary, and political. However servile he may have been, it is difficult to deny that he was a man of strong if somewhat fickle convictions that changed, not merely with the breeze of public opinion, but with his own true moods. Some of his inconsistencies are readily explainable by his enthusiasm for the subject under immediate consideration. In his *Discourse on Epick Poetry* (1697), he devoted much time to proving triumphantly, in spite of Aristotle, that heroic poetry is a greater form than tragedy. But in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* (1667), where all his eloquence was being spent on the drama, he did not even pause to support a confident parenthesis: "Though tragedy may be justly preferred to the other," [viz., epic]. In his *Preface to the second Miscellany* (1685), Spenser's endeavour to imitate the rustic speech of Theocritus by an infusion of archaic and dialect words is adjudged unsuccessful.

"Spenser has endeavoured it [to imitate the Doric of Theocritus] in his Shepherds Kalendar; but neither will it succeed in English [any more

than in the severe Latin tongue] for which reason I have forbore to attempt it."

Yet in his *Dedication* of the *Pastorals* of Virgil (1697), he wrote:

"But Spencer being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Dorick of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners."

Without pausing to consider any more of Dryden's many self-contradictions, we may turn to his comments on Spenser as disclosing matters most significant for our general conception of Dryden as a critic. His first reference to Spenser occurs in a preface *Of Heroic Plays,* published in 1672 with an edition of *The Conquest of Granada,* where he merely cites *The Faërie Queene* in support of the use of gods, spirits, and "enthusiastic parts" in poetry. In his youth Dryden, like many young writers, was a victim of the poets of his own generation. His early servitude to the conceit-hunters is well known. He himself tells us in his *Dedication of The Spanish Friar* (1681), that he once thought "inimitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Dubartas." But he came to dub the idol of his callow days a writer of "abominable fustian."

In his maturity Dryden spoke enthusiastically and discerningly about Spenser. In his *Essay on Satire* (1693), he made his most elaborate criticism. In a long digression on heroic poetry, in which he asserted that no one equalled Homer and Virgil, he criticised Lucan, Statius, Ariosto, and Tasso, scorned utterly the French epics, and added:

"The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect poets; and yet, both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or performance. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court

of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish the Poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design: for the rest his obsolete language and ill choice of his stanzas, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice: and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English."

It is important to observe that this very just criticism of the general structure of *The Faërie Queene* began with Dryden and has become the current comment to our own day. Even Thomas Warton had nothing to add to it. It is moreover worth special attention that Dryden did not share Jonson's and Davenant's aversion for the use of obsolete words. Nor did he always regard them as even "faults of the second magnitude." We have seen that he first condemned but later praised the archaisms in *The Shepheards Calender*. And in his discussion of Milton in this same digression in the *Essay on Satire* he treats archaisms with a justice that is beyond reproach:

"His [Milton's] antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser as Spenser imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their master may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet, in my opinion words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant, than those in practice; and, when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand."

Dryden's association of the names of Spenser and Virgil in the discussion of the structure of *The Faërie Queene* quoted above is only one of many passages that indicate that Spenser and the darling of the neo-classicists were endeared to him as poetical

comrades. In his *Discourse on Epick Poetry* (1697) Dryden wrote:

"I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin and Spencer in English, have been my masters."

Again:

"If the design be good and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spencer and Milton are the nearest, in English, to Virgil and Horace in Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style by imitating their masters."

The association of Virgil and Spenser is very significant because it throws a clear light on an aspect of neo-classicism completely misunderstood. The Augustans did not, as has been so constantly averred, forget or despise Spenser. They found him, on the whole, sufficiently reconcilable with their ideals and appreciated sides of his poetry to which the romanticists, to our own day, have remained blind. Dryden taught the Augustans to accept Virgil and Spenser as common models. The cherished project of his own life was to write an epic about Arthur, the hero of *The Faërie Queene,* or the Black Prince, "wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our Imperial lines."[4] But he was unfortunately encouraged only by the "fair words of Charles II" and "my little salary ill paid."

But the thorn which seems to have pricked the sides of all who read Dryden, devoutly or sacrilegiously, is his admiration for the faultless commonplaces of Waller and Denham with their rippling heroic couplets. In his *Dedication of The Rival Ladies* (1672) Dryden asserted of "rhyme" that:

"The excellence and dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it."

In the *Defence of the Epilogue to The Conquest of Granada* he said:

"Well-placing of words, for the sweetness of pronunciation, was not known till Mr. Waller introduced it."

[4] The *Essay on Satire.*

By the time we arrive at the *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* (1667) we become belligerent when we read:

"They [the Elizabethans] can produce . . . . nothing so even sweet, and flowing as Mr. Waller nothing so majestic, so correct, as Sir John Denham."

In the *Essay on Satire,* to be sure, this fetish-worship lends opportunity for gratifying praise of Spenser and a new interweaving of his name with Virgil's. For, having been advised by Sir George Mackenzie to imitate "the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham," it "first made me sensible to my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors." Not even "the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley," rewarded a search.

"Then I consulted a greater genius (without offense to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours everywhere to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem called The Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer and among the rest of his excellencies, had copied that."

This is truly mellifluous to the ear of the ardent Spenserian. But a famous passage in the *Preface* to the *Fables* (1700), the brilliant work of Dryden's maturity, has been most unduly exalted into prominence and cited as an example of that crassness which is said to have tainted even the large mind of Dryden in an age of literary narrowness. We expect only the choicest wisdom in this preface. We gloat over the damnation of the once revered Cowley. We breathe the fire of the noble eloquence which exalts Chaucer. But, as Dryden's thought reverts to metrics, our enthusiasm grows pale.

"Equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroick, was either not known or not always practised in Chaucer's age. . . . We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius and a Lucretius before Virgil and Horace. Even after Chaucer, there was a Spencer, a

Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being and our numbers were in their nonage till these appeared.''

These sentences have brought reproach on the memory of Dryden. It is surprising to see how widespread is the opinion that here Dryden, in his splendid maturity, capriciously expressed a senile preference for Waller and Denham over Chaucer and Spenser. But it is to be observed that most of Dryden's references to Denham and Waller have to do with technique—and with the technique of the heroic couplet solely. It is the ''numbers'' and ''rhyme'' (which readers of the *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* will recognize as practically technical terms for the couplet) which Dryden admired in Waller and Denham. When Dryden wrote of the peers of the ancients and considered poetry in all its aspects he praised Chaucer, Tasso, Spenser, Jonson, Shakespeare, Milton, and Corneille in the highest terms. But Waller and Denham were not mentioned. That he did not rate mere technique highest among the qualifications of a poet is proved by a glance at his preference for Chaucer over Ovid in the *Preface* to the *Fables*. From his point of view Chaucer was an inferior metrist. The best he could say of Chaucer's melody was that ''there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing though not perfect.'' As a confirmed lover of Latin poetry he could not but greatly prefer the artful cadences of Ovid's lines, though he was probably not blind to their saccharine qualities as compared with the stronger music of Virgil. But, though he was emphatic in favor of Ovid's metrical superiority, the Latin poet came off very badly in the comparison and was ranked definitely below Chaucer. It is evident that he ranked Chaucer, whom he considered somewhat primitive, far above Ovid, a poet of the days of a great nation's mature culture and formal perfection. By the same token it is not fanciful to argue that while Dryden considered Waller and Denham to be great as the perfectors of the popular heroic couplet of the day, he would not have dreamed a moment of placing them as high as Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton.

We have observed that whenever Dryden took a poet or an

ideal as the topic of an essay or a text for the exploitation of a pet theory he exalted the subject with a youthful enthusiasm for the interest of the hour and a fine indifference to what he had ever said before. When we consider the consistent and high praise in his many references to Spenser, it does not seem illogical to suppose that had he written an essay on his acknowledged master he would have glowed with an eloquence sublimated with his patriotic preference for English poets over the ancients and over the immaculate French rule-worshippers.[5] As it is, he has left some generalizations on Spenser that are at once in the spirit of warm and rational admiration. In the *Discourse on Epick Poetry* he found that "the file of heroick poets is very short." There had been only one Iliad and Aeneid.

"After these are entered some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some critick of an authority should be set before the door to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. . . . The next, but the next with a long intervall betwixt, was the Jerusalem; I mean not so much in distance of time as in excellency."

Pulci, Bojardo, Ariosto, Le Moine, Scudery, Chapelain are huddled together and receive scant grace. But:

"Spencer has a better plea for his Fairy Queen had his action been finished, or had been one; and Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam. . . . After these the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation."

In the same essay we are told that:

"Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it."[6]

Today we voice precisely the same complaints against Spenser's form. To be sure, we fancy that we could prescribe something better than the fossilized Bossu. But though we all bow to Spenser's marvellous genius we wish, with Dryden, that he had chosen

[5] See the *Essay of Dramatick Poesie* for his preference for English and modern poetry.

[6] Luke Melbourne, a contentious parson, gained much notoriety, including a savage trust from Pope (*Essay on Criticism*, ll. 462, sq.) for a book of observations on Dryden's translation of Virgil. But Melbourne at least made just and grim sport of Dryden's prescription of Bossu for Spenser.

or perfected a mould more vertebrate into which to pour the immense treasures of his mind. In the *Dedication* of his translation of the *Pastorals* of Virgil (1697) Dryden, besides praising the "imitation" of the Doric of Theocritus, as before noted, gave Spenser the highest rank among the shepherd-poets. Having discussed the bucolics of Theocritus and Virgil he added:

"Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spencer is not to be matched in any modern language, not even by Tasso's Aminta, which infinitely transcends Guarini's Pastor-Fido, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the piscatory eclogues, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder that rolling down through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master, Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

——si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

But Spencer being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Dorick of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners."

The obvious conclusions from these citations certainly add little but lustre to Dryden's fame as a critic. Mr. Waller and Mr. Denham are given credit only for what they actually accomplished. To be sure, Dryden overrated the heroic couplet, which from his point of view they perfected, as a measure. But it is absurd to suppose that he placed them, on these grounds, above the acknowledged masters of English poetry. As for Spenser, no man has praised more nobly and more rationally than Dryden. We have little occasion to question the opinions of those who hold him to be the greatest English critic.

Thomas Rymer interests us because he was an important man in his own day, because he espoused neo-classicism, in an age of struggle and doubt, with an uncompromising faith, and because he shows how readily the Augustans reconciled Spenser, on the

whole, with their ideals. In his preface to the translation of Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie* (1674) he wrote:

"Spencer, I think, may be reckon'd the first of our Heroick Poets; he had a large spirit, a sharp judgement, and a Genius for Heroick Poesie, perhaps above any that ever writ since Virgil. But our misfortune is, he wanted a true Idea, and lost himself by following an unfaithful guide. Though besides Homer and Virgil, he had read Tasso, yet he rather suffer'd himself to be misled by Ariosto; with whom blindly rambling on marvellous adventures he makes no conscience of Probability. All is fanciful and chimerical, without any uniformity, without any foundation in truth; his Poem is perfect Fairy-land. . . . They who can love Ariosto will be ravish'd with Spencer, whilst men of juster thoughts lament that such great Wits have miscarried in their Travels for want of direction to set them in the right way. But the truth is, in Spencer's time, Italy itself was not well satisfied with Tasso; and few amongst them would allow that he had excell'd their divine Ariosto. And it was the vice of these times to affect superstitiously the Allegory; and nothing would then be current without a mystical meaning. We must blame the Italians for debauching great Spencer's judgement; and they cast him on the unlucky choice of the stanza which in no wise is proper for our Language."

In 1675 Edward Phillips published his *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,* a work which became very popular as a handbook of criticisms and accounts of English Poets, and from which writers of similar treatises, Gerard Langbaine, William Winstanley, and others, borrowed with great freedom. Critics have doubtless been right in ascribing some of the real wisdom and largeness of Phillips' utterances to the influence of his uncle, Milton. Thus it was, perhaps, that he never bowed in blind worship to the heroic couplet. Indeed his curious preference of an irregular lyrical verse, which he called "Pindarick," to the couplet for tragedy suggests that his mind may have been full of the rarified choruses of *Samson Agonistes.* The keynote of his attitude toward poetry is opposed to the Augustan worship of reason and sounds like Milton.

"Wit, ingenuity and learning in verse, even elegancy itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing; true native poetry is another; in which there is a certain air and spirit, which, perhaps, the most learned and judicious in other arts do not perfectly apprehend; much less is it attainable by any study or industry."

His appreciation of the Spenserian stanza is notable and almost unique in his period.

"How much more stately and majestic in epic poems, especially of heroic argument, Spenser's stanza (which I take to be but an improvement upon Tasso's Ottava Rima, or the Ottava Rima itself, used by many of our once-esteemed poets) is above the way, either of couplet, or alteration of four verses only, I am persuaded were it revived, would soon be acknowledged."

Phillips may have influenced Dr. Samuel Woodford who published, in 1679, *A Paraphrase Upon the Canticles* with a preface that is full of interest for us.

"Among the several other Papers that we have lost of the Excellent and Divine Spenser, one of the happiest Poets that this Nation ever bred (and out of it the world it may be (all things considered) had not his Fellow, excepting only such as were immediately Inspired) I bewail nothing methinks so much, as his Version of the Canticles. For doubtless, in my poor Judgement, never was Man better made for such a Work, and the Song itself as directly suited, with his Genius and manner of Poetry (that I mean wherein he best shews and even excels himself, His Shepherd's Kalender, and other occasional Poems, for I cannot yet say the same directly for his Faery Queen design'd for an Heroic Poem) that it could not but from him receive the last Perfection, whereof it was capable out of its original."

Woodford's eccentric notions and terrifying plesiosaurian sentences do not prove that he was out of the literary world of his day. He was the friend of Sprat, the famous biographer of Cowley, and seems to have commanded no small respect from Flatman, "the matchless Orinda," and other distinguished contemporaries that are now with the snows of yesteryear. His opinions are always interesting and often sound and suggestive. He thinks that couplets are best in an heroic poem, "as in Mr. Cowley's Davideis (for the Quatrains of Sir William Davenant, and the Stanza of Nine in Spenser's Faery Queen, which are but an Improvement of the Ottava Rima, to instance in no more, seem not to me so proper)." But that he had some admiration for the Spenserian stanza, for other purposes, seems certain, for he employed it himself in his most pretentious poem, *The Legend of Love.*

In his paraphrase of the *Canticles* Woodford carried the dialogue-setting of Quarles (*Sion's Sonnets*) even farther and

attempted an approximation of the classical drama and the classical epithalamium. The verses are not only assigned to the Spouse and the Beloved but to the friends on either side and to a chorus. Woodford takes occasion, incidentally, to condemn blank verse as used by Milton, though he is an enthusiastic lover of *Paradise Lost*. For blank verse, he thinks, as "likest prose," is unfit for any form but the drama. The *Song of Solomon* may be divided, he thinks, into such parts as a Protasis, the "Divine Amoris Ecstasis, an Epitasis or the counterturn of action, the Dolor de Absentia Sponsi," and a third division. The unity of action, we are told, is "strictly observed in this Hymn, and the Chorus, which is everywhere regular." In short, Woodford is a compound of the Spenserians, the Marinists, and the neo-classicists, a very characteristic poet of the late seventeenth century.

To his version of the *Canticles* Woodford prefixed a stern Proazma bidding the profane to "avoid." He was evidently somewhat disturbed over the possible influence of the Oriental love-language. In his preface he was scandalized by some unspeakable freethinkers who dared to murmur that the *Song of Solomon* might, after all, be a literal love-lyric and have nothing to do with an allegory of Christ and the Church. To make his *cheveux de frise* perfect against any loose lovers of wanton lyrics who should chance on his ground in search of amorous poetry to their taste, he added his moralistic *Epoda or Legend of Love*, imitated partly from Spenser's *Hymne to Divine Love* and partly from the pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins in *The Faërie Queene*. We may let Woodford describe its content in his own words. After defending his use of the term "Epoda," he says:

"The 'Legend,' further, of 'Love' I have stiled it, for honour's sake to the great Spenser, whose Stanza of Nine I have used, and who has Intituled the six Books which we have compleat of his Faery Queen, by the several Legends of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy, and to any who knows what the word Legend there, or in its true and first notion signifies, it will neither seem strange, ridiculous, or improper. I have made it to consist of three Cantos, agreeable enough to the nature of an Epode or Legend, if it be judged indecent, as indeed it is, considering its length, for an Epilogue; the first whereof taking occasion from the Canticles, to which in the beginning it refers,

I have endeavoured to shew the true Nature of Love, and what it was in the State of Innocence, describing it by the liveliest Images, which I form to myself suitable to a poetical composition. In the second I have considered the thing whatever it be, vulgarly called Love, under the dominion and government of Sense, exclusive of Reason, which it too often either draws to its party or wholly extinguishes, than which nothing can be conceived more absurd, unreasonable, extravagant, and inhumane. The third canto, in the close of it, is design'd for the Restauration of Love, by Sacred Marriage, or Wedlock, according to the Divine Institution, to its ancient Dignity and Lustre."

John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and Duke of Buckinghamshire, published in 1682 a very clever *Essay on Poetry* in the last couplet of which he asserted that the ideal poet

"Must above Cowley, nay, and Milton too, prevail
Succeed where great Torquato and our greater Spenser fail."

In the edition of 1713 he revised these lines, significantly striking out the name of Cowley, who had then been dashed from the firmament of poets. Here he decided that the poet

"Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail
Succeed where Spenser and even Torquato fail."

In 1723 the couplet was made to read:

"Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and even Milton fail."

Dr. Johnson was the first to comment on these revisions as a mark of the increase of Milton's fame. But they have another importance as well. The names of Tasso, Spenser, and Milton were plainly not marshalled merely to make a high-sounding couplet, but the shifts in the order and the omission of Cowley indicate that these men were carefully selected because of their eminence and, most probably, with a shrewd eye to their popular eminence.

I must not omit some lines from a satire by John Oldham (*Poems and Translations* 1683) because, though their connection with Spenserian criticism is of the slightest, there is something in their grim despair that is typical of the poet's attitude at the end of the seventeenth century. Poets are always complaining that their times care not for the muse. But there is something in the raw power of these lines that is more than the proper and customary protest against the indifference to those who practice the humble slighted shepherd's trade.

"One night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapless Fate,
Cursing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, who over Poets reign:
In came a ghastly Shape, all pale and thin,
As some poor Sinner, who by Priest had been
Under a long Lent's Penance, starv'd and whip'd,
Or par-boil'd Lecher, late from Hot-house crept:
Famish'd his Looks appear'd his eyes sunk in,
Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin:
A Wreath of Laurel on his Head he wore,
A book inscrib'd the Fairy Queen he bore."

This spectre, who is no other than Spenser himself, dissuades the young poet from the unrewarded allegiance to the muses. It is difficult to realize that this harsh, crude verse was written by a poet highly esteemed in his day. But Dryden wrote one of his noblest, most genuine poems in his memory. Crude as these verses are, they show a spirit much more real than the complaints of the Elizabethan shepherd-poets in the Age of Enthusiasm and are much more manly than the everlasting whines of our disgruntled magazine poets of the twentieth century against commercialism. They show a feeling for a real *fin de siècle.*

In Sir William Temple's essay *Of Poetry* (1685) Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser are selected as the three supreme modern poets to name with the Ancients.

"After these three I know none of the Moderns that have made any achievements in Heroic poetry worth recording."

Of Spenser in particular he wrote:

"Spenser endeavoured to supply this with morality to make instruction instead of story, the subject of an epic poem. His execution was excellent and his flights of fancy very noble and high, but his design was poor, and his moral lay so bare that it lost the effect."

Those timid tasters of *The Faërie Queene* who believe with Lowell that the allegory is the grit in the dish of strawberries and cream, will find this critcism in some accord with their views. views.

William Winstanley has been long spurned as a wretched barber and a graceless thief from the writings of Edward Phillips. In his account of Spenser (*Lives of the most famous English Poets,* 1686), he referred to him as:

"Especially very happy in English Poetry, as his learned, elaborate Works do declare . . . . and though some blame his Writings for the many Chaucerisms used by him, yet to the Learned they are known not to be blemishes but rather beauties to his Book."[7]

Again:

"But his main Book, and which I think Envy itself cannot carp at, was his Fairy Queen, a Work of such ingenuous composure as will last as long as time endures."

In 1694 Sir Thomas Pope Blount brought out a collection of remarks on poets and poetry called *De Re Poetica,* an important document to determine the standing of critics of that period and the ideas of an author apparently held by the reading public. Spenser fares excellently. The eulogies of Edward Phillips, Camden, and Fuller are quoted together with the high praise, with its rational qualifications, of Temple, Rymer, and Dryden (*Essay on Satire*).

In these days English poetry was at its lowest ebb and Spenser's influence at its faintest was coincident with this drab age. The fact that it was an Age of Literary Anarchy, that there were many conflicting influences and many hostile ideals, was the cause of this degeneration. It is remarkable, under the circumstances, to find Spenser admired and followed by poets in other respects so inimical to one another. Neo-classicism was necessary to save English poetry. But it grew only very slowly and painfully. Neo-classicism, when it did prevail, found inspiration in Spenser and reconciled him, for the most part, with its ideals. It is significant, as we have already seen, to note how often he was named with Virgil. It is not true that Spenser fell into disrepute and so remained until the romanticists "revived" him.

[7] This sentence is lifted bodily from Thomas Fuller's account of Spenser in *The History of the Worthies of England* 1662.

V

THE NEO-CLASSICAL DESPOTISM

All scholarship on eighteenth century literature has of late been a mad scramble in search of romanticism. Since Professor Phelps and Professor Beers traced its growth in the eighteenth century it has become so fashionable to detect signs of revolt, even among the most hard-shelled neo-classicists, that some brilliant critic of the future may gain distinction by turning the tables and by proving that a school of Pope actually existed. It becomes necessary, then, to attempt to describe romanticism at the very outset of this section of our study.

For our purposes it is best to enumerate a number of the most commonly accepted types of romanticism, realizing how seldom they exist in combination, and that they are often utterly unlike one another, occasionally even irreconcilable. The most distinctive feature of Coleridge's romanticism, in his greatest poems, is the passion for mystery in the most exalted sense, the power of suggestion, the devotion to things that may be real. In Woodsworth, romanticism lies in the intimate relating of man's soul and nature. The romanticism of Byron is intense subjectivity and the spirit of revolt. Sometimes the romanticism of Keats, a luxurious heaping up of exquisite details, is the exact opposite. It may be the passion for things as they are. The delight in the bee and the flower brings no yearning for things as they should be. Often, however, Keats is the idealist with a spirit of intense longing. Again, in a few lines in the *Ode to the Nightingale,* in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci,* in *The Eve of St. Mark,* Keats is with Coleridge. In Shelley it is, more broadly, the spirit of revolt; at its best, a peculiarly refined and intense spirit of aspiration and of intellectual adventure. In Scott it is a passion for the grandeur of the past which, however, by no means implies a dissatisfaction with the present. Professor

Phelps finds the most notable characteristics of romanticism to be: "Subjectivity, Love of the Picturesque, and a Reactionary Spirit." Theodore Watts-Dunton's phrase, "The Renaissance of Wonder," is worth a book on romanticism. These assertions, while they do not absolutely define romanticism, are sufficiently inclusive of those qualities generally urged in defence of all newly discovered eighteenth century romanticists so that we may use them as touchstones.

It is certainly true that the great poets, if not all poets, are both romantic and classical. But one temper generally predominates. It will take a hardy investigator to find much romanticism in the first few decades of the eighteenth century. For my part, beginning as romanticism-hunter, I have gradually parted with my hopes. The amount of neo-classical survival even among the poets of the first third of the nineteenth century, is much more striking than the amount of significant romantic material even in the last half of the eighteenth. The classicism of Byron is much more remarkable than the romanticism of Gray and Collins. The Neo-classical Despotism, once fully established, was profound and lasting.

In the search for neo-classical beginnings, in the last infirmity of noble scholars, the desire to find signs of a new movement farther back than any investigator has hitherto indicated, we exaggerate the relations of Ben Jonson, Waller, Denham, even Dryden, to this Neo-classical Despotism. I have already tried to make it clear that the latter part of the seventeenth century was not an Augustan Age, as the text-books would have it, but an Age of Literary Anarchy, that neo-classicism gained headway only with desperate slowness. The Neo-classical Despotism may be said (for convenience only, for exact dates are impossible), to have struggled into supremacy by 1709, the date of the appearance of the *Pastorals* of Pope and Ambrose Philips, of Prior's first poems, of the opening numbers of the *Tatler,* of the writing of Pope's dictatorial *Essay on Criticism.*

There is a wholesome lesson in a study of the development, for better or worse, of Spenser-criticism in the hands of the

classicists and romanticists. It shows the inability of one age to appreciate all the merits of a supreme poet at one time. Because of ephemeral whims men term one aspect bad which the next age will admire. The neo-classicist appreciated sides of Spenser to which the romanticists became stone-blind. The romanticists revealed beauties in Spenser that had been tarnished by the disregard of a century and some beauties, perhaps, that had never before been discerned.

Two fallacious ideas about the neo-classical attitude toward Spenser are current; that he was unpopular even among literary men, and that the Augustans approached him in a spirit of mockery. Professor Phelps, for instance, quotes some platitudes in Addison's boyish *Epistle to Sacheverel* to indicate how little Addison knew or cared about Spenser. But he does not take into consideration a long series of admiring references in Addison's mature work, including a prose allegory professedly in the manner of Spenser which Addison once aspired to develop in poetic form. Similarly Professor Phelps makes too much of the Spenserian burlesque, *The Alley,* which Pope and Gay wrote in a few moments of triviality. If we examined consistently all the vulgar parodies in eighteenth century poetry and made the same deductions, we should be forced to conclude that the eighteenth century admired nobody, ancient or modern. Eighteenth century England devoted occasional moments of recreation to that peculiarly pointless type of obscenity that is now current among boys at grammar schools. It is of little significance.

The essential truth is that the neo-classicists had a genuine admiration for Spenser, and that they appreciated a great aspect of his genius now misunderstood through the influence of literary epicures, from Leigh Hunt down to our "Art for Art's Sake" men who know not what they do. The Augustans appreciated Spenser's moral earnestness and his allegory. Nowadays we have a morbid fear of didacticism. We consider it all bad. The Augustans considered it all good. The golden mean is to know the difference between crude didacticism—almost any sermon, the *Essay on Man*—and artistic didacticism—the last lines of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn,* the first lines of Tennyson's *Ulysses.*

The Augustans also knew and often named many of Spenser's qualities which we admire today, his sweetness, his peculiar kind of naive simplicity, his tenderness, his copious fancy.

They wrote so-called Spenserian "Imitations," not as a mere literary exercise but because one of their fundamental ideals was to imitate. And the Augustan imitations of Spenser are no more unlike the model than their Virgilian imitations are unlike their idol, Virgil.

It is well to begin an account of the attitude of the Augustan critics towards Spenser with an investigation of the ideas of the two dictators, Addison and Pope. In 1694 Addison's *Epistle to Sacheverel,* a very youthful account of the greatest English poets, appeared. It is simply a succession of boyish platitudes in decorous couplets and is insignificant from every point of view. Whatever he may have known or thought about Spenser at first, Addison became, in his mature years, a deep admirer of *The Faërie Queene.* A comment in the *Spectator* (No. 62) where he made famous classification of the kinds of "Wit," is extremely significant because it is at once thoroughly Augustan and in praise of Spenser. Whatever romantic tendencies Addison may have felt, he here admires Spenser because Spenser, if you please, is at one with all true believers. He is with Monsieur Boileau.

"As true Wit consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and false Wit in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words; which for Distinction Sake I shall call mixt Wit. This Kind of Wit is that which abounds in Cowley more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a Genius much above it. Spencer is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their Epic Poetry are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the Ancient Poets, has everywhere rejected it with Scorn."

For us the significant points to notice are: the neo-classical mania for mechanical definition and classification, the surprising attack on the immortal Mr. Waller, the usual Augustan onslaught on the Italian poets, the fact that Spenser and Milton are classed with the divine Monsieur Boileau and the venerable Ancients, even

above Dryden. Plainly the Augustan had no need to think meanly of Spenser here. It must be added, however, that Spenser, from another point of view, was once grouped by his urbane critic with the censured Italians. In the *Spectator,* Number 297, he wrote:

"Milton has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable some particulars which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death. . . . Such allegories rather savour of the Spirit of Spencer and Ariosto, than of Homer and Vergil."

But our critic seems to have recanted. For in a subsequent number (419), Addison wrote of what Dryden called "The Fairy Way of Writing" in a tone that has been called romantic, and lauded these "allegories."

"There is another sort of imaginary Beings, that we sometimes meet with among the Poets, when the Author represents any Passion, Appetite, Virtue or Vice, under a visible Shape and makes it a Person or an Actor in his Poem. . . . We find a whole Creation of the like shadowy Persons in Spencer, who had an admirable talent in Representations of this kind."

However romantic the general tenets of this paper may be considered, the comments on Spenser are but that praise of allegory which was becoming orthodox among the Augustans. We may assume that, at this latter date, Addison would have been less ready to have his fling at Milton's Sin and Death, at Spenser and the Italians. Indeed the neo-classical admiration for the allegory of *The Faërie Queene,* though native to the didactic temperament of the eighteenth century, doubtless received some stimulus from the words of the revered Addison. He asserts that:

"Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many Tracks of Light in a discourse, that makes everything about them clear and beautiful."[1]

Identifying "Fables," for the moment, with allegory he writes approvingly:

"Spencer's Fairy Queen is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the end of that admirable Work."[2]

He regrets the little cultivation of allegory and, in the *Guardian* for September 4, 1713, leaves us his most interesting tribute to Spenser:

[1] *Spectator,* 421.

[2] *Spectator,* 183.

"Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our country-man, Spenser, is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

. . . . . .

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and in order to do it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and preëminence between the two sexes.

Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity."

The "fable" is then transcribed.[3] It is apparent that Spenser was not only favored by Addison the critic, but was no small force in the making of those graceful and attractive allegories which were widely imitated by the host of urbane essayists in the eighteenth century who took Addison for their model.

Pope's admiration for Spenser is emphatically expressed in his words to Hughes (1715).[4] He wrote:

"Spenser has been ever a favorite poet to me; he is like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all."

But Pope left little detailed criticism. His only elaborate comments are to be found in the *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* which he prefixed to the 1717 edition of his *Pastorals.* This is partially borrowed from Dryden's preface to his translation of Virgil's eclogues but contains the fullest and best consideration of *The Shepheards Calender* that had yet appeared. The tendency to reconcile Spenser with the "Ancients" in true Augustan fashion is again apparent.

"Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients [viz Theocritus and Virgil] their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso and our Spenser. . . . Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Vergil."

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[3] Samuel Wesley's *Poems on Several Occasions* (second edition, 1763) contains a versification of *The Battle of the Sexes* in Prior-Spenserian stanzas.

[4] Quoted by Phelps, *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement,* Boston, 1893, p. 53.

He critcises Spenser justly for his imitation of Mantuan's satirical eclogues and crassly for one of his chief merits, the introduction of varied stanza-forms in the poem. Spenser should have used the everlasting couplet, of course. Pope criticises Spenser for imitating the Doric of Theocritus by the use of "old English and country phrases." In this he may have followed Dryden who, as we have seen, once condemned and once praised. Yet Pope writes with discernment when he adds:

> "As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish."

He is the first to give Spenser credit for inventing the device of a "calendar:"

> "The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects."

Yet Pope, whose name is almost always connected with decorous lawns, was the first to point out that Spenser's nature descriptions are not always appropriate to the month, that:

> "Some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them."

Beginning with Dryden's criticism, then, Pope developed the first detailed study of the *Shepheards Calender*. His contributions are brilliant when we examine all that was written before. Never had the *Shepheards Calender* been at once admired and judged so discerningly. It is evident that the obscene Spenserian stanzas, *The Alley* (the product of a trivial hour with Gay) can be relegated to their deserved insignificance.

We have seen that the two chiefs of the Augustans of the early eighteenth century were not only warm admirers of Spenser but that they made distinct contributions to the development of Spenserian criticism. It is worth emphasizing that they did this by no foreshadowing of doctrines that may by any means be called romantic. They weighed him in the neo-classical balance and found him wanting in few respects.

Pope was not the only Augustan who was stimulated by *The Shepheards Calender.* Mr. Phelps writes misleadingly:

"Some interest in Spenser on the Pastoral side was aroused by Ambrose Philips (1671-1749), who was mainly inspired by Spenser in writing his *Pastorals* (1709)."

This is to suggest that there was a mere shadow of interest in the Spenserian pastoralist at this time. Since there was a good deal of interest, since the pastoral of this period is never noticed by the literary historians, and since it involves some important truths in connection with the Augustan attitude toward Spenser, I must examine a few of the more important figures with some detail.

The formal eclogue which, by the close of the seventeenth century, contained, for the most part, the dregs of poetry, is nevertheless of very considerable importance for the student of Augustan poetry. It was, in general, a decadent form with the neo-classicists. Elsewhere I have shown how the Elizabethan pastoral, which became sprightly and lyrical and full of careless charm soon after Spenser, through the influence of innovations which he suggested when he naturalized the form in England, sank rapidly into hopeless insipidity as the classical influences came to mingle more freely with that of Spenser.[5] The Virgilian bucolic song was always sickly on English soil.

Decay and oblivion would seem inevitable for such anaemic verse. Yet the Augustan pastoral attained an immense vogue which lasted even into the early nineteenth century. In the skillful hands of Ambrose Philips, Pope, and Gay it became one of the minor forces which established the Neo-classical Despotism. In another path rough burlesque, combined with a genuine relish for the homely, led up to Allan Aamsay's blithe, fresh *Gentle Shepherd* and to the spirited notes of Burns; it had its share in stimulating an interest in nature not to be found in books. The immense vogue of the pastoral may have given it some share in

[5] I have discussed this in "The Golden Age of the Spenserian Pastoral," *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,* June, 1910.

the rise of the Gothic-romanticism, that jaded passion for something merely new and strange which gradually became exalted into the fine spirit of revolt against what Watts-Dunton calls the Age of Acceptance. The titles of Colin's *Oriental Eclogues,* Chatterton's *Arabian Eclogues,* if not their content, show a vague desire to pass beyond "Nature" as Boileau conceived it, beyond the town, beyond pseudo-imitations of the ancients, beyond the decorous lawns of an English manor. The craze for this romantic pose which became romanticism may be indicated by one title: *"Exaltation, An Eclogue; Translated from the Original Babylonian."*[6]

In the first half of the eighteenth century the influence of Spenser over the formal eclogue was remote but pervasive. In 1709 Ambrose Philips published his Pastorals in the Sixth Part of Tonson's *Poetical Miscellanies.* Philips, in his preface, complains unaccountably at the neglect of pastoral poetry. Perhaps, however, he was only hitting at its insipidity:

"It is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how pastoral poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering, especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, among the smaller poems in dignity."

Philips is explicit in the choice of masters:

"Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to epic poetry: But, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting. . . . Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of pastoral compositions; so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt."

In the first eclogue, Lobbin (a character in Spenser's *November*), like Colin Clout in *Januarie* and *December,* complains of his unrequited love:

"Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
. . . . . .
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent
. . . . . .
Whilom[7] did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head then void of care."

[7] The Spenserian veneer will be apparent to all students of the *Shepheards Calender* in such phrases as "whilom" and "all as" and many more.

[6] This poem is printed in an anthology called *The Poetry of the World,* London, 1791, vol. 3, p. 274.

But now Colin is the victim of the heedless Lucy. Readers of Spenser will recognize at once that Philips colors his Augustan couplets with a slight infusion of Spenserian diction.

> "The jolly grooms I fly, and all alone,
> To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
> The gifts, alike, and giver she disdains
> And now, left heiress of the glen[8] she'll deem
> Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem."

Lobbin sings, with some real charm, of his devotion if Lucy would listen.

> "How would I wander, every day, to find
> The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind!
> For glossy plums how lightsome climb the tree,
> How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!"

In the second Pastoral, "Thenot and Colinet," Colinet[9] complains to Thenot, who is an aged shepherd as in Spenser's *Februarie*, that he had left his native land for greater gain but had become poor and ill.

> "My sheep quite spent through travel and ill-fare
> And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
> The damp cold greensward for my nightly bed,
> And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head."

For this motive Philips could find inspiration in Virgil, Mantuan, and Spenser's *September*. Eclogue three, "Albino," contains a resolution to write pastorals because they were cultivated by Virgil and Spenser.

> "And Spenser, when amid the rural throng
> He carol'd sweet and graz'd along the flood
> Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood
> With good Eliza's name to ring around."[10]

Angelot and Palin sing an elegy for Albino. Angelot laments, but Palin sings of hope in the vein popularized for English pastoral elegy by Spenser in his lament for Dido. The old Spenserian fashion of flower-passages is revived.

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[8] Spenser describes his Rosalind as "the widow's daughter of the glen."

[9] A diminutive for Colin once used by Spenser himself (*December*, l. 18, "careful Colinet.")

[10] Spenser sang to Eliza and Thames in *April*. Perhaps Philips remembered also the *Epithalamion*:

> "The woods shall to me answer and my Eccho ring."

"O now, if ever, bring
The laurell green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip which in meadow grows,
The fountain violet and the garden rose,
Marsh-lilies sweet and tufts of daffodil."[11]

The fourth eclogue, "Myco and Argol," opens with a pretty picture which shows a genuine interest in nature, however fragmentary Philips' real knowledge of rural scenery may have been.

"This place may seem for shepherd's leisure made,
So close these elms inweave their lofty shade;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Refreshing sweets around on all beneath:
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower up-rears the head:
Medley'd with daisies white and endive blue,
And honeysuckles of a purple dye,
Confusion gay bright waving to the eye."

Myco sings to Argol the elegy on Stella which Colinet taught him. In the fifth Pastoral, "Cuddy," many shepherds sing.

"Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell."[12]

Cuddy's pipes are outsung by the nightingale. He takes a harp and wins. The nightingale falls dead, Cuddy bewails her, and breaks the cruel strings. The sixth Pastoral is one of the conventional singing contest.

Philips had some real love for nature, though little apparent knowledge at first hand. He was a master of smooth verse. The influence of Spenser upon him is very marked. Like most Augustans, he fused the Spenserian vein with the spirit of neo-classi-

[11] Compare the famous flower set-piece in Spenser's *Song to Elisa* in *April*, and its many imitations, some of which are cited in *The Golden Age of the Spenserian Pastoral* referred to above. In this eclogue occur two other of Spenser's shepherd-names, Cuddy and Hobbinol.

[12] The regular Spenserian trick much cultivated by Spenser and his followers. Compare:

"A shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)."—*Januarie.*

"Poore Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?)."—*Faërie Queene*, 6, 10, 16, etc., etc.

cism. The general qualities of Philips's style may be best seen in his version of Strada's famous "Nightingale," already mentioned, in "Cuddy." Strada's poem was very popular. It had been translated with rare fineness by John Ford. Crashaw's unpruned and exquisite fancy had twined it in a maze of true-lover's-knots. It is instructive to compare with these the liquid passionless cadences of Philips, a clear brook which has flowed out of its wonderful forest haunts to a flat land adorned with trim paterres.

The same volume of Tonson's *Miscellanies* (1709) contained the *Pastorals* of Alexander Pope, whose preface, written later, with its interesting praise and censure of the *Shepheards Calender,* has already been treated. His admiration for Spenser's Calendar-idea induced Pope to name each of his four eclogues after a season. Spenser's failure to make month, mood, and nature correspond, Pope attributed, with true Augustan ignorance, to the fact that:

> "The year has not enough variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season."

Pope claims for his *Pastorals*:

> "That they have as much variety of description, in respect to the several seasons, as Spenser's, that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments, not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.
>
> "But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate."

The world has long laughed and sneered at Pope's jealousy which led him to encourage the mad wag John Gay to pillory "namby-pamby Philips" with coarse pastoral banter. As a result the remarkable *Shepherd's Week* appeared in 1714. Steele, as we shall see, had placed Philips in a flattering genealogy of bucolic poets as descendant of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope had vented his spleen in a masterpiece of irony which he

had deluded the good-natured Addison into printing. Now, being unable to take issue with the cudgel which the stalwart "namby-pamby Philips" had hung up in a tavern for future argument, he was glad to crouch behind Gay's wit. But Gay proved to be something more than a mere rhymster-mercenary. In his burlesque he took pride in treading the "plain highway of Pastoral" in opposition to the "rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry" that was "made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy concerning, I wist not what, golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine the Pastoral." Gay's introductory words throughout show the strong influence of E. K.'s preface and glosses of *The Shepheards Calender*. That he got much stimulus from the more uncouth aspects of some of Spenser's eclogues may well be believed. His comments on Spenser and avowals of indebtedness may be taken with a degree of seriousness.

"For as much as I have mentioned maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustic reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his eclogues, the shepherd's calendar, and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over-rashly) to name mine by the days of the week."

There is enough of the picturesque in Spenser's eclogues to have given Gay much inspiration. Doubtless the memory of the good rustic words in *The Shepheards Calender* which Gay used occasionally gave him the main suggestion for doing something more than merely mocking Philips and stimulated him to write with some real interest of shepherdesses not "idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes." He rose above mere burlesque when he wrote:

"Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlar's stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song."

Gay's merry notes cleared a path for such true song of the country-side as Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd.* His satirical town-eclogues, with those of Swift, Pope and Lady Mary Wortly Montague, stimulated wide-spread imitation. But the languid, serious pastoral with a Spenserian tinge continued.

Indeed, in the utterances of Isaac Browne we find a protest against the irreverent spirits which may, with plausibility, be taken as typical of many writers of the time. For Browne, despite the choking dust and the mildew which his valiant or docile reader encounters in pulling him off the shelves of a twentieth century library, was a live figure in his day. His *Piscatory Eclogues* (1729)[13] went through a number of editions in answer to a demand which seems to have remained unabated to the end of the century. Gay had not ruined the artificial pastorals for the Augustans. They were actively cultivated, as I have said, even within the portals of the nineteenth century. And in Browne's *Essay in Defence of Piscatory Eclogue* scoffers like Gay and Swift were scorned.

"The Criticks, an arbitrary positive sort of men, have taken upon them to make a much too nice comparison between the success of Heroic and Pastoral Poetry: for they allow scarcely more than three who are deservedly ranked in the class of writers of either sort; notwithstanding there have been numerous performers in each kind, in several ages; . . . . for besides Theocritus, Virgil and Tasso,[14] whom they make to have been the only writers of the true Pastoral, our Spenser, Fletcher, and Milton, and I am free to add Mr. Phillips, Mr. Congreve and many others have a deserved praise for the pieces they have given us of this kind.

[13] Browne says they were written during the summer of 1727.

"Clownish and low expressions, quaint obsolete phrases, on the one hand, though they cover a false and improper sentiment; and on the other, laboured turns of wit and amorous extravagancies, appear to be mistook by some, for its distinguishing graces."

The last sentence is doubtless a hit at Gay, whose enmity he defies by his defence of Philips. Browne would have placed pastoral poetry in "as high estimation as the epic." He pointed out that many good poets, Virgil, Tasso, Spenser, succeeded in both. Like a good Augustan he went to Rapin for definitions.

"Pastoral is the imitation of the action of a Shepherd, or one taken under that character."

Nature, contended Browne, is a wide field for contemplation and beautiful ideas. Shepherds, however, were to be lovers as well as shepherds. Angling was praised. *The Piscatorie Eclogues* of the sedulous Spenserian, Phineas Fletcher, were mentioned with admiration. It is a striking fact that Browne, endowed with an enthusiastic angler's passion for real nature, believed in the artificial pastoral and imitated Spenser in the Augustan manner.

It would be painful and unprofitable to stay longer in these arid fields. Perhaps I have bullied the reader, with my dull details, into accepting my conclusions. Through the early decades of the eighteenth century the formal eclogue was definitely influenced by Spenser and played some part in the development of Augustan ideals. When the taste for "Oriental" eclogues developed, Spenserianism waned before this pastoral side of the romantic pose. We must insist, with monotonous iteration, that Spenser and neo-classicism were perfectly reconciled, that Spenser sowed few seeds of romanticism. As for the insipid pastoral it did, however, point vaguely to a revival of interest in nature at first hand through the brisk verses of Ramsay, Ferguson, and the more vigorous in proportion as they broke away from the shadows of Spenser and Virgil.

Jolly quixotic Dick Steele, who has been mentioned as the unwitting cause of that most unpastoral feud which involved Pope, Philips and Gay, had some gallant words for Spenser. It

[14] The critics generally chose Spenser rather than Tasso, as we have seen. I have quoted Dryden's explicit praise of Spenser above Tasso.

is easy to understand Sir Richard's admiration for Spenser's chivalric spirit. On November 19, 1712, he published a *Spectator* essay on Spenser. Professor Phelps, intent on proving the indifference to Spenser during the first decades of the eighteenth century, mentions the article under consideration but is inclined to question the sincerity of Steele's appreciation. But the paper certainly shows some knowledge of *The Faërie Queene.* Steele characteristically fixes upon Britomart, or Chastity, for special admiration. He says justly that the "Legend of Friendship" is more diffuse. At least, then, he has been reading the third and fourth books of *The Faërie Queene,* a pastime that our ravens would have us believe quite out of date in our days of hurried and dyspeptic reading. He is one of those who praised Spenser's use of archaisms.

> "His old Words are all true English and Numbers exquisite; and since of Words there is the Multa Renascentur, since they are all proper, such a Poem should not (any more than Milton's) subsist all of it of common ordinary Words."

Still, were this all, we might share Mr. Phelps's doubt as to Steele's sincerity. "How far Steele was prompted to all this by real love of Spenser, or by the necessity of writing his sheet is hard to say," writes Mr. Phelps. No doubt we might conjure up pictures of our beloved knight, somewhat muddled with port, tearing his hair at blear dawn over a *Spectator* article. A clouded but ecstatic memory of Addison on Milton and lo! our hero's pen wags madly about Spenser, upon whom he has nothing to write except what wells from his good nature unsupported by knowledge. This would make a plausible and attractive picture. But there is more evidence, besides the article quoted, to make us believe that Steele's admiration for Spenser was full of his wonted sincerity and was founded on knowledge. In the *Guardian* for April 15, 1713, he again praised Spenser and asserted that Spenser and Ambrose Philips, in their pastorals, "have copied and improved the beauties of the Ancients." He followed Dryden in asserting that the English rustic language makes imitation of the Doric of Theocritus more possible than

the language of the Latin poets. In the *Guardian* for April 17, 1713, he wrote a prose pastoral in which the great writers of eclogues were treated allegorically. Spenser is made the son of Virgil and the father of Philips. In 1762 Sir William Jones, the famous Orientalist, versified Steele's pastoral allegory. We may quote from the description of Spenser:

"High in the midst the plaintive Colin rose,
Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
. . . . . .
And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
Green were his buskins, green his simple vest.
With careless ease his rustick lays he sung,
And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
Of June's gay fruits, and August's corn he told,
The bloom of April, and December's cold;
The loves of Shepherds, and their harmless cheer
In every month that decks the varied year."

That Steele read Spenser *con amore* is further confirmed by a very representative article in the *Tatler* for July 6, 1710.

"I was this morning reading the tenth canto of the fourth book of Spenser, in which Sir Scudamour relates the progress of his courtship of Amoret under a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent author."

Steele appends a brief prose paraphrase "for the benefit of many English Lovers, who have, by frequent letters desired me to lay down some rules for the conduct of their virtuous Amours." Spenser is adroitly turned into the graceful eighteenth century style. Surely we may conclude that Dick Steele, devoted if not always thoughtful lover of Prue, could hardly have resisted the fascination of Spenser's court of love.

Another one of the most urbane spirits of the day and a tower of Augustanism, Mat Prior, paid liberal homage to Spenser. In 1706 he brought out *An Ode, Humbly Inscribed to the Queen, on the Glorious Success of Her Majesty's Arms. Written in Imitation of Spenser's style.* His preface is a capital example of the ease which the Augustan found in reconciling Spenser with Augustan ideals.

"As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza: and herein it was impossible

not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well, at least, as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number; having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. . . .

"My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other; both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous; both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at and so few have reached; both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers."

Mr. Phelps quotes this passage as exhibiting "that confusion of ideals so often shown by the Augustans." He smiles at Prior's comparison of Spenser and Horace. But the comparison is perfectly sound. Here is an Augustan who appreciated the moralistic side of Spenser which we romanticists are too likely to neglect or despise. He respects Horace, a much better authority than our "Art for Art's sake" men, for his association of the poet and seer of morality. Prior's distortion of the Spenserian stanza was indeed an example of Augustan stupidity. He was influenced by the deadening cadence of the heroic couplet. In his preface to *Solomon,* however, Prior shows a restless dissatisfaction with the couplet, along with an admiration of Spenser that Mr. Phelps should not have neglected.

"In our Language Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive Manner of Imitation [i.e., the methods of the French and Italian imitations of the orthodox Classical epics]: He launches out into flowery Paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great Road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the Account, which every Knight was to give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his Heroic Poem, but in another Cast and Figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is observable, that every Hero (as far as We can judge by the Books still remaining) bears his distinguished Character and represents some particular Virtue conducive to the whole Design.

. . . . . .

"If striking out into Blank Verse as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philipps, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows greater Variety and still pre-

serves the Dignity of the Verse; as Spenser and Fairfax have done; If either of these, I say, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of Others."

With all his diffidence, Prior was outspoken in his objection to the couplet. He considered it "too confined," "too broken and weak for Epic," and that it tires both writer and reader. God knows this is all true enough of poor Prior's *Solomon,* the ambition of his life.

We may now approach the Augustan attitude toward Spenser through another medium, that of the Spenser-scholar of the period. John Hughes (1677-1720), a contributor to *The Spectator,* was the greatest Spenser-scholar of the early eighteenth century. His edition of Spenser (1715) must still be taken into account by students of *The Faërie Queene.*[15] Hughes's methods were for the most part thoroughly Augustan. He displays the neo-classical interest in allegory and essays an elaborate discussion of allegory as a type of literature in the same manner in which Bossu had discussed the epic. A short citation will show how strongly Hughes was influenced by the French makers of mechanical rules for the creation of poetry.

"There is no doubt but men of critical learning, if they had thought fit, might have given us rules about Allegorical writing, as they have done about Epick, and other kinds of poetry; but they have rather chosen to let this forest remain wild, as if they thought there was something in the nature of the soil which could not be so well restrained and cultivated in enclosures."

[15] It may be worth noting here that Mr. Beers makes capital of Hughes's glossary to indicate how little the eighteenth century knew of Spenser. The fact that it contains explanations of such words as "baleful," "aghast," "behest," "dreary," "craven," "forlorn," "carol," "foray," "guerdon," "plight," "welkin," "yore,"—words well-known today through our poets—argues, thinks Mr. Beers, for eighteenth century ignorance of Spenser. Yet, to go no further, I find in the latest and best one-volume editions, the Globe and the Cambridge, that all these words, except "dreary," "craven," and "yore," are carefully explained in the glossaries. Furthermore, eighteenth century love of learned lumber, of footless footnotes, and the like is enough explanation. Poems are constantly adorned with notes explaining allusions to the commonplaces of Greek myth. Why not argue from this that the Augustans did not know Homer, Virgil, and Ovid?

Nothing daunted, however, Hughes formulates four rules. Tried by this standard Spenser is found praiseworthy.

"Spenser's conduct [in respect to allegory] is much more reasonable [than Tasso's]. As he designed his Poem upon the Plan of the Virtues by which he has entitled his several Books he scarce ever loses sight of his design."

Since Hughes's fourth rule is that the allegory "must be clear and intelligible," he censures Temple for his judgment that Spenser's "moral lay too bare." But we must not come to consider the Augustans as obsessed by their devotion to Spenser as an allegorist. They knew many of his other essential qualities. In his *Remarks on the Faërie Queene* Hughes writes:

"The chief merit of this poem consists in that surprising vein of fabulous invention which runs through it everywhere with imagery and description more than we meet with in any modern poem. . . . His abundance betrays him into excess, and his judgement is overborne by the torrent of his imagination."

These phrases should be remembered because, whoever first used them, they were quickly adopted by a number of writers of handbooks on poetry just as our compilers of short histories of English literature paraphrase or adopt the orthodox statements of larger works. Hughes followed Dryden in his criticism of unity in *The Faërie Queene* as a whole.

"The several Books appear rather like so many several poems than one entire fable: each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest; and though some of the persons make their appearance in different Books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince Arthur is, indeed, the principal person and has a share given him in every legend: but his part is not considerable enough in any one of them; he appears and vanishes again like a spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon to consider him as the hero of the Poem."

Thomas Warton also imitated Dryden in his investigation of the unity of *The Faërie Queene* and the assertions in the preface to the translation of the *Aeneid* became, with Warton's powerful aid, the accepted utterance. To our own day critics have merely paraphrased or agreed with Dryden, whether they knew his comments at first hand or not.

We now come to Hughes's most significant contribution to Spenserian criticism. He argues that the whole frame of *The*

Faërie Queene would appear monstrous if it were examined by rules of epic poetry drawn from the practice of Homer and Virgil.

"But as it is plain the Author never designed it by those rules, I think it ought rather to be considered as a poem of a particular kind, describing, in a series of Allegorical adventures or episodes, the most noted virtues and vices. To compare it . . . . with the models of Antiquity would be like drawing a parallel between the Roman and the Gothick architecture. In the first there is, doubtless, a more natural grandeur and simplicity; in the latter we find great mixtures of beauty and barbarism, yet assisted by the invention of inferior ornaments; and though the former is more majestick in the whole, the latter may be very surprising and agreeable in its parts."

This looks as though it might lead us by degrees to romanticism. But in a moment we are brought stoutly back within the Augustan enclosure. The *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto was frequently compared with *The Faërie Queene,* by the neo-classicists, much to the reproach of the former. Like a true Augustan, Hughes insists that it is Spenser's moral allegory which exalts Ariosto's Romantic trash into heroic poetry.

"In the Orlando Furioso we everywhere meet with an exuberant invention, joined with great liveliness and facility of description, yet debased by frequent mixtures of the comick genius, as well as many shocking indecorums. . . . On the other hand, Spenser's Fable, though often wild, is, as I have observed, always emblematical; and this may very much excuse likewise that air of romance in which he has followed the Italian author. The perpetual stories of knights, giants, castles, and enchantments, and all that train of legendary adventures, would indeed appear very trifling, if Spenser had not found a way to turn them into Allegory, or if a less masterly hand had filled up the draught; but it is surprising to observe how much the strength of the painting is superior to the design."

It is characteristic neo-classicism in Hughes to select, as one of the great cantos of *The Faërie Queene,* the very unimpressive episode of Duessa's visit to Hell, doubtless because it seems like an "imitation" of Virgil.[16] But his taste is generally of a high order. He takes delight in the first appearance of Prince Arthur, the first description of Belphoebe, the Mammon episode, the

[16] *Faërie Queene,* 1. 5.

Bower of Bliss, the Garden of Adonis, the Masque of Cupid, the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, Colin Clout piping to the Graces, the Mutability fragment. He names, indeed, practically all of the supreme passages as his chosen reading. There was, perhaps, a tinge of romanticism in Hughes. Some interesting lines in his *Essay on Allegorical Poetry* might be classed as romantic with considerable plausibility.

"Allegory is indeed the Fairy Land of poetry, peopled by imagination; its inhabitants are so many apparitions; its woods, caves, wild beasts, rivers, mountains, and palaces, are produced by a kind of magical power, and are all visionary and typical; and it abounds in such licenses as would be shocking and monstrous, if the mind did not attend to the mystick sense contained under them."

But few romanticists would defend allegory with such warmth. Romantic eloquence and neo-classical reasoning I should call this. Doubtless Hughes, like all large men, was both romantic and classical. But the essential feature to us is that, like the other critics of his time, he found Spenser, judged by purely Augustan standards, a great poet. We may dismiss him by citing what seems to have been his most ambitious attempt to hit off Spenser's qualities concisely and comprehensively. It is one of the most acute and inclusive criticisms of Spenser ever made.

"[Spenser] was of the serious turn, had an exalted and elegant mind, a warm and boundless fancy, and was an admirable imager of virtues and vices, which was his particular talent. The embellishments of description are rich and lavish in him beyond comparison; and as this is the most striking part of poetry, especially to young readers, I take it to be the reason that he has been the father of more poets among us than any other of our writers."

Joseph Spence, the Boswell of Pope, was another important Augustan admirer of Spenser who may be grouped among the scholars with Hughes. In a *Dissertation on the Defects of Spenser's Allegory* he found the foet not fulfilling certain neo-classical requirements. Spenser, it seems, should not have mixed the "fables of Heathendom with the truths of Christianity." Boileau had damned this procedure. Spenser, too, was occasionally guilty of misrepresenting the allegories of the ancients. This,

to be sure, is mere neo-classical pedantry. But concerning "the Allegories of his [Spenser's] own invention" the censor wrote some shrewd criticisms that speak well for the soundness of neo-classicism at its best. Though he considered the invention in *The Faërie Queene* to be "one of the richest and most beautiful that perhaps ever was," he found good cause for complaint. Spenser's allegories are sometimes too complicated, overdone. Discord, who looks in two directions, whose tongue, even heart, is split, is justly cited as an example of distorted fancy. Spenser is fairly taken to task for his freedom in describing loathsome figures with filthy detail. The poet is unfortunately sometimes merely extravagant rather than great. So it is when he describes the Dragon's tail as three furlongs in length. These and similar sensible complaints are made. The usual regret that Spenser followed Ariosto too closely and the ancients too little is retailed. There is the orthodox lament at the need of rules.

"The reason of my reproducing these instances, is only to show what faults the greatest Allegorist may commit; whilst the manner of allegorizing is left upon so unfixed and irregular a footing as it was in his time, and is still among us."

And Spence goes on to apologize profusely for his strictures and shows unmistakable enthusiasm for *The Faërie Queene.*

"If they [the faults noted] should prejudice a reader at all against so fine a writer; let him read almost any one of his entire Cantos, and it will reconcile him to him again."

Mr. Phelps and Mr. Beers, in asserting that the Augustans looked with dull eyes on Spenser, write of the apologetic tone of his defenders. But here, at least, is a solid Augustan who apologizes to Augustans for presuming to take Spenser to task.

John Upton, the editor of Spenser, passed far beyond any other neo-classicist in his reconcilement of *The Faërie Queene* and augustanism. His *Remarks on the Action and History of the Faërie Queene* strove zealously but somewhat speciously to defend Spenser's unity on purely classical grounds.

"How readily has every one acquiesced in Dryden's opinion? 'That the action of this Poem is not one'."

Critics, we are told, attacked old Homer once in the same way. So Upton sets out to vindicate Homer and Spenser in one breath "as they have both fallen under one common censure." Spenser's action centres around Arthur as Homer's around Achilles.

> "Nor can it be fairly objected to the unity of the Iliad, that, when Achilles is removed from the scene of action, you scarcely hear him mentioned in several books."

Agammemnon, Diomed, Hector become the heroes of successive books.

> "For his extensive plan required his different heroes to be shown in their different characters and attitudes. What, therefore, you allow to the old Grecian, be not so ungracious as to deny your own countryman."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Again 'tis observable that Homer's poem though he sings the anger of Achilles, is not called the Achilleid, but the Iliad; because the action was at Troy. So Spenser does not call his Poem by the name of his chief hero: but because his chief hero sought for the Faërie Queene in Fairy Land, and therein performed his various adventures, therefore he entitled his Poem The Faërie Queene."

Homer's device of keeping Achilles away from the field until he outshines all is compared with the purposed holding off of Arthur till the end where he was to accomplish all that the other knights had failed to do.

Upton is unique in so stoutly maintaining Spenser's absolute agreement with Homer. But it is obvious that he did not strike at the roots of the matter. His glittering palace of argument was erected on sand like the House of Pride:

> "A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
> Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
> Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
> And golden foile all over them displaid."

These more authoritative voices were swelled by many less elaborate but equally laudatory utterances. The good Wesley family left tributes. Samuel Wesley, the elder, laid down poetic precepts in his *Epistle to a Friend concerning Poetry* (1700) and exhorted him that he might "Some new Milton or a Spenser grow." Samuel Wesley, the younger, versified Addison's Spen-

serian allegory of *The Battle of the Sexes* already mentioned.[17] John Wesley among other works, recommended to Methodists Spenser's *Faërie Queene* in the second year of a course in academic learning. An essay *Of the Old English Poets and Poetry* in *The Muses' Mercury* for June, 1707, praised *The Faërie Queene* which "Surpriz'd and charmed everybody, and still has the same Effect." Giles Jacob, in *An Historical Account of the Lives and Writings of Our most Considerable English Poets* (1720) and in the *Poetical Register* (1723), praised Spenser in the manner of Dryden and Hughes.

"He was the first of our English Poets that ever brought Heroick Poesy to any Perfection; and Dryden says the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton in Heroick Poetry.

"His Fairy Queen, for great Invention and Poetick Height, is judged little inferiour, if not equal to the chief of the antient Greeks and Latins. He had a large Spirit, a sharp Judgement, and a Genius beyond any that have writ since Virgil; his Flights of Fancy are noble and his Execution excellent; but sometimes his Judgement is overborne by the Torrent of his Imagination,[18] and he seem'd to want a true Idea and Uniformity; though whatever Fault this may be, he endows all his Heroes with some moral Virtue (though in a romantick Story) and makes Instruction the Subject of his Epick Poem, which is very much to his Praise."

Elizabeth Cooper's *Historical and Poetical Medley or Muses Library* (1737) shows considerable knowledge of Spenser's contemporaries and some novelty of critical opinion. In praise of Buckhurst's combination of "allegory and fable" she adds:

"Spencer made a Noble Use of so fine a model, overflowing with Tenderness, Courtesy, and Benevolence, reconciling Magnificence with Decorum, Love, Fidelity; and, together with Fairfax, opening to us a new World of Ornament, Elegance, and Taste.

She voices a sentiment that grows clamorous with men like the Wartons:

"Though Chaucer and Spenser are ever nam'd with much Respect, not many are intimately acquainted with their beauties."

But this assertion cannot be taken as an argument for any notable unpopularity of Spenser in the eighteenth century when

[17] *Poems on Several Occasions*, second edition, 1763. Wesley says the first edition was printed without his knowledge.

[18] This clause is almost verbatim from Hughes.

we consider how narrow is his audience today. Like all good Augustans, she bemoans the fact that Spenser "debauch't his taste with the extravagancies of Ariosto." She observes, like the other critics, that his influence has been great. And she chooses for her selection the Masque of Cupid, not because it is the best passage possible but because she thinks it is less known.

Of greater importance is *Mr. Cibber's Lives of the Poets*[19] because it is a patchwork of critical dicta from Dryden, Hughes and others, and represents the consensus of opinions among the cultivated Augustans of the first half of the century. It shows, moreover, some learning and a real knowledge of Spenser's minor works.

"No writer ever found a nearer way to the heart than he,[20] and his verses have a peculiar happiness of recommending the author to our friendship as well as raising our admiration; one cannot read without fancying oneself transported into Fairy Land, and there conversing with the Graces, in that enchanted region.[21] In elegance of thinking and fertility of imagination, few of our English authors have approached him and no writers have such power as he to awake the spirit of poetry in others. Cowley owns that he derived his inspiration from him; and I have heard the celebrated Mr. James Thomson, the author of the Seasons, and justly esteemed one of our best descriptive poets, say, that he formed himself upon Spenser: and how closely he pursued the model, and how nobly he has imitated him, whoever reads his Castle of Indolence with taste will readily confess."

The critic announces emphatically:

"To produce authorities in favour of Spenser, as a poet, I should reckon an affront to his memory."

He thinks that "the works of Spenser will never perish." He attacks the obsolete words. He criticizes the unity of *The Faërie Queene* exactly as Dryden, Hughes, and Thomas Warton criticized it. But there is enough enthusiasm and enough that is new to convince us.

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[19] The exact authorship of this work is, I believe, still a matter of dispute. Nor do I know the date of the first edition. I have used the edition of 1758.

[20] Verbatim in Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper.

[21] This clause is substantially from Hughes.

A reference in William Whitehead's *A Charge to the Poets* (1762), a plea for catholic taste, has something of the interest of *Cibber's Lives* in that it gives us a suggestion of the opinions of the cultivated many.

> "Some hate all rhyme; some seriously deplore
> That Milton wants that one enchantment more.
> Tir'd with th' ambiguous tale or antique phrase,
> O'er Spenser's happiest paintings, loveliest lays,
> Some heedless pass: while some with transport view
> Each quaint old word, which scarce Eliza knew,
> And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
> The lance, and combat in ideal war
> Dragons of lust, and giants of despair
> Why be it so; and what each thinks the best
> Let each enjoy: but not condemn the rest."

We now turn to the great dictator. It is unfortunate that Samuel Johnson left us no rounded estimate of Spenser. His allusions to him are frequent, but they are mainly due to a vigorous and wholesome crusade which Johnson was making against two hollow literary fashions: the insipid pastoral and the artificial "Imitation." In his *Life of West* Dr. Johnson laid his heavy hand on "Imitation."

> "His Imitations of Spenser are very successfully performed, both with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments, and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements to-gether. But such compositions are not to be reckoned among the great achievements of intellect, because their effect is local and temporary, they appeal not to reason or passion, but to memory, and pre-suppose an accidental or artificial State of mind. An imitation of Spenser is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenser has never been perused. Works of this kind may deserve praise, as proofs of great industry, and great nicety of observation; but the highest praise, the praise of genius, they cannot claim. The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is co-extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life; what is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion and the amusement of a day."

It is absurd, of course to quote this admirable criticism as evidence that Johnson thought meanly of Spenser. The impressive fact is that the doctor had hit upon one of the greatest causes of the insignificance of eighteenth century poetry. The Augus-

tan ideal of imitation has its good points. The more romantic poets have imitated too, but with a noble independence as well. As practised by the Augustans it became mere languid academic exercise. Except for Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Shenstone's *School-Mistress,* which transcend the mere exercise in versification, the Spenserian imitation of the eighteenth century deserved the doctor's censure. In the *Rambler* for May 14, 1751, Johnson proved that imitation, not Spenser, was his aversion by a well-directed attack on the ideal of imitation in general. In a spirit far from Augustan he strikes at the very roots of the matter.

"In the boundless regions of possibility, which fiction claims for her dominion, there are a thousand flowers unplucked, a thousand fountains unexhausted, combinations of imagery yet unobserved, and races of ideal inhabitants not hitherto described."

Imitation, he thinks, is ruinous to the imagination. Even Virgil is shown to have been often seduced into blemishes in his imitations of Homer because he was too eager to use all of Homer's material. The doctor then turns to the pestiferous Spenserian imitation.

"To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was in his own time allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words, peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Jonson boldly pronounces him to have written no language."[22]

Outside of the attack on imitation, Johnson is here purely neoclassical. He praises the moral allegory and damns the stanza and diction. Yet in the *Preface* to his *Dictionary,* compiled at the same time he was at work upon the *Rambler,* he cites Spenser's language as standard for its time.[23]

The burly doctor smote the pastoral, another curse of Augustan poetry, in the *Rambler* for July 24, 1750. He was plainly

[22] Johnson doubtless knew only the criticisms of Sidney, Jonson, Davenant, none of the host of admiring sixteenth and seventeenth century references to Spenser before Dryden's.

[23] Preface, edition 1825, p. 48.

infuriated by the languid eclogues of his day and was hardly in the mood to sing the praises of the masters who were indirectly responsible for their existence. Johnson gives some praise to Virgil but has much to blame. His only reference to *The Shepheards Calender* is a just and severe attack upon the crabbed archaisms of *November*. His general animadversions are perfectly sound. He points out the inconsistency between the homely dialect and the learned thought that many pastorals affect.

Yet praise of Spenser is not lacking in Johnson's works. In his *Life of Ambrose Philips* he retails the high praise of Spenser's pastoral poetry in the *Guardian* which we have already seen, though he says nothing at first hand. That he could appreciate a good Spenserian imitation is proved by his admiration for Shenstone's *School-Mistress*. Two passages in the *Preface to Shakespeare* (1765) imply some praise of Spenser. Of Shakespeare's diction and versification he writes:

"To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened."

A propos of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* we read:

"Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great."

It is greatly to be regretted that Johnson never wrote definitely on Spenser. His sane criticism, his clear-eyed kindliness would have made a great contribution. Reports concerning the omission of Spenser in *The Lives of the Poets* are conflicting. A *Life of Johnson* by Thomas Tyson in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1784[24] states that:

"His [Johnson's] employers wanted him to undertake the life of Spenser. But he said Warton had left little or nothing for him to do."

In Hannah More's *Anecdotes* she relates:

"Johnson told me he had been with the king that morning, who enjoined him to add Spenser to his Lives of the Poets. I seconded the motion; he promised to think of it but said the booksellers had not included him in their list of poets."[25]

[24] Boswell (*Life*, ed. Hill, 3, 308) says Tyson's statements are unreliable.

[25] Hill's note says the *Lives* were not directed by Johnson but "he was to furnish a Preface to any poet the booksellers pleased." (*Life*, 3, 137.)

Johnson's letters to Warton are full of a kindly interest in the forthcoming *Observations on the Faërie Queene.* He offers assistance. But a critique on Spenser never came.

It seems to me fair to assume that Johnson's admiration for Spenser was genuine and considerable. His most harsh animadversions appear only where he is heated in the act of striking some contemporary affectation, imtation or the pastoral, and they were probably exaggerated for his main purpose. Johnson was a truer classicist than the earlier Augustans and pointed to some of their most serious faults with unerring skill.

Johnson's Phillipics against imitation were echoed by many who saw their justice. Robert Lloyd, wayward debauchee and light-hearted imitator of Mat Prior's Familiar Verse, wrote a Spenserian poem, before he damned the genre, which demands attention because of its literary criticism. In 1751 he published *The Progress of Envy,* a Spenserian imitation, in which he abused poor Lauder, the Scotch tutor who spent his learning in the endeavour to convict Milton of plagiarism. The poem is cast in a form perhaps a compromise of the Spenserian stanza and Prior's adaptation in his *Ode to the Queen.*[26] The poem opens with the favorite Augustan imitation of Spenser's moralistic overtures—here a lament at the power of Envy. Mount Parnassus is described. On either side of Phoebus sat "a peerless wight," Spenser and Milton. Not far from these Dan Chaucer, with reverend locks silvered with eld, was seated in lofty eminence. Next was Shakespeare, "irregularly great." Nearby stood the beautiful maids Fancy and Nature. But Envy, leaving Acheron, went to the gloomy cave of her deformed sister Malice and exhorted her to attack Milton. In a serpent-drawn chariot they went to Caledonian plains, where dwelt the eldest son of Malice (Lauder). Together they attacked Parnassus and the son of Malice overcame Milton by his venom. But the poet recovered when "Douglas and Truth" appeared.

In 1755 Lloyd raised his voice, with Johnson and other dis-

[26] a b a b b c b c C and a b a b c d c d e E. Lloyd used a stanza rhyming a b a b c d c d D.

senters, against this very modish passion of imitation. In *To . . . . about to Publish a Volume* he attacked even those who strove to imitate "Mat Prior's unaffected ease," a thing which he himself never ceased doing throughout his career. Equally cursed are those who imitate Swift, Milton, or Pope.

> "Others, who aim at fancy, choose
> To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.
> The poet fixes for his theme
> An allegory or a dream:
> Fiction and truth to-gether joins
> Through a long waste of flimsy lines:
> Fondly believes his fancy glows
> And image upon image grows:
> Thinks his strong Muse takes wondrous flights,
> Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
> Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights,
> Till allegory, Spenser's veil
> T' instruct and please in moral tale,
> With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
> But one impenetrable cloud."

All this is very true, but the outcries of Johnson and his followers were of no avail. With Oliver Goldsmith, Johnson's gentle admirer, we must cease our examination of the bootless complaints against imitation and of the long role of Augustan critics, though their opinions were still voiced by many survivers for some time after the Romantic Triumph.[27] Goldsmith followed Johnson in his admiration for Shenstone but general opposition to Spenserian imitation.[28] But he showed a warm appreciation of Spenser himself in a review of Church's edition of *The Faërie Queene* in Smollett's *Critical Review* (February, 1759). Thanks to Church:

> "We can now tread the regions of fancy without interruption, and expatiate on fairy wilds such as our great magician has been pleased to represent them."

Unlike Johnson, Goldsmith shared the romanticists' distaste for the allegory.

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[27] Among the many protests against Spenserian imitation is one which should not be completely passed over. This is by Hume (*History of England*, ed. 1773, V, 492, VI, 195).

[28] *The Beauties of English Poesy*, 1767, vol. 1, introductory remarks to Shenstone's *School-mistress*.

"There is a pleasing tranquillity of mind which ever attends the reading of this ancient poet. We leave the ways of the present world, and all the ages of primeval innocence and happiness rise to our view. . . . The imagination of his reader leaves reason behind, pursues the tale without considering the allegory, and upon the whole, is charmed without instruction."

But there are plenty of fashionable Augustan dicta. "No poet," he states, "enlarges the imagination more than Spenser." He cites Cowley, Gray, Akenside, and others as examples. He warns poets to imitate "his beauties" not "his words" which are "justly fallen into disuse." He makes the usual complaint that Spenser followed Virgil too little and vicious mediaeval and Italian models too much. But the essay shows clearly how native to Goldsmith's gentle irresponsible spirit were the lovely dreams of *The Faërie Queene.*

I believe that we have evidence a plenty, probably *ad nauseam,* for my contentions. But my conception of the Augustans is worth establishing at the expense of much dry-as-dust cataloguing. We are gradually outgrowing the ill-considered contempt with which our romantic grandfathers estimated the Augustans. Let us now give over that somewhat supercilious or even false spirit of toleration with which we try to justify the Augustans in so far as they show symptoms, real or chimerical, of romanticism. Take them for what they were and what do we find? We find that they could at least accord a poet like Spenser warm appreciation from a purely neo-classical point of view and that interest in Spenser did not necessarily have anything whatever to do with romanticism. We find that the term "Spenserian Revival," which has long decked the chapters of many a text-book, is a misnomer. We find that the Augustans, like ourselves, occasionally said asinine things about Spenser but that they had an appreciation of his high seriousness much sounder than that which has gone current since the Triumph of Romanticism.

VI

THE TRIUMPH OF ROMANTICISM

In the foregoing pages it has been maintained that a thoroughgoing neo-classicist could admire Spenser discerningly and imitate him with perfect consistency. Yet the influence of Spenser has been considered by Professor Phelps and Professor Beers as one of the great causes of the romantic revival. With this idea I cannot agree. It is rather that, once romanticism had gained a foothold, Spenser was imitated in a romantic way. The Augustans had admired Spenser for his moral earnestness—as Milton had admired him. They appreciated the beauties of his allegory which we often mock hastily and inconsistently. Despite their occasional disapproval of his stanza and diction, they were naturally always impressed by his highly wrought technique. It was in no spirit of romantic revolt, then, that an Augustan penned his mechanical "Imitation of Spenser." But once the romantic seeds were sown there was infinite suggestion to be found in Spenser for an Apostle of Wonder.

The earliest exponents of what they vaguely termed Gothic or romantic were often not strong men with a new faith, but decadents weary of the old. It was the passion of jaded, bookish minds for novelty in no exalted sense rather than that spirit of idealised aspiration by which Professor W. A. Neilson has finely characterized the force which stirred the great poets of the early nineteenth century. The tinsel trappings of a Walpole, surely, are not romanticism according to our exalted ideas. The eighteenth century men often connected romanticism with a comfortable melancholy and crocodile tears. Even in our own day Edgar Allan Poe has argued for the indispensability of melancholy (much more sincere, to be sure), in poetry. The jaded writers of the latter half of the eighteenth century cultivated graveyards, gloomy abbeys, thunderstorms, all comfortably con-

jured up in the warm and snug seclusion of the study. It was as artificial as Pope's pastorals. And we must be cautious about linking this romantic pose too closely with the various types of romanticism represented by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. With this warning in mind we may turn to the men who are often named as the forerunners of romanticism.

The name of William Thompson, a minor poet of talents ill rewarded by posterity, should be mentioned as that of the earliest romanticist who has any proper connection with our study. Thompson had a very catholic taste. He admired Elizabethan, Marinist, and Augustan alike. But he is only a romanticist in so far as he is a belated Elizabethan, and he sounds none of the new notes that we shall find in the later romanticism.

The preface to Thompson's *An Hymn to May*, a luxuriant imitation of Spenser, contains, however, some rather remarkable doctrine for the first decades of the eighteenth century.[1] It is a defence of his Elizabethan sensuousness.

"As Spenser is the most descriptive and florid of all our English writers, I attempted to imitate his manner in the following vernal poem. I have been very sparing of the antiquated words which are too frequent in most of the imitations of this author; however I have introduced a few here and there which are explain'd at the bottom of each page where they occur. . . . I followed Fletcher's measure in his Purple Island; a poem printed at Cambridge in twelve cantos, in quarto, scarce heard of in this age, yet the best in the allegorical way (next to the Fairy Queen), in the English language. I hope I have no apology to make for describing the the beauties, the pleasures, and the loves of the season in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the subject required a luxuriousness of versification, and a softness of sentiment; but they are pure and chaste at the same time: otherwise this canto had neither ever been written or offered to the public."

Here is romanticism of a kind. Thompson is certainly one of the first of the eighteenth century poets to seek Spenser rather as a poet of ardent emotion and sensuous glow than as a poet of vast moral visions. But Thompson uses many neo-classical authori-

[1] *An Hymn to May* was not published until 1757, but Thompson was writing poetry with this same romantic richness of colour at least as early as 1736.

ties, including Prior, Davenant, and Scaliger. He made a wide but short-lived reputation and certainly could not have had any appreciable influence on the rise of romanticism.

Perhaps no men among the early romanticists have loomed larger and larger in the eyes of recent critics than the brothers Joseph and Thomas Warton. Both must occupy a considerable position in any history of Spenser's influence. Their passion for *The Faërie Queene* was doubtless learned from their father, Thomas Warton, senior, who wrote a very Augustan Spenserian imitation in the stanza adopted by William Whitehead and a group of the most barren followers of Spenser that fill the dull pages of a history of eighteenth century poetry. The elder Warton's poem, *Philander, An Imitation of Spencer: Occasioned by the Death of Mr. William Jening, Nov., 1706,* is only a typical pastoral elegy of the time. Two stanzas may be resurrected to show from what loins sprang the great Wartons.

"When rural Spencer sung, the listening Swains
Wou'd oft' forget to feed the fleecy Throng;
The fleecy Throng, charm'd with the melting Strains,
Fed not—but on the Musick of his Song
His Mulla would in lingering Bubbles play,
Till his pleas'd waters stole unwillingly away.

"And cou'd my Verse but with its Theme compare,
Moving as Spencer I my Grief wou'd tell;
The ravish'd Bard shou'd to Elysium hear
A second Colin mourn a second Astrophel.
My lays shou'd more than equal glory boast
And the fam'd Mulla be in smoother Channel lost."[2]

The good man's two sons, though to be ranked among the greatest students of Spenser, did not improve upon their father on the matter of Spenserian imitations. In *The Pleasures of the Melancholy* Thomas Warton alludes to Spenser in a somewhat romantic spirt.

[2] A reference, of course, to Spenser's *Astrophel,* an elegy to Sidney, in the same stanza as Warton's elegy, though Spenser did not here employ his final alexandrine. Joseph Warton, in an *Ode* on his brother's death has a similar desireful allusion to Spenser's *Astrophel* and this stanza was almost exclusively employed by the Wartons in their imitations of Spenser.

> "Such mystic visions send as Spenser saw
> When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze,
> To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
> Th' unshaken Britomart. . . ."

But his own imitations are so frigid and remote from their model that were they our only evidence we should suspect that Warton had no first-hand knowledge of Spenser.

It is practically as critics only that the Wartons have achieved any permanence. Here they have been scarcely awarded the high position they should occupy. Joseph Warton's *magnum opus* is the famous *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* (1756). To call it, as Lowell does, "The earliest public official declaration of war against the reigning mode" is to tempt the reader into a rather too exalted notion of Warton's spirit of revolt. To be sure, there is much talk about things that are "Romantic" and about things which have "a pleasing wildness." But the reverence for things "elegant" and "decorous" and the horror of "impropriety" is even more frequently expressed. Certainly, at all events, Joseph Warton had an acute appreciation of Spenser. Apropos of an attack on Pope's *Alley,* he wrote a sustained panegyric on *The Faërie Queene.* Like the Augustans, he praised the allegorical "living figures whose attitudes and behaviour Spenser has minutely drawn with so much clearness and truth, that we behold them with our eyes, as plainly as we do on the ceiling of the banqueting-house." He quotes several examples, concluding with the picture of Jealousy, and cries out with contagious enthusiasm:

> "Here all is in life and motion; here we behold the true Poet or Maker; this is creation; it is here, might we cry out to Spenser, it is here that you display to us, that you make us feel the sure effects of genuine poetry."

For those who have any temptation to suspect that the criticisms of Johnson and others on Spenserian imitations implied any hostility to Spenser, it may be well to note that Warton looked askance at the practice.

> "It has been fashionable of late to imitate Spenser; but the likeness of most of these copies hath consisted rather in using a few of his ancient

expressions than in catching his real manner. Some, however, have been executed with happiness, and with attention to that simplicity, that tenderness of sentiment, and those little touches of nature, that constitute Spenser's character."

It is to be observed that this is only the usual Augustan criticism of Spenser and that these are the very points which have too often been culpably forgotten by romantic critics to our own day. Warton's ranking of English poets, at the close of the *Essay*, is the most famous passage.

"Where, then, . . . shall we with justice be authorized to place our admired Pope? Not, assuredly, in the same rank with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton."

The whole passage is a remarkably acute bit of criticism. It is not because the three great poets were exalted. That was unnecessary. They were praised by all. But the placing of Pope was the great stroke. The age was close to a great man, in the same situation as certain sonneteers who sang, a few years ago, to "Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson." It is not a limitation peculiar to the eighteenth century to overestimate their own poet. Warton's prophetic view is certainly striking in an age of smug self-sufficiency. He seems to me to be an almost thoroughgoing Augustan. But the Augustans produced some great critics. It was perhaps romantic but not remarkably romantic to write:

"Where are the lays of artful Addison,
Coldly correct to Shakspear's warblings wild."

Occasionally he adopted the romantic pose. But when he was true to his best instincts he was solid Augustan.

Thomas Warton's temperament was larger, more mellow than that of his brother. It is not that he was more of a romanticist. His attitudes toward romanticism and Spenser may be best interpreted through two lines of his verse:

"As oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantick Spenser's moral page."

The word "romantick" here is in a precisely opposite situation of that of today. Then it was vague because it had little or no

meaning. Now it is vague because it has a thousand meanings. It is significant, too, that Spenser was to Warton the pleasant "moral" Spenser of the Augustans. But Warton was rich-spirited enough to be the first English critic to apply the historical method with any skill. All centuries of literature swam into his learned ken. His *Observations on the Faërie Queene* still remains the best book ever written about Spenser. But Thomas Warton must not be considered as a very serious romantic revolter and therefore forced, as an ardent admirer of Spenser, to be apologetic in an unsympathetic age. His complaint that Spenser was "admired" but "neglected" is not to be taken as true in the sense of being a peculiar and widespread limitation of his age. We have examined a considerable body of evidence that Spenser was widely appreciated in the first half of the eighteenth century by those who were ordained then, as in all ages, to love him. And any scholar of our own day might very accurately refer to Spenser as "this admired but neglected poet." We shall presently see, too, how much Warton owed to his Augustan predecessors in Spenserian criticism.

The *Observations* begins[3] with a brief review of romantic poetry, from Provençal to that of Ariosto and Tasso, in which we at once perceive, however inadequate the account from the point of view of modern investigators, the wide vision and scholarly solidity of the man. He turns a calm brow from grovelling pedants and he is equally exalted above the slap-dash trifler in letters who is bound in by his own age. Warton insists that in order to appreciate a poet we must study the times in which he lived. He finds that "Ariosto—rejecting truth for magic and preferring the ridiculous excursions of Boyardo, to the propriety and uniformity of the Grecian and the Roman models"—wrote a very heterodox poem. Beni is scored for comparing Ariosto and Homer. Trissino is praised for having "taste and boldness enough to publish an epic poem written in professed imitation of the Iliad."

[3] Chapter I, *On the Plan and Conduct of the Faerie Queene.*

"Tasso took the ancients for his guides but was still too sensible of the popular prejudice in favour of ideal beings, and romantic adventures to neglect or omit them entirely.

. . . . . .

"Such was the prevailing taste when Spenser projected the Faerie Queene."

This is Augustan criticism—the regret that Spenser was misled by the damnable Ariosto—pure and simple. Warton does not attempt to praise Ariosto and to approve Spenser's choice of models as we shall find the early romanticists doing. He only attempts an ample explanation by the use of the historical method.

The plan of the *Faërie Queene* is now examined and criticized just as Dryden, Hughes, and many more had analysed it and found it wanting. Nay, Warton thinks Dryden is too mild in his condemnation of the unity of the poem. Augustanism is rampant. Warton says it is "inartificial" to introduce the hero of one book on a less dangerous exploit later. It sullies the hero's lustre and does little for the unity.

"The poet might have established twelve knights without an Arthur or an Arthur without twelve knights."

Hughes had already made this suggestion. It is all neo-classical and it is all perfectly just. But Warton abruptly strikes a blow for the defence. Again he is indebted to Hughes for the idea.

"But it is absurd to think of judging Ariosto or Spenser by precepts which they did not attend to. We who live in the days of writing by rule, are apt to try every composition by those laws which we have been taught to think the whole criterion of excellence."

Spenser's poetry is "the careless exuberance of a warm imagination and a strong sensibility." He "wrote rapidly from his own feelings which at the same time were naturally noble." "We scarcely regret the loss" of "that arrangement and economy which Epic severity required" in the appeal of "feelings of the heart rather than the cold approbation of the head." "In reading Spenser; if the critic is not satisfied, yet the reader is trans-

ported." Here, at last, was a critic large enough to appreciate Augustan sanity, yet able, at the same time, to look beyond the rules if so required. Now we stand on the brink of romanticism.

Warton now leads us through a pleasant maze of facts and speculations concerning Spenser's sources in the romances, Greek legends, Ariosto, and Chaucer.[4] Here, indeed, is a romantic spirit of childlike wonder as, like Spenser himself, he pores over the immense treasures of the past. He writes a charming and unanswerable apologia for source-hunting.

> "We feel a sort of malicious triumph in detecting the latent and obscure source from which an original author has drawn some celebrated description: yet this . . . . soon gives way to the rapture that naturally results from contemplating the chymical energy of true genius, which can produce so noble a transmutation."

With Spenser's stanza Warton is almost as unsympathetic as Jonson, Davenant, and an occasional Augustan who happened to dislike it. Its "constraint led our author into many absurdities," "to dilate with trifling and tedious circumlocutions," to run "into a ridiculous redundancy and repetition of words." Warton was plainly blind to some of Spenser's most graceful artifices. Yet he realizes certain advantages. The stanza, for instance, causes fullness of details. "Some images," he writes, "perhaps were produced by a multiplicity of rhymes." Dryden is quoted as saying that a rhyme often helped him to a thought. Spenser's extraordinary virtuosity is praised, but he is described as "laden with . . . . many shackles." Spenser's archaisms receive sensible and sympathetic treatment. But with an Augustan worship of decorous monotony, Warton could not see why Spenser did not place the caesura of his alexandrines invariably in the middle.

The tenth section, *Of Spenser's Allegorical Character,* is of particular interest. Warton borrows Hughes's theory that it was a product of Spenser's age, of the pageants and spectacles which he considers more like Spenser's peculiar mode of allegor-

[4] Chapters II, III, V, and VI.

izing "than any other possible sources." Spenser's allegoristic method is compared with Ariosto's to the discredit of the latter. (Warton gives Ariosto credit, like all the Augustans, for being a much more serious moralist than he really is). Warton follows Spence in condemning justly the meaningless confusions of allegory and reality, like the House of Alma. Warton, after Spence, like a good student of Boileau, attacks Spenser for mingling "divine mystery" with human allegory. He gives the same example as Spence, that the Mount of Olives and Parnassus are "impertinently linked together." But our critic decides "that allegorical poetry, through many gradations, at last received its ultimate consummation in the Fairy Queen." He concludes tamely by quoting "the just and pertinent sentiments" of Abbé du Bos:

> "It is impossible for a piece, whose subject is of an allegorical action to interest us very much. . . . Our heart requires truth even in fiction itself; and when it is presented with an allegorical fiction, it cannot determine itself, if I may be allowed the expression, to enter into the sentiments of those chimerical personages."

Warton, poring too long by a fatal minute over this stupid Frenchman, was made as Midas when he heard Marsyas. He could not see in Spenser's allegory the magic that Gray saw with his poet's eye when he wrote beautifully of *The Faërie Queene*, of

> "Fierce war and faithful love,
> And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest."

Thomas Warton has been described as apologetic in championing *The Faërie Queene*. On the contrary, he apologizes in the *Postscipt*, like Spence, for having been "more diligent in remarking the faults than the beauties of Spenser." There was no necessity for a defence of *The Faërie Queene*. Wharton was enabled to take many excellent ideas from Augustan critics of Spenser. He did not often fall into their absurdities. But he united their soundest principles to the historical method and to something of the romantic spirit. It was this last, this spirit of childlike wonder, that led him to close his book with an enthusiastic and delightful quotation from Spenser.

"The waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightful land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright."

With Richard Hurd (1720-1808) we come to the first important critic of the rebellious school who concerns us. His remarks on the "Plan and Conduct" of *The Faërie Queene* open with a fine romantic swagger.

"Spenser, though he had long been nourished with the spirit and substance of Homer and Virgil, chose the times of chivalry for his Theme, and Fairy Land for the Scene of his fictions. He could have planned, no doubt, an heroick design on the exact classic model: Or, he might have trimmed between the Gothick and Classick as his contemporary Tasso did. But the charms of Fairy prevailed. And if any think he was seduced by Ariosto into his choice, they should consider that it could be only for the sake of his subject; for the genius and character of these poets was widely different.

"Under this idea then of a Gothick, not classical, Poem, the Faërie Queene is to be read and criticised. And on these principles, it would not be difficult to unfold its merit in another way than has been hitherto attempted."

Hurd now becomes apologetic.

"I have taken the fancy to try my hand on this curious subject."

Here the apology of the Spenserian critics really begins. And it is not due to any unpopularity of Spenser but to the fact that they were advancing a somewhat new conception of him. We have seen that the neo-classicists apologized only when they were censuring Spenser. The romanticists apologized because they wished to link Spenser more closely with their brotherhood. Hurd draws the usual parallel between classical and Gothic architecture, which had some vogue since Hughes ventured upon it as throwing some light on Spenser, and adds:

"The question is not which of the two is conducted in the simplest or truest taste; but, whether there be not sense and design in both, when scrutinized by the laws on which each is projected. . . . It was as

requisite for the Faerie Queen to consist of the adventures of twelve knights, as for the Odyssey to be confined to the adventures of one Hero: justice had otherwise not been done to his subject.

"If it be asked then, what is this Unity of Spenser's Poem? I say, it consists in the relation of its several adventures to one common origin, the appointment of the Faerie Queene; and to one common end, the completion of the Faerie Queene's injunctions."

This is not urged as classical unity but unity of another sort. Hurd thinks that the introduction of Arthur was a mere afterthought, an expedient from classical models which narrated only one action.

"The truth was, the violence of classick prejudices forced the poet to affect this appearance of Unity, though in contradiction to his Gothick system."

Spenser, according to Hurd, never should have attempted to ally the Gothic and the classical unities. It is interesting to compare Hurd and the Augustans at this point. The Augustans, including Warton, lamented that Spenser was compelled by the romantic prejudices of his time to follow the vicious example of Ariosto. Hurd lamented that Spenser was compelled by the prejudices of his time to allow classical ideals to play havoc with his natural Gothic inclinations.

Hurd now turns to an entirely different defence of *The Faërie Queene*, based on its allegorical character.

"His twelve knights are to exemplify as many virtues, out of which one illustrious character is to be composed. And in this view, the part of Prince Arthur in each Book becomes essential not principal, exactly as the poet has contrived it."

Hurd thinks the objection to Prince Arthur and the unity of the poem is unanswerable on any other grounds.

"But how faulty soever this conduct be in the literal story, it is perfectly right in the moral: and that for an obvious reason, though his criticks seem not to have been aware of it. His chief hero was not to have the twelve virtues in the degree in which the knights had each of them, their own; (such a character would be a monster;) but he was to have so much of each as were requisite to form his superior character. Each virtue, in its perfection, is exemplified in its own knight: they are all, in a due degree concentered on Prince Arthur.

"The conclusion is, that, as an allegorical Poem the method of the Faërie Queene is governed by the justness of the moral: as a narrative

Poem, it is conducted on the ideas and usages of chivalry. In either view, if taken by itself, the plan is defensible. But from the union of the two designs there arises a perplexity, and confusion, which is the proper, and only considerable defect of this extraordinary Poem."

Hurd now launches forth in breezy defence of the Gothic method. Tasso is sneered at because "he thought fit to trim between Gothic and classical models." The French depreciation of Ariosto is roundly abused. We must remember that the Augustans had patted Tasso on the back and girded at Ariosto. And Hurd scores "our obsequious and over modest critics" for allowing themselves to be overridden by French authority.

"It grew into a sort of cant, with which Rymer, and the rest of that School, filled their flimsy essays, and rambling prefaces. . . . A lucky word in a verse which sounds well and everybody gets by heart, goes further than a volume of just criticism. In short, the exact but cold Boileau happened to say something of the clinquant of Tasso; and the magick of this word, like the report of Astolfo's horn in Ariosto, overturned at once the solid and well-built reputation of Italian poetry."

Hurd closes with an utterance of even more glowing romanticism that lifts him safely above the jaded connoisseurs of "Gothick" of his time. He defends the "tales of the Faery" and the fantastic exploits of the unfettered imagination as the greatest material for epic poetry. Bad criticism, which had relegated such matters to children, is blamed as the result of the abuse of terms.

"A poet, they say, must follow Nature; and by Nature we are to suppose can only be meant the known and experienced course of affairs in this world. Whereas the poet has a world of his own where experience has less to do than consistent imagination. . . . Without admiration (which cannot be affected but by the marvellous of celestial intervention, I mean, the agency of superior natures really existing, or by the illusion of fancy taken to be so) no epick poem can be long-lived. I am not afraid to instance the Henriade itself; which, notwithstanding the elegance of the composition, will in a short time be no more read than the Gondibert of Sir William Davenant, and for the same reason."

The "pomp of verse, the energy of description" and even "the finest moral paintings" will not produce a great epic without the quality of "admiration." By "admiration," I take it, Hurd means, in a slightly more restricted sense, what Mr. Theodore

Watts-Dunton means when he characterizes romanticism as the spirit of "Wonder" which revolted against the Augustan "Age of Acceptance."

Hurd's last words on Spenser explain what I have been frequently asserting—that the romanticists, though they discovered new beauties in Spenser, became blind to certain of the qualities of *The Faërie Queene* that had long been wisely cherished by Milton and by the Augustans. From the ridicule of chivalry and magic, thinks Hurd, Spenser was forced to give "an air of mystery to his subject" and to pretend "that his stories of knights and giants" were but the mantle "of an abundance of profound wisdom."

> "In short, to keep off the eyes of the prophane from prying too nearly into his subject he threw about it the mist of allegory.
>
> "Fancy that had wantoned it so long in the world of fiction was now constrained, against her will, to ally herself with strict Truth if she would gain admittance into reasonable company.
>
> "What we have gotten by this revolution, it will be said, is a great deal of good sense. What we have lost, is a world of fine fabling; the illusion of which is so grateful to the charmed spirit; that, in spite of philosophy and fashion, Faery Spenser still ranks highest among the Poets. I mean with all those that either come of that house, or have any kindness for it. Earth-born criticks may blaspheme:
>
> 'But all the gods are ravish'd with delight
> Of his celestial song, and musick's wondrous might.' "

Hurd merits the highest praise for his spirited defence of the romantic side of Spenser. But, for all his eloquence, his depreciation of Spenser's allegory deserves reproach. Anyone who reads Spenser's contemporaries in Italy, France and England can see that, despite the rapid growth of Augustan criticism on the continent, Fancy could easily wanton it at her own sweet will without feeling constained to go masked in moral allegory. Spenser was not forced to constrain his copious visions within bounds, but the beautiful high seriousness that always dwells with the greatest poets made him choose allegory uncommanded. Hurd and most succeeding romanticists have forgotten that there is much rich beauty in Spenser of which the moral allegory is the direct cause, that many of the passages which they

admire cannot be cherished consistently unless the allegory be accepted as artistic. Enthusiasm for the canto on Despair, to which the coldest reader of Spenser accords high praise, implies enthusiasm for the episode as allegory no matter what fine-spun theories the reader chooses to flaunt. The restraining power and architectonic value of Spenser's allegory, despite its incomplete working-out, will be apparent to any man who reads the *Poly-Olbion* of Drayton and the *Britannia's Pastorals* of Browne, huge poems by men who had much of Spenser's heaped treasures of fancy and glimmering lore but none of the deeper dream that strove to pour the riches into the vast, the too vast, mould of the allegory that strove to erect that gorgeous Utopia which would have shaped and perfected even the spacious court of Queen Elizabeth.

Among other beauties of Spenser which the romanticists taught all England to appreciate fully for the first time was the Spenserian stanza. It is strange that it remained for Beattie, the gentle poetaster who was once lionized for his *Minstrel*, to write the first elaborate and thoroughly appreciative comments on the marvellous stanza which Spenser fashioned subtly for his *Faërie Queene*. A letter to Dr. Blacklock (September 22, 1766), reveals the placid Beattie in the process of composition.

"Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and to be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the manner which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition. I have written one hundred and fifty lines, and am surprised to find the structure of that complicated stanza so little troublesome. . I was always fond of it, for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses than either the couplet or the alternate rhyme; and it concludes with a pomp and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which, from its irregularity of inflexion and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations, and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes. But I am so far from intending this performance for the press, that I am morally certain it will never be finished. I shall add a stanza now and then, when I am at leisure, and when I have no humour for other amusement; but I am resolved to write no more poetry with a view to publica-

tion, till I see some dawnings of a poetical taste among the generality of readers, of which, however, there is not at present anything like an appearance.''

Beattie shows the bookish man's ignorance of his times. The public was waiting to devour stuff like *The Minstrel.* And when he did publish the first book, in 1771, there was a thunder of applause.

These opinions have brought us well into the camp of the romanticists, where fewer citations and explanations are necessary for the reader of today. The Augustan attitude lingered on with certain critics, but most men followed in the wake of Hurd. We are near enough out own time to conclude this long survey of Spenserian criticism with the opinions of three of the most delightful romantic admirers of Spenser—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), William Hazlitt (1778-1830), and Leigh Hunt (1784-1859).

In order thoroughly to appreciate Scott's attitude toward Spenser we must glance at his poetry along with his prose. Like many poets he has left evidence of his early delight in Spenser, to whose works he was introduced by Dr. Blacklock.

''Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society.''

And in the days of his maturity Scott's boyish appreciation of Spenser remained essentially the same. For Scott was always a boy. Beyond a certain interest as a man of affairs and an antiquarian, in Spenser's political allegory,[5] he rather abandoned himself, like all the full-fledged romanticists, to the delights of the rich succession of pictures that was stirred by Spenser's lofty purposes. Scott's romanticism, with its love of antiquarianism, was not a strong spirit of rebellion, nor even a very strong spirit of wonder. Allowing for its immensely superior

[5] See his essay on Todd's edition of Spenser (*Edinburgh Review,* 1805). ''But although everything belonging to the reign of the Virgin Queen carries with it a secret charm to Englishmen, no commentator of the Faëry Queen has taken the trouble to go very deep into those annals, for the purpose of illustrating the secret, and as it were, esoteric allusions of Spenser's poems.''

vigor and its wholesome scorn of introspection, it has something in common with the pretty trifling of Beattie. Scott's romanticism involved little more than a change in what the Augustans called "machinery." Take out your pagan divinities; put in your knights. Add to this a change of landscape. Describe a mountain or forest scene. Put in an indispensable moon and a castle. This was the setting, not for the sentimental reflections of Beattie, but for the stirring narrative and ring so like the old ballad that Matthew Arnold has well called it the only English equivalent of Homer.

What Scott found in Spenser was the dim forest, the furtive flash of armor as the sun stole through at intervals, silent maidens who were to Scott mere vague flowers of mediaeval landscape, and ever and anon a great castle upleaping unexpectedly in the silver winding path. Even in the breathless flow of his narrative Scott delighted to pause and to consider these lovely scenes. So he hit upon the happy device of using Spenser in a rather novel way. In almost all his narrative poems he introduced Spenserian stanzas, generally at the opening of his cantos, to make a setting before the quick beat of the free tetrameters called to arms. He showed a relic of Augustan-Spenserianism by occasionally employing the stanza of *The Faërie Queene* for a moralistic prelude or interlude, as the master himself did. Finally he strewed his narrative with allusions to the beautiful pictures in *The Faërie Queene*. In some of his later poems the influence of Byron's *Childe Harold* tinged his introductory Spenserian stanzas. But, in general, the landscapes thus introduced are not disturbed by the more personal, stormier note of Byron. Almost any of these stanzas taken at random will illustrate. The idyllic scenes on the island in the second canto of *The Lady of the Lake* are introduced by a charming setting.

> "At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
> 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
> All Nature's children feel the matin spring
> Of life reviving, with reviving day;
> And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
> Wafting the stranger on his way again,
> And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
> Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-Bane."

The Spenserian allusions, with which the Ariosto of the North, ever haunted by visions of *The Faërie Queene*, strewed richly his poems, may be illustrated by a passage from *Marmion* which conjures up scenes with the delight of a child rocking himself into ecstasy by a fire-place and recalling his store of fairy-tales.

"Not she, the championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
She, for the charmed spear renown'd,
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,
She gave to flow her maiden vest;
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved;
Sweet was her blue eye's honest smile,
Erst hidden by the aventayle;
And down her shoulders gracefull roll'd,
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilom, in midnight fight,
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares a while;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charmed at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte!"

Thus, too, *The Vision of Don Roderick* closes with Spenser's favorite figurative method of saying adieu.

"But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)
By shoal and rocks hath steer'd my venturous bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land."

Scott was always a hearty, delighted boy and this lovable trait is no better illustrated than in his Spenser-worship.

The beautiful things in Spenser were ever straying in some convenient corner of Hazlitt's mind. Hazlitt shares with Byron in *Don Juan* the supreme honors in English literature for the mastery of the fine art of quoting. So adroitly does Hazlitt slip a fine phrase or verse from a beloved writer into the rich texture of his own prose that he becomes a second creator, as great as the first, and we forget that it was merely quoted. This is one of the most effective and difficult of stylistic tricks. Hazlitt quoted Spenser à propos of things in general, often very quaintly. "We felt as much disconcerted," he writes, "by the uncalled for phrensy of this theatrical Amazon, as the Squire of Dames in Spenser did, when he was carried off by the giantess Orgygia." Coleridge's *Lay Sermon* reminded him of "A gentle husher Vanitie by name."

Hazlitt certainly penned the most brilliant detached comments on Spenser ever written. "The essence of Spenser's poetry," he tells us, "was a continuous, endless flow of indescribable beauties like the galaxy or milky way." He says penetrating things about the vexed question of Spenser's passion.

> "But he has been unjustly charged with a want of passion and of strength. He has both in an immense degree. He has not indeed the pathos of immediate action or suffering, which is more properly the dramatic; but he has all the pathos of sentiment and romance—all that belongs to distant objects of terror, and uncertain, imaginary distress."

After all the endless talk about Ariosto and Spenser, Hazlitt makes the best comparison ever written.

> "If Ariosto transports us into regions of romance, Spenser's poetry is all fairy-land. In Ariosto we walk upon the ground, in a company, gay, fantastic, and adventurous enough. In Spenser, we wander in another world, among ideal beings. The poet takes us and lays us in the lap of a lovelier nature, by the sound of softer streams, among greener hills and fairer valleys. He paints nature, not as we find it, but as we expected to find it, and fulfills the delightful promise of our youth."

Hazlitt is quaintly non-committal on the problem of Spenser's allegory.

"But some people will say that all this may be very fine, but that they cannot understand it on account of the allegory. They are afraid of the allegory, as if they thought it would bite them: they look at it as a child looks at a painted dragon, and think it will strangle them in its shining folds. This is very idle. If they do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pike-staff."

Hazlitt was a literary epicurean, the product of the romantic attitude toward Spenser, who has done incalculable good for the master and yet has encouraged men to take *The Faërie Queene* as an intellectual anesthetic (if they are not unfortunate enough to have taken it as a soporific). If we tempered our Hazlitt and all the romanticists with Milton, Dryden, and Addison for an antidote, then we should get the perfect conception of Spenser. But I must leave the reader with a relish of Hazlitt rather than of my polemics.

"In reading the Faery Queene, you see a little withered old man by a wood-side opening a wicket, a giant and a dwarf lagging far behind, a damsel in a boat upon an enchanted lake, wood-nymphs, and satyrs; and all of a sudden you are transported into a lofty palace, with tapers burning, amid knights and ladies, with dance and revelry and song, 'and mask, and antique pageantry.'"

From boyhood to the days of his sunny maturity, when he poured out his graceful garrulous essays, Spenser haunted Leigh Hunt like a passion. He tells us, in his *Autobiography*, that he secured an odd volume of Spenser at Christ's Hospital and comcompleted about a hundred stanzas called *The Fairy King* which "was to be in emulation of Spenser." From that time Spenser was his favorite among all poets. In 1801 he published his *Juvenilia, or a Collection of Poems, Written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen.* The most ambitious poem is *The Palace of Pleasure; An Allegorical Poem in Two Cantos. Written in Imitation of Spenser.* His epicurean *Story of Rimini* (1816), so important in the history of nineteenth century romanticism, shows the influence of Spenser, the sensuous builder of the Bower of Bliss, both for better and for worse. But in his beautiful essay, *Imagination and Fancy*, we find the key-note of Hunt's

attitude toward Spenser. Here he furnishes a wonderful picture-gallery. He compares scene after scene of concentrated loveliness with some appropriate picture which hangs in the great galleries of Europe. No book could be more perfect to teach both youth and crabbed age to love Spenser. Yet I must be ungracious enough to charge Hunt with a good deal of responsibility for the common conception current today of Spenser as a pictorial poet and nothing more. Spenser's pictures have been admired till he is given absolutely no credit as a writer of narrative. This is absurd extreme. Had Hunt appreciated some of Spenser's larger qualities, his own verse would doubtless have been less saccharine and spineless. But it seems almost sacrilegious to quarrel with this charming old literary epicurean. How eloquently he could write of Spenser may be seen in one short apostrophe.

"Around us are the woods; in our distant ear is the sea; the glimmering forms that we behold are those of nymphs and deities; or a hermit makes the loneliness more lonely; or we hear a horn blow, and the ground trembling with the coming of a giant; and our boyhood is again existing, full of belief, though its hair be turning grey; because thou, a man, hast written its books, and proved the surpassing riches of its wisdom."

A catalogue of later opinions is unnecessary. We all know the current notions about Spenser. Endless are the pale comments of writers of text-books who have bolted *The Faërie Queene* with all the terrifying velocity with which the ghastly Americans in *Martin Chuzzlewit* devoured their dinner—"in huge wedges." A few words about Spenser's worship of beauty, a fling at his allegory, and the necessary paragraphs in any proper history of English literature are complete. Such is the baneful influence of the literary epicureanism of Hurd, Scott, Leigh Hunt, and other brilliant writers whose utterances culminate in Lowell's glowing but dangerous essay on Spenser, which, with all its real appreciation of one side of the master's genius, has had a blighting influence on many. Professor Dowden, whose perfect essay on Spenser will be mentioned presently, has conveniently com-

pressed the splendid Luciferian assertions of Lowell into a paragraph.

"A teacher,—what is the import of this? 'The true use of Spenser,' says a poet of our own day, Mr. J. R. Lowell, 'is as a gallery of pictures which we visit as the mood takes us, and where we spend an hour or two at a time, long enough to sweeten our perceptions, not so long as to cloy them.' And again: 'Whenever in the Faery Queen you come suddenly on the moral, it gives you a shock of unpleasant surprise, a kind of grit, as when one's teeth close on a bit of gravel in a dish of strawberries and cream.' This, then, is the Faery Queen—a dish of strawberries and cream mixed up unfortunately with a good deal of grit. And as for the allegory, we may 'fairly leave it on one side;' Spenser employed it to 'convince the scorners that poetry might be seriously useful, and show Master Bull his new way of making fine words butter parsnips, in a rhymed moral primer.' Shall we accept this view, or that of Milton—'a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas?' Was Spenser such a teacher 'sage and serious' to his own age? If so, does he remain such a teacher for this age of ours?"

This age of ours, about which Professor Dowden has his fears, is too much devoted to the doctrine of Art for Art's sake to be in harmony with the ideals of Spenser and Milton. Poets who are ineffectually concerned with pale, anaemic Isoldes gazing sadly into the solitary West cannot understand the full beauty of figures like Una, who symbolizes Truth. They only admire the colors, not the exquisite lines of the picture. Had they Spenser's richer view, their poetry would not so often confuse the whiteness of beauty with the preternatural whiteness of leprosy. They are for all the world like the exclusive and selfish people in Boccaccio who assembled in rural sequestration to divert each other with stories while their comrades in the city groaned with the plague and stretched out imploring hands for help. If you make poetry the gilded plaything of an exclusive and esoteric cult, you are doing as did Boccaccio's fine lords and ladies. You will have none of the humanity of the Man of Law and the Prioress, you will have none of the high poetry of the Knight and the Squire. Spenser studied Plato and knew Sidney. Therefore he had a profound understanding of the function of poetry.

Our present-day romanticists sometimes look upon Spenser askance because of his idealism and sum it up with the accusa-

tion that he has no human interest. They think this because present-day romanticism often means the reverse of idealism. Many people who would be realistic, yet who have romantic tastes, gratify their love of mystery and sensation by realistic studies of pathological cases. Sentimentalism so intimately connected with the first years of romanticism as it rose in its glorious youth and smote the dead ideals of Acceptance is now held in disrepute not only by the commercialists, with their rule-of-thumb realism, but by the most adventurous romanticists. The later-day romanticists, with a false sense of shame, have hardened themselves against it. Nowadays, for instance, an orthodox musician does not dare to admire the sweet, wholesome romanticism of Mendelssohn. The lover of poetry who prefers the gentle pensiveness of Longfellow to Poe's inarticulate *Ulalume* is considered senile. It is certainly true that contemporary romanticists need a revival of sentimentalism as badly as the eighteenth century, though for a different reason. The Augustans were hard because they believed in repression and glittering reason. Present-day romanticists are hard because they are jaded and do not respond to normal emotions.

And better for us than sentimentalism would be the beautiful idealism of Edmund Spenser. His sweet leisureliness would cure us of our literary dyspepsia induced by our breathless short-story technique which we admire with such blind exclusiveness. His profound moral consciousness would impress us again with the high function of poetry and make us laugh at Art for Art's sake.

But I would close in a major key. As it has always been so, we can boast of a few critics who have written great essays on Spenser. I should like space to dilate on the rare essays of that fine-souled poet Aubrey de Vere with their sober and profound adoration of the qualities that run deep in Spenser. I should like to plunder from the many fervid passages that Professor Saintsbury, one of the truest of Spenser's champions, has drawn from his perennial contagious enthusiasm. But I must confine myself to what I believe to be the greatest essay on Spenser ever

written, to Professor Edward Dowden's *Spenser, the Poet and Teacher.* Since Warton's *Observations on the Faery Queene,* I know of nothing so many-sided and so near the ideal method which I have advocated at the cost of so much dull pedantry and raucous polemic. Now, at last, I will gladly disappear and leave the rostrum to Professor Dowden.

"In England of the age of Elizabeth what place is filled by the poetry of Spenser? What blank would be made by its disappearance? In what, for each of us who love that poetry resides its special virtue? Shall we say in answer to these questions that Spenser is the weaver of spells, the creator of illusions, the enchanter of the Elizabethan age; and that his name is to us a word of magic by which we conjure away the pain of actual life, and obtain entrance into a world of faery? Was Spenser, as a poet of our own time names himself, 'the idle singer' of his day—that day not indeed 'an empty day,' but one filled with heroic daring and achievement? While Raleigh was exploring strange streams of the New World, while Drake was chasing the Spaniard, while Bacon was seeking for the principles of a philosophy which should enrich man's life, while Hooker, with the care of a wise master-builder, was laying the foundation of polity in the National Church, where was Spenser? Was he forgetful of England, forgetful of earth, lulled and lying in some bower of fantasy, or moving in a dream among imaginary champions of chivalry, distressed damsels, giants and dragons and satyrs and savage men, or shepherds who pipe and shepherdesses who dance forever in a serene Arcady?

"Assuredly it was not thus that a great Englishman of a later age thought of Spenser. When Milton entered upon his manhood, he entered upon a warfare; the peaceful days, days of happy ingathering of varied culture, days of sweet repose amid rural beauty, were past and gone; and he stood with loins girt, prepared for battle in behalf of liberty. And then, in London, when London was a vast arsenal in which weapons were forging for the defence of truth and freedom, Milton in his moment of highest and most masculine ardour, as he wrote his speech on behalf of unlicensed printing, thought of Spenser. It was not as a dreamer that Milton thought of him. Spenser had been a power with himself in youth, when he, 'the lady of his college,' but such a lady as we read of in 'Comus,' grew in virginal beauty and virginal strength. He had listened to Spenser's 'sage and solemn tunes,'

> 'Of turneys and of trophies hung;
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear.'

And now, in his manhood, when all of life had grown for him so grave, so glorious with heroic effort, Milton looks back and remembers his master, and he remembers him not as an idle singer, not as a dreamer of

dreams, but as 'our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare to name a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.'

. . . . . .

"'A better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.' Yet we are told by the Dean of St. Paul's, that in giving himself credit for a direct purpose to instruct, Spenser 'only conformed to the utilitarian spirit which pervaded the literature of the time.' It is the heresy of modern art that only useless things should be made beautiful. We want beauty only in playthings. In elder days the armour of a knight was as beautiful as sunlight, or as flowers. 'In unaffected, unconscious, artistic excellence of invention,' says one of our chief living painters, 'approaching more nearly to the strange beauty of nature, especially in vegetation, mediaeval armour perhaps surpasses any other effort of human ingenuity.' What if Spenser wrought armour for the soul, and, because it was precious and of finest temper, made it fair to look upon? That which gleams as bright as the waters of a sunlit lake is perhaps a breastplate to protect the heart; that which appears pliant as the blades of summer grass may prove at our need to be a sword of steel."

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SOME FORMS OF THE RIDDLE QUESTION AND THE EXERCISE OF THE WITS IN POPULAR FICTION AND FORMAL LITERATURE

BY
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I

THE FOURTEENTH *PATRAÑA* OF TIMONEDA

The study of the Spanish short story and the romance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries demands more careful consideration of the related field of popular fiction, specifically of the cosmopolitan folktale, than has been hitherto admitted. Not only has a large amount of widely current material been incorporated into the novel, but many types of the latter, notably short tales and anecdotes, are nothing more than variant forms of matter which had already become known through the recorded popular fiction of many different nations. In this sense, certain national literary products have become from time to time the repository or storehouse of popular material of a wholly cosmopolitan character; now and then a collection of tales merely gives a modified form to its contents which, with innumerable variations, have been handed down through the centuries in the uninterrupted course of fiction. Even the long novels of the Renascence contain a great deal of matter which, owing to a

narrow or traditional conception of literary history, has hitherto found no place in the study of prose romances. The *Persiles y Sigismunda* of Cervantes, for example, contains a very large amount of popular and traditional material, as I hope to show elsewhere in one of my studies in the sources of that much neglected romance.

Every investigation in the field of the cosmopolitan folktale must be comparative, and can therefore be limited neither by racial nor by national boundaries. And, as we may contend, moreover, that the creative period of the genuine folktale has long passed, that such stories, fairy tales or *motifs* as were once actually gathered out of the traditions of the ages are no longer invented by civilized mankind, as was the case when primitive man put a naïve construction on his environment, it can be safely assumed that we have now reached the period in which folktales may be more definitely analyzed and compared. Moreover, apart from the little which can still be honestly gleaned from oral tradition, the already vast printed collections of tales not only yield ample material for a comprehensive view of what has come down to us; they also reveal by various peculiar qualities the secret which has kept them alive through the ages. There is but one obstacle to a profitable study of these many hundreds of stories: the collections which have been printed in modern times do not in every case record faithful gleanings made by the editor himself out of popular local traditions. Not only the style of the writer, but the large number of close parallels indicate that the collector was tempted to pad his particular group of stories by simply rewriting material already in print.[1]

The contention that popular, current fiction may be included to great advantage in the study of the literature of the Renascence is supported especially by the type of story or anecdote

[1] Cf. for example, a collection of anecdotes entitled *Cluchtboeck* (1576), described by Johannes Bolte in the *Tijdschrift voor Nederlandsche Taalen Letterkunde*, 1891, pp. 127ff., with a review by a A. L. Stiefel in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen*, etc., vol. 94, pp. 129 ff.; from these articles it is clear that a presumably new collection of stories may be merely a compilation of material gathered from numerous sources already printed in various languages.

with which the name of Juan Timoneda is connected. Of him, too, it may be said, that perhaps no gatherer of popular tales has been more guilty of retelling such as were already known in some form or other. His best known collection, *las patrañas,* received some attention during the last century at the hands of the eminent folklorist Leibrecht,[2] and of the great scholar Ferdinand Wolf;[3] and latterly, in the second volume of his *Orígenes de la novela,* Menéndez y Pelayo devotes some space to an examination of its contents. Yet, in spite of these scholarly studies, the fact remains that in the case of Timoneda much is left to be done. Above all, a critical edition of the text of this little collection of *patrañas,*[4] and a comparative study of related folklore and

[2] Cf. F. Liebrecht in *Neues Jahrbuch der Berlinischen Gesellschaft für deutsche Sprache,* etc., viii (1848), pp. 201 ff., "Der Patrañuelo des Timoneda," reprinted with slight changes and additions in Dunlop-Liebrecht, *Geschichte der Prosadichtungen,* etc. (Berlin, 1851), p. 500.

[3] Cf. Ferdinand Wolf in *Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur,* vol. 122 (1848), for a review of Aribau's three volumes in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles,* pp. 113 ff., a study to which many a writer since Wolf's day owes something. Timoneda is also mentioned occasionally, by way of comparison, in Stiefel's numerous articles on drama and fiction.

[4] As regards the first edition of the *Patrañuelo,* it seems futile as well as unwarranted to continue the search for a theoretic edition of 1566, supposedly printed at Valencia. No one, to my knowledge, has ever said that he saw such an edition. Perhaps the prestige of the name Mayans y Siscar established the tradition started by a remark of D. Juan Antonio (not to be confused with the more famous D. Gregorio) in his prologue to the sixth edition of Luis Gálvez de Montalvo's *El Pastor de Filida,* Valencia, 1792. All that he says, however, is: Juan Timoneda, Impressor, i Librero, mui aficionado a las Letras, que fomentò, con el caudal de su ingenio, componiendo el *Patrañuelo,* impresso en Valencia, año 1566, que D. Nicolas Antonio tenia por la mas antigua de nuestras novelas [*sic.*] In the first place, the *patrañuelo* is not a *novela;* in the second place, D. Nicolas Antonio says: [Timoneda] auctor est primus fabularum, quas dicimus Italico verbo Novelas (Bibl. nova, I, 1788, p. 787), the earliest edition mentioned by him being that of Alcalá, 1576. The assertion of Mayans therefore means nothing, and the belief in an earlier edition seems to rest solely upon the date of the *approbatio,* Valentiae die 22 Septembris Anno Dñi 1566. But it is a well-known fact that much time may elapse between the date of the preliminaries and that of the publication of the book itself. Tirso's *Cigarrales,* for example, has an *aprobacion* dated 1621, and appeared in 1624, while the *Inventario* of Antonio de Villegas, printed in 1565, was licensed as early as 1551. The royal license for the *Patrañuelo* is dated October, 1576, and if carefully read, implies that the book was appearing for the first time. It is as follows: Don Phelipe por la gracia de Dios Rey de Castilla, etc., etc. Por quanto por parte de vos, Alonso Picardo, impressor de libros, nos fue fecha relacion, diziendo, que vos teniades vn libro intitulado, El Patrañuelo, compuesto por Iuan Timoneda: el qual era librero prouechoso,

fiction, would not be unwelcome to those interested in Spanish literature of the sixteenth century.

In what follows, the results of a study of the fourteenth

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suplicandonos os mandassemos dar licencia para lo poder imprimir, o como la nuestra merced fuesse: lo qual visto por los del nuestro consejo, por quanto en el dicho libro se hizo la diligencia que la pragmatica por nos agora nuevamente sobre ello fecha dispone, fue acordado que deuiamos mandar dar esta nuestra carta para vos en la dicha razon, y nos tuuimoslo por bien. Por lo qual damos licencia y facultad a qualquier impressor destos nuestros reynos. para que por esta vez pueda imprimir el dicho libro que de suso se haze mencion, sin que por ello cayga ni incurra en pena alguna. Y mandamos que la tal impression se haga por el dicho libro original, que va rubricada cada plana y firmado al fin del de Alonso de Vallejo, nuestro escriuano de camara, y vno de los que en el nuestro consejo residen: y despues de impresso no se pueda vender ni venda sin que primero se trayga al nuestro consejo juntamente con el original, para que se vea si la dicha impression esta conforme al original, y se tasse en lo que cada volumen se vuiere de vender: so pena de caer e incurrir en las penas contenidas en la dicha pragmatica y leyes de nuestros reynos, y no fagades ende al, so las dichas penas, y mas de la nuestra merced, y de diez mil marauedis para nuestra camara. Dada en Madrid, a ocho dias del mes de Octubre de mil y quinientos y setenta y seys años. There is, therefore, no mention of a previous edition, no reference to emendations or omissions as was the case with the *Alivio de caminantes* (Medina del Campo, 1563): en esta ultima impression van quitadas muchas cosas superfluas; or the *Sobremesa* (Valencia, 1569): Agora de nuevo añadido, etc. The demand of the royal licence that the edition be printed in conformity with the "original" might readily mean the MS form of Timoneda himself or an authoritative copy. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that the spelling, capitalization and punctuation of the *Patrañuelo* printed at Alcalá in 1576 are exceedingly like those of the *Buen Aviso* printed at Valencia in 1564, presumably from Timoneda's MS and under his own eyes. Again, the word *original* frequently means the author's copy; Lope de Vega uses it in that sense in various prologues and letters; and numerous first editions of works contain in the *fe de erratas* or in the licences (cf. the royal licences of both parts of *Don Quixote*) the statement that the edition corresponds to its original. The edition of the *Patrañuelo* of 1576 was soon followed by others in 1578 (Barcelona), 1580 (Bilbao), 1580 (Lisbon), 1583 (Seville) and 1586 (Alcalá?). If there was an edition of 1566, there would have been others between that date and 1576. Nor is there any ground for asserting that an edition printed elsewhere than at Valencia would not be the first, because Timoneda generally had his works printed where he lived. The earliest mentioned edition of the *Sobremesa* is that of Zaragoza, 1563, and Timoneda, who was known as a book-seller (*mercader de libros* and *librero* are the titles applied to him) and not as a printer, could have had his books printed outside of Valencia. The text of the edition of 1576 leaves much to be desired; the type is the Gothic black letter, readable enough, but carelessly punctuated and phrased. Timoneda's style is generally far from polished, a trait very apparent in the edition of Alcalá; perhaps the original of the aged Timoneda was responsible for the shortcomings of this text; perhaps the venerable compiler whom Cervantes had called older than Father Time had left to some one else the task of seeing the *Patrañuelo*, ready since 1566, through the press. Cf. no. 31 of Appendix II.

patraña are set forth. The story, well known and widely spread, is as follows:[5]

A vn muy honrado abbad
Sin doblez, sabio, sincero,
Le saco su cozinero
De vna gran necessidad.

Queriendo cierto rey quitar el Abbadia a vn muy honrado Abad, y darla a otro, por ciertos reboluedores, llamole y dixole: Reuerendo padre, porque soy informado que no soys tan docto qual conuiene y el estado vuestro requiere, por pacificacion de mi reyno y descargo de mi consciencia, os quiero preguntar tres preguntas, las quales, si por vos me son declaradas, hareys dos cosas: La vna, que queden mentirosas las personas que tal os han leuantado: la otra, que os confirmare para toda vuestra vida el Abbadia, y si no, aureys de perdonar. A lo qual respondio el Abad: Diga vuestra alteza, que yo hare toda mi possibilidad de auellas de declarar. Pues sus, dixo el rey: La primera que quiero que me declareys, es que me digays, yo quanto valgo? Y la segunda, que adonde esta el medio del mundo? Y la tercera, que es lo que yo pienso? Y porque no penseys que os quiero apremiar, que me las declareys de improuiso, andad, que vn mes os doy[s] [sic] de tiempo para pensar en ello.

Buelto el abbad a su Monesterio, por bien que miro sus libros y diuersos auctores, por jamas hallo para las tres preguntas respuesta que sufficiente fuesse. Con esta ymaginacion, como fuesse por el Monesterio argumentando entre si mismo muy elenado, dixole vn dia su cozinero: Que es lo que tiene su paternidad? Celandoselo el abbad, torno a replicar el cozinero, diziendo: No dexe de dezirmelo, señor, porque a vezes debaxo de ruyn capa yaze buen bebedor, y las chicas piedras suelen mouer las grandes carretas. Tanto se lo importuno, que se lo vuo de dezir. Dicho, dixo el cozinero: Uestra paternidad haga vna cosa, y es, que me preste sus ropas, y rapareme esta barba, y como le parezco algun tanto, y vaya de [*da* in text] par de noche en la presencia del rey, no se dara acato del engaño; assi que teniendome por su paternidad, yo le prometo de sacarle deste trabajo, a fe de quien soy.

Concediendoselo el Abbad, vistiose el Cozinero de sus ropas, y con su criado detras, con toda aquella cerimonia que conuenia, vino en presencia del rey. El Rey como le vido, hizole assentar cabe si, diziendo: Pues, que ay de nueuo, abbad? Respondio el cozinero: Uengo delante de

[5] The text here given is that of the edition of 1576, presumably the first; a copy is in the library of the Hispanic Society of America. In it the fourteenth *patraña* will be found between folios ciiii and cv, a part of the thirteenth (four pages or two leaves), all of the fourteenth (three pages), and one page of the fifteenth being out of place; signatures L v, vi, vii, viii are misbound, or four leaves in all, numbered lxxxv, lxxxvi, lxxxvii, lxxxviii. Only the punctuation has been changed; other peculiarities and inconsistencies do not, as a rule, interfere with the sense. Some discrepancies between this edition and the reprint of Aribau as well as that of Menéndez y Pelayo in his *Orígenes, etc.*, II, p. lvii, may be noted. Cf. note 16, p. 196.

vuestra alteza para satisfazer por mi honra. Assi? dixo el rey: veamos, que respuesta traeys a mis tres preguntas? Respondio el cozinero: Primeramente a lo que me pregunto vuestra alteza, que quanto valia, digo, que vale veynte y nueue dineros, porque Christo valio treynta. Lo segundo, que donde esta el medio mundo [sic], es a do tiene su alteza los pies: la causa, que como sea redondo como bola, adonde pusieren el pie es el medio del; y esto no se me puede negar. Lo tercero, que dize vuestra alteza, que diga: que es lo que piensa? Es que cree hablar con el abad, y esta hablando con su Cozinero. Admirado el rey desto, dixo: Que esso passa en verdad? Respondio: Si Señor, que soy su cozinero: que para semejantes preguntas era yo sufficiente, y no mi señor, el Abbad. Uiendo el rey la osadia y viueza del Cozinero, no solo le confirmo el Abbadia al Abbad para todos los dias de su vida, pero hizole infinitissimas mercedes al Cozinero.

Menéndez y Pelayo, in the second volume of his excellent work, *Orígenes de la novela*, gives this *patraña* in full, prefacing it with the following remarks:

Quiero transcribir la versión de Timoneda, no sólo por ser la más antigua de las publicadas en España[6] y quizá la más fiel al dato tradicional, sino para dar una muestra de su estilo como cuentista, más sabroso que limado.

An earlier, though different, frame of these riddle questions in Spanish may be found, however, in the last episode of the second part of Lazarillo de Tormes, *por incierto autor*, printed at Antwerp in 1555. Certain ridiculous questions, historically related, as will be seen, to those in Timoneda, receive answers in kind. Their seeming absurdity leads D. Buenaventura Carlos Aribau, the editor of the *Lazarillo* in *Novelistas anteriores á Cervantes* (1850) to remark (p. xxiii):

Vuelve por fin Lázaro á su primitiva forma, y recobra su gracejo al contar lo que le sucedió en Toledo; pero lo pierde de repente en la defensa de las ridículas conclusiones que sostuvo ante el claustro de Salamanca, con lo cual concluye, prometiendo al lector que con el tiempo sabrá lo demas.

Aribau, however, was unacquainted with the origin of this episode, and with the well-established tradition of which these "ridículas conclusiones" have formed a part the world over, since

[6] Cf. the *Introducción*, p. lvii; the same opinion is expressed: "Zu Bürgers Ballade, *Der Kaiser und der Abt*," in *Archiv für Litteraturgeschichte*, vol. 9, p. 423, by J. K. Seidemann.

time immemorial. The text of the *Lazarillo de Tormes* (1555) reads as follows[7] (chapter xviii):

Hablamos de muchas cosas estando comiendo, y replicaua yo de tal manera con ellos, que bien conocieron ambos auer yo alcançado mas por mi experiencia que ellos por su saber. Conteles algo de lo que auia a Lazaro acontecido, y con tales palabras que cierto todos me preguntauan adonde auia estudiado: en Francia, o en Flandes, o en Ytalia, y aun si Dios me dexara acordar alguna palabra en Latin, yo los espantara; tome la mano en el hablar por no darles ocasion de preguntar algo, que me pusiessen en confusion. Todauia ellos, pensando que yo era mucho mas de lo que por entonces auian de mi conocido, determinaron de hazerme defender vnas conclusiones; pero pues sabia que en aquellas escuelas todos eran Romancistas, y que yo lo era tal que me podia mostrar sin verguença a todos, no lo rehuse, porque quien se vale entre Atunes, que no juegan sino de hocico, bien se valdria entre los que no juegan sino de lengua. El dia fue el siguiente, y para vel el espectaculo, fue conuidada toda la vniuersidad. Viera vuestra merced a Lazaro en la mayor honrra de la ciudad, entre tantos Doctores, Licenciados y Bachilleres, que por cierto con el diezmo se podrian talar quantos campos ay en toda España, y con las primicias se ternia el mundo por contento; viera tantas colores de vestir, tantos grados en el sentar, que no se tenia cuenta con el hombre, sino segun tenia el nombre. Antes de parecer yo en medio, quisieronme vestir segun era la vsança dellos, pero Lazaro no quiso, porque pues era estrangero, y no auia professado en aquella vniuersidad, no se deuian marauillar, sino juzgar mas segun la doctrina, (pues que tal era esta) que no segun el habito, aunque fuesse desacostumbrado. Vi a todos entonces con tanta grauedad y tanta manera, que si digo la verdad, puedo dezir que tenia mas miedo que verguença, o mas verguença que miedo no se burlassen de mi. Puesto Lazaro en su lugar (y qual estudiante yo), viendo mi presencia doctoral, y que tambien sabia tener mi grauedad como todos ellos, quiso el rector ser el primero que comigo argumentasse, cosa desacostumbrada entre ellos. Assi me propuso vna question harto dificil y mala, pidiendome le dixesse quantos toneles de agua auia en la mar; pero yo como hombre que auia estudiado, y salido poco auia de alla, supele responder muy bien, diziendo que hiziesse detener todas las aguas en vno, y que yo lo mesuraria muy presto, y le daria dello razon muy buena. Oyda mi respuesta tan breue y tan sin rodeos, que mal año para el mejor la diera tal, viendose en trabajo pensando ponerme, y viendo serle impossible hazer aquello, dexome el cargo de mesurarla a mi, y que despues yo se lo dixesse. Auergonçado el Rector con mi respuesta, echame otro argumento, pensando que me sobraua a mi el saber o la ventura: y que como auia dado resolucion en la primera, assi la diera en la segunda, pideme que le dixesse quantos dias auian

[7] From *La Segunda Parte de Lazarillo de Tormes: y de sus fortunas y aduersidades.* En Anvers (Martin Nucio) 1555; the copy belonging to the Hispanic Society of America; cf. folio 65 verso, wrongly numbered 53.

pasado desde que Adam fue criado hasta aquella hora: como si yo vuiera estado siempre en el mundo contandolos con vna pendola en la mano, pues a buena fe que de los mios no se me acordauan [sic], sino que vn tiempo fuy moço de vn clerigo, y otro de vn ciego, y otras cosas tales, de las quales era mayor contador que no de dias. Pero todauia le respondi, diziendo, que no mas de siete, porque quando estos son acabados, otros siete vienen siguiendo de nueuo, y que assi auia sido hasta alli, y seria tambien hasta la fin del mundo. Viera vuestra merced a Lazaro entonces ya muy Doctor entre los Doctores, y muy maestro entre los de Licencia. Pero a las tres va la vencida, pues de las dos auia tambien salido, penso el señor Rector, que en la tercera yo me enlodara, aunque Dios sabe que tal estaua el animo de Lazaro en este tiempo, no porque no mostrasse mucha grauedad, pero el coraçon tenia tamañito. Dixome el Rector, que satisfiziesse a la tercera demanda; yo muy prompto respondi, que no solo a la tercera, pero hasta el otro dia se podia detener. Pidiome, que a do estaua el fin del mundo? Que Philosofias son estas? dixe yo entre mi; pues, como? No auiendolo yo andado todo, como puedo responder? Si me pidiera el fin del agua, algo mejor se lo dixera. Todauia le respondi a su argumento, que era aquel auditorio a do estauamos, y que manifiestamente hallaria ser assi lo que yo dezia si lo mesuraua, y quando no fuesse verdad, que me tuuiesse por indigno de entrar en Colegio. Viendose corrido por mis respuestas, y que siempre pensando dar buen xaque, recebia mal mate, echame la quarta question muy entonado, preguntando, que quanto auia de la tierra hasta el cielo? Viera vuestra merced mi gargajear a mis tiempos con mucha manera, y con ello no sabia que responderle, porque muy bien podia el saber que no auia yo hecho aun tal camino. Si me pidiera la orden de vida que guardan los Atunes, y en que lengua hablan, yo le diera mejor razon; pero no calle con todo, antes respondi, que muy cerca estaua el cielo de la tierra; porque los cantos de aqui se oyen alla por baxo que hombre cante o hable, y que si no me quisiesse creer, se subiesse el al cielo, y yo cantaria con muy baja voz, y que si no me oya, me condenasse por necio. Prometo a vuestra merced, que vuo de callar el bueno del Rector, y dexar lo demas para los otros. Pero quando le vieron como corrido, no vuo quien osasse ponerse en ello, antes todos callaron y dieron por muy excelentes mis respuestas.

Not only the questions, however, but this whole episode of the *Lazarillo* can be found in the adventures of Till Eulenspiegel,[8] the biography of a rogue, probably first written late in the fifteenth century in the Low-Saxon dialect, and frequently re-

[8] Cf. Morel-Fatio *Vie de Lasarille de Tormès, etc.* (Paris, 1886) Préface. p. 21; F. W. Chandler, *Romances of Roguery;* Part I, *The Picaresque Novel in Spain* (New York, 1899), p. 208.

printed in a Dutch translation in the Netherlands. This source runs as follows:[9]

Die xxviii histori sagt wie Vlenspiegel zů Brag in Behemen uff der hohen schůl mit den studenten conuersiert, vnd wol bestond: Also zoch Vlenspiegel inn Behemen gen Brag da er von Marckburg zoch. Vnnd zu der zeit woneten da selbest noch gůt Cristen zů der zeit als Wicklieb vsz Engelland die ketzery in Behemen thete, vnd durch Johannen hussen geweitert ward, vnd gab sich da vsz für ein grossen meister, zů berichten grosse fragen, dy sunst ander meister nit vsz legen oder bericht kunten geben. Das liesze er in zedele schreiben, vnd schlůgs an die kirchthüren, vnd an die Collegien. Dz ward den Rector verdrieszen, die Collegaten doctores vnd magistri waren vbel daran mit der gantzen vniuersitet. Vnd giengen zůsammen zů rat fragen, wie sie Vlnspiegln möchten questiones vff geben, die er nit soluieren künd, so er dan vbel bestünd, so künten sie mit glimpff an in kummen, vnd in verschamen. Vnd dz ward vnder inen also verwilligt, vnd zů gelassen, vnd concordierten vnd ordinierten das also, dz der rector die frag thůn solt, vnd lieszen Vlenspiegel da verbieten durch iren pedellen das er des andern tags zů erschynen zů den questiones vnd fragen, so er im dan in schrifften gab, vor der gantzen vniuersitet zu antwurten. Ob er also probiert vnd sein kunst recht gefunden würt, sunst solt er nit zůgelassen werden. Dem Vlenspiegel also antwurt. Sag deinen herren ich wil den sachen also thůn, vnd hoff noch für ein frumen man zů beston, als ich vor lang gethon hab. Des andern tags versamleten sich alle doctores vnd gelerten. In dem so kam Vlenspiegel, vnd bracht mit im seinen wirt, vnd etlich andere burger, vnd etlich gůte gesellen, vmb vberfals willen, die im von den studenten beschehen möchte. Vnd da er nun in ir samlung kam, da hiessen sie yn vff den stůl steigen, vnd hieszen in antwurten vff die fragen, die im für gelegt weren. Vnd die erst frag dy der Rector an in thet, dz er sagen vnd mit der warheit bewern sollt. Wy mancher om wasser im meer wer, wa er die frag nit vfflosen vnd berichten künd, so wolten sie in für ein vngelerten anfechter der kunst verdammen vnd straffen. Zů der selben frag er behend antwurt. Wirdiger herr rector heiszen die anderen wasser stil ston, die an allen enden in dz meer lauffen, so will ich euch messen, beweisen, vnd die warheit sagen dauon, vnd es ist begrifflich zu thů. Dem rector wz vnmüglich die wasser zůbehalten, vnd also zoch er dz ab, vnd erliesz in des messens, vnd der Rector stůnd da verschampt, vnd thet sein ander frag vnd sprach. Sag mir, wie vil tag sein vergangen, von Adams zeiten bis vff disen tag. Er antwurt kurtz. Nur vii. tag, vnd so die umbhin kumen, so heben vii ander tag an dz wert bis zu end der welt. Der Rector sprach zů im, die drit frag, sag mir bald. Wie oder waran sich dz mittel in der welt halt. Vlenspiegel antwurt. Dz is dz hie, das stot recht mitten in der welt, vnd das es war sei, so lond es messen mit einer

[9] Cf. *Neudrucke deutscher Litteraturwerke des XVI und XVII Jahrhunderts;* Till Eulenspiegel (1515), Halle a S, 1885, p. xiii; also *Dr. Thomas Murners Ulenspiegel* herausgegeben von J. M. Lappenberg, Leipzig, 1854.

schnůr, vnd wa es felt vmb ein strohalm so wil ich vnrecht hon. Der rector, ee ers messen wolt, ee verliesze er Vlnspiegln der frag. Da thet er die fierd frag an Vlnspiegeln gantz in zorn vnd sprach. Sag an, wie ferre ist von der erden bis an den hymmel. Vlenspiegel der antwurt, es gat nach hie bei. Wan man redt oder rüfft in dem himel, das kan man hie niden wol hören, steigen ir hinuff, so wil ich hie niden senfft rüffen, das solt ir im himel hören, vnd hörent ir das nit, so wil ich aber vnrecht hon. Der Rector was mit im bestanden vnd fragt die fünfft frag. Wie weit der himel wer. Vlenspiegel antwurt im bald vnd sprach. Er ist tusent klafftern breit, vnnd tusent ellenbogen hoch, das mag mir nit fellen, wöllen ir das nit glauben, so nemen son, mon vnnd alles gestirn von dem himel, vnd messent es recht vber, so finden ir das ich recht hab wie wol das ir nit gern daran kumen. Was solten sie sagen, Vlenspiegel was in allen zů bescheid, vnd müsten im alle recht geben vnd er tobt nitt lang, als er die gelerten vber wunden het mit schalkheit. Da was im leid das sie etwas im zů trincken geben dardurch er zu schanden kem, des halben zoch er sich vsz dem langen rock, vnd zohe hinweg vnd kam gen Ertford.

Now, at Antwerp, where the first Dutch edition of *Till Eulenspiegel* was printed between 1520 and 1530, as well as a French translation in 1539, several other editions saw the light in the course of the sixteenth century. As has been stated, it was also at Antwerp that the second part of *Lazarillo* appeared in 1555. If the conjecture be admissable that this book was the work of some Spanish Protestant living in the Low Countries, then it becomes more than likely that its author was acquainted with the northern forerunners of the picaresque novel;[10] one of the earliest

[10] This little tale does not deserve all the scorn with which it has been treated by writers on the rogue story, for they generally content themselves with calling this yarn of "the man converted into a fish" a tissue of absurdities. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that the tale is a political satire yet to be explained; that a man-fish was once held to be a possibility and belongs to the stock of beliefs of folklore; that his experiences in the sea merely serve as a medium for the author's attack on certain political and social conditions. On the *peje Nicolás* mentioned in *Don Quixote*, cf. Clemencin's edition, note 23 to chap. 18, Pt. II; also Bowle's *Anotaciones* to his edition, II, 49; Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes de la novela*, II, p. xxxi; also the story of the Arabian Nights, which tells of the inhabitants of a submerged town, who were converted into fish, *Orígenes*, I, p. cxcv; for the story of the transformed city *Lucerna* in the third chap. of the pseudo-Turpin, cf. Gaston Paris, review of Dozy's *Recherches* in the *Romania*, vol. 11, p. 423, and Gaston Paris, *Histoire poétique de Charlemagne* (Paris, 1905), p. 269 ff.; this miracle of Saint James may have been imitated from Ovid, *Met.* viii, 620 ff., the story of Philemon and Baucis, in which the inhospitable town is converted into a marsh by the anger of Jupiter and Mercury; cf. also the transformation of human beings into frogs, bk. vi; among the adven-

and most popular was the above mentioned *Till Eulenspiegel.* Inasmuch as a full discussion of the character of the anonymous Spanish story would be out of place here, the mere comparison of the Germanic with the Spanish adventure will have to suffice; this will serve also to reveal their identity.

By tracing the above adventure farther back, it will be found that the twenty-eighth chapter (*histori*) of the biography of Till is nothing more than an adaptation of an episode from the Stricker's *Pfaff Amîs,* a mediaeval parallel to Timoneda's *patraña,* for in it a bishop and a priest play the parts which in the latter are taken by a king and an abbott. From what follows below it may be inferred that the probable source of Timoneda's tale and the Stricker's version were also related.

But let us return to the "ridículas conclusiones" which Lazarillo agrees to maintain before the rector and the assembled body of the University of Salamanca; as can be seen from the text given above, there are four of them. The first question put to Lazarillo by the rector is: "How many casks of water are there in the sea?"[11] Lazarillo gives the traditional answer: "Retain all the waters which flow into it, and I shall measure it." Second: "How many days have passed since the time of Adam?" He answers: "Seven, and when those have passed, other seven,

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tures of Alexander the Great is his descent into the sea in a kind of diving bell, where he received the homage of the fish, cf. Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction* (new ed., London, 1906), I, p. 429; for an analysis of the legendary deeds of Alexander cf. Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman* (2te Aufl., Leipzig, 1900), p. 197 ff.; for submarine adventures cf. Dunlop, *op. cit,* I, p. 307, II, 363; Dunlop-Liebrecht, *Geschichte der Prosadichtungen, etc.* (Berlin, 1851), p. 129 and note p. 478, also 351 on Sannazaro's *Arcadia.* In *The Tempest,* ii, 2, Trinculo, speaking of Caliban, seems to refer to him as a man-fish: A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man, etc.; also *The Winter's Tale,* iv, 4, 297 ff.

[11] The question in *Lazarillo*: "cuántos toneles de agua hay en la mar," and the form from which it is taken: "wy mancher om wasser im meer wer," appear to be translations of the early Latin versions which read: "quot modii aquae sunt in mari (or, quanti modii)?" which really means simply: "how much water?" and not "how many casks of water?" Cf. for example, *Anecdotes historiques, Légendes et Apologues,* tirés du receuil inédit d' Étienne de Bourbon, publiés par A. Lecoy de la Marche, Paris, 1877, no. 86, p. 81; and Vincentius Bellovacensis, *Bibliotheca mundi, Speculum morale,* I, 4, 10; nos. 45 and 46 of Appendix II.

etc." Third: "Where is the center of the world?" The reply is: "Here, where stands this hall."[12] And fourth: "What is the distance from the earth to the sky (or heaven)?" to which he answers: "It cannot be great, for singing and speaking here on earth can be heard up there." In *Till Eulenspiegel,* the source of Lazarillo, a fifth question is added, which evidently grew out of the more common fourth demand. It is: "How great is the expanse of the sky?" Till gives some figures, and bids the rector measure for himself. The same five questions exist, as was said, in Till's source, the Stricker's poem on the priest Amîs,[13] where they are contained in a frame which no doubt represents one of the earliest versions. But this was changed by the author of *Till Eulenspiegel* with the object of parodying the discussions of learned scholastic bodies, much given to that kind of thing during the Reformation. Thus, the *patraña* of Timoneda, which has no direct connection with the episode in the *Lazarillo,* is much nearer the thirteenth century version of the priest Amîs;[14] for in the latter the priest's learning is tested by a superior, and the questions are put to him under penalty of dismissal, if he fails

[12] Here again the *Lazarillo* wrongly prints *fin* for *medio* or *centro,* the usual word, and to be found in both Till Eulenspiegel and the latter's source. The answer shows that *middle* and not *end* was meant in the question.

[13] Cf. *Kolocsaer codex altdeutscher Gedichte,* Pesth, 1817; accessible also in Benecke, *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der altdeutschen Sprache und Litteratur,* Göttingen, 1810, 1832; in *The Dialogue of Solomon and Saturnus, etc.,* by John M. Kemble, London, 1848; and in *Deutsche Classiker des Mittelalters,* vol. 12: *Erzählungen und Schwänke,* herausgegben von Hans Lambel, Leipzig, 1872, p. 18. Cf. also *Archiv. für Litteraturgeschichte,* x, p. 3: "Eulenspiegel," by Karl Goedeke.

[14] Another important collection of tales in Spanish, *El Conde Lucanor,* by Don Juan Manuel, has material in common with Till Eulenspiegel and the priest Amîs; cf. *enxemplo* xxxii, "Escritores en prosa anteriores al siglo XV" (edit. Gayangos) p. 402: De lo que contescio á un rey con los burladores que ficieron el paño; *Till Eulenspiegel*: Die xxvii histori sagt wie Ulenspiegel dem Landgroffen von Hessen malet, vnd in weisz macht, wer vnelich wer der künt es nit sehen (edition 1515); *the priest Amîs, op. cit.,* vs. 509-804. The first yarn, as well as related ones, is evidently from a mediaeval fund carried from one monastery to another, and to judge by its presence in the *Conde Lucanor,* it is of oriental origin like so many others of that collection; cf. also Wolf, *Studien, etc.,* pp. 92 ff; cf. also *enxemplo* vii of *El Conde Lucanor.* Timoneda, in his *Buen Aviso* tells the story of the hermit with a jar of honey, II, 49, and also one about a painter whose painting is invisible to cuckolds (ningun cornudo la puede ver), I, 49.

to give satisfactory replies. The substitution of a third person, a servant or any one of humble station, who answers in place of his superior or employer, is probably a later invention. This may be clearer from what follows below.

The question of the source of Timoneda's fourteenth *patraña* demands brief consideration, although it may seem to involve us in that inextricable tangle of attempting to decide both the origin and the transmission of such a tale; a thing which its naïve and popular character makes well-nigh impossible. Nevertheless, a conjecture is sometimes very suggestive. The difficulty here is increased by the fact that all who have treated any form of these riddle questions have contented themselves with merely increasing the already vast number of parallels. The object of this article is to show that an examination and a comparison of the separate questions to be found in these particular tales are not only apt to reveal more about the probable history of the latter; they may also throw some light upon the peculiar form in which such riddles are usually cast.

Now, taken as a whole, the fourteenth *patraña* does not absolutely reproduce any one of the parallel versions which have come to my notice; nor would such a procedure represent Timoneda's method of copying his sources. In this particular case, either the characters are slightly different, while the questions are more or less the same; or the persons correspond, while the riddles are wholly different.[15] Where, with the exception of unimportant details, practically all of the main features are identical, it seems difficult to establish any direct connection owing to the wide separation of the nations or peoples among whom the stories were known. The latter is especially the case with a version which may be considered a possible source of Timoneda's *patraña*. It is the little tale recorded by Johannes

[15] Questions *y*, *u*, *jj*, of Appendix I (the three which occur in Timoneda) can be found together also in nos. 1, 4, 14, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 27, 31, 32 of Appendix II, on the bibliography of this tale; in four of these tales, only the three questions are found, in six another question is added, and in one there are seven in all. The variations of the four with three questions are slight, and Pauli's version (26), which is the oldest, is probably the source, direct or indirect, of them all.

Pauli, the fifty-fifth of his *Schimpf und Ernst,* printed in Strassburg in 1522. Both anecdotes are told in the same brief manner, while the salient features are identical.[16] The persons correspond as follows: Timoneda, to give his tale a more Spanish character, may intentionally have put a king in place of the nobleman (Edelman), while a cook takes the place of Pauli's swineherd. The questions are practically the same, the first and second in both being: "What is my worth (in money)?" and: "Where is the center of the world?" The third: "What am I thinking?" (in Timoneda) and: "How far apart are fortune and misfortune?" (in Pauli) receive similar replies which are prompted by the same situation, as will be seen by comparing with the tale of Timoneda given above, the anecdote of Pauli which follows:[17]

Von schimpff das lv.; Von ordenszlüten vnd guten brüdern: Vf ein zeit was ein apt der het ein edelman zu einem kastenfogt. Der edelman was dem apt nit holt, vnd kunt doch kein vrsach wider in finden, vnd beschickt den apt vnd sprach zu im. Münch du solt mir drei fragen verantwurten in dreien tagen. Zu dem ersten soltu mir sagen was du von mir haltest. Zu dem andern, wa es mitten vff dem erdtreich sei. Zu dem dritten wie weit glück vnd vnglück von einander sei. Verantwurtestu die drei fragen nit, so soltu kein apt me sein. Der apt was trurig vnd kam heim, vnd gieng vff das felt spacieren, vnd kam zu einem sawhirten, der sprach. Her ir sein gar traurig, was brist euch. Der apt sprach, das mir an ligt, da kanstu mir nit helffen. Der sawhirt sprach, wer weisz es, sagen mir es. Der apt sagt es im, die drei fragen musz ich verantwurten. Der hirt sprach, her sein guter ding vnd frölich, die fragen wil ich alle wol verantwurten, wan der tag kumpt, so legen mir ein kutten an. Der tag kam, vnd der apt mit seinem bruden kam, oder er schickt in dar in seinen namen. Der edelman sprach, eptlin bistu hie. Ya iuncker, sprach der apt. Wolan was sagstu vff die erst frag, was haltestu von mir. Der

[16] Aribau, in his edition, as well as Menéndez y Pelayo, in reprinting the fourteenth *patraña,* leaves out the words *al abbad* (no solo le confirmo el Abbadia *al Abbad*) which would mean that the king gave to the cook the position of the abbot; while this end does not agree with the version of 1576, it does with that of Pauli, in whose story the swineherd is made abbot. That the question: "what do I think" is identical with: "what is the distance between fortune and misfortune," "what is the distance to poverty," and "to whom is fortune nearest" can be seen from nos. 16, 21, 26, 29, 37 of Appendix II.

[17] Taken from vol. 85 of the *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*: *Schimpf und Ernst,* von Johannes Pauli, herausgegeben von Herman Oesterley (Stuttgart, 1866), p. 46.

apt sprach, iuncker ich schetz euch für .xxviii. pfennig. Der iuncker sprach, nit besser. Der apt hirt sprach, nein. Der iuncker sprach, warumb. Der apt sprach, darumb Cristus ward fur .xxx. pfennig geben so acht ich den keiser für .xxix. pfennig vnd euch für .xxviii. pfennig; das ist wol verantwurt. Vff die ander frag, wa ist es mitten vff dem erdtreich. Der apt sprach, mein gotzhausz ist mitten vff dem erdreich, wöllen ir es mir nit glauben, so meszen es vsz. Vff die drit frag, wie weit ist glück vnd vnglück von einander. Der apt sprach, nit weiter dan vber nacht, wan gestert was ich ein sawhirt, heüt bin ich ein apt. Der iuncker sprach, bei meinem eid, so mustu apt bleiben, vnd bleib auch also apt, er hielt aber den alten apt auch in eren als auch billich was.

Thus it may be said that the main features of these two versions correspond, though it seems a far cry from Pauli to Timoneda. Nevertheless, that Timoneda should have made use of Pauli's anecdote need not seem much more extraordinary than the undeniable indebtedness of the *Lazarillo* to *Till Eulenspiegel;* and yet it may never be possible to establish a direct relation conclusively. Pauli's book was printed more than a score of times before 1566, assuming that in that year the collection of the *patrañas* was ready for press. Within forty-five years the popular *Schwankbuch* had been re-issued in Strassburg, Augsburg, Frankfurt, and Bern, and must, therefore, have been well known to German printers. Of the relation between the latter and their compatriots in the Spanish peninsula this is not the place to speak at length.[18] But Germans were among the first to set up presses in Spain, and German and Dutch names are common among the printers of the Peninsula well into the sixteenth century. It therefore seems possible that Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst* became known to Spanish, specifically to Valencian printers, through German colleagues or partners.

[18] The names of some of the early printers, and of the places in which they set up their presses can be found in such works as Robert Proctor's *Index to the early printed books in the British Museum from the invention of printing to the year MD, with notes of those in the Bodleian library,* London, 1898; as late as 1543 Johannes Baldovinus and Johannes Mey (the latter Flemish), printing at Valencia, call themselves *natione Germanos;* cf. José E. Serrano y Morales, *Reseña histórica en forma de diccionario de las imprentas que han existido en Valencia, etc.* (Valencia, 1898-99), p. 286; cf. also *Tipografia española, etc.,* by Fray Fr. Méndez, segunda edición, etc., by D. Dionisio Hidalgo (Madrid, 1861), p. vii: Los (impresores) del siglo XV, y aun hasta la mitad del XVI, los mas eran estranjeros, como lo demuestran sus nombres y apellidos, y algunos lo declaran

This, however, was not the only channel in which German culture, and more especially literature, could have been carried into Spain. The influence of Germany and of the Netherlands upon Spanish architecture, sculpture, and wood-carving had crowded out that of France and Italy during the fifteenth century; it took root in such a way that the Peninsula could hardly boast of any distinctive Spanish art, either in that or in the following century.[19] But the introduction of the fine arts from the far north, and the coming of Dutch and German artists, was greatly facilitated by the active commerce which was carried on between Spanish and northern merchants. The presence of the latter in considerable numbers in the mercantile centers of Spain can be inferred from such passages as that in the *Lazarillo* (anonymous second part), in which Lazaro tells of his friendship for some *tudescos* in Toledo, and jovial, well-to-do people they seem to have been: "Y lo mejor desto es, que todo este tiempo, maldita la blanca Lazaro de Tormes gastó ni se la consentian gastar; antes si alguna vez yo de industria echaba mano a la bolsa fingiendo quererlo pagar, tomabanlo por afrenta, y mirabanme con alguna ira y decian: *Nite, nite, Asticot, lanz,* reprehendiendome diciendo, que do ellos estaban nadie habia de pagar blanca." (cap. i.) There is also an amusing passage in *Don Quixote,* II, 54, where Sancho, who has just left his unfortunate government of the *insula,* meets his friend, the morisco Ricote, upon the highway. The latter, it appears, had returned to Spain (which was against the law) disguised as an *aleman* or *tudesco,* and he and his companions demand *guelte* from Sancho. The scene which follows allows us to assume that Ricote's Ger-

espresamente en sus notas y escudos. Cf. also Karl Haebler, *Deutsche Buchdrucker in Spanien und Portugal,* in *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen,* xi (1894), pp. 529 ff.; at the beginning of the seventeenth century Cristóbal Suárez de Figueroa wrote: Si se alentaran los libreros españoles, y se diera cumplido fauor a las emprentas, en ninguna parte de Europa se hizieran impressiones de menos erratas, ni mas luzidas. Assi se escusaran las venidas de estrangeros, que codiciosos sobremanera introduzen quantos libros les piden, sean, o no, prohibidos; con que se seguiria tambien el ahorro de mucho dinero que se saca de España para jamas boluer a ella. (*El Pasagero,* edition of 1618, f. 73 verso).

[19] Cf. Royall Tyler, *Spain, a Study of her Life and Arts* (New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1909), pp. 86 ff.

man garb would attract no especial attention, because it was frequently seen in Spain. Moreover, are we not to infer that there existed a friendly feeling between such German travelers and the native Spaniards from the following? "De cuando en cuando juntaba alguno su mano derecha con la de Sancho, y decia: Español y tudesqui tuto uno bon compaño; y Sancho respondia: Bon compaño jura Di, y disparaba con una risa que le duraba una hora, etc." Again, pilgrimages into Spain appear to have been undertaken by Germans every year and in considerable numbers, although with the added purpose of making money; Ricote continues: "llegué á Alemania, ... dejé tomada casa en un pueblo junto á Augusta, juntéme con estos peregrinos, que tienen por costumbre de venir á España muchos dellos cada año á visitar los santuarios della, que los tienen por sus Indias y por certísima granjeria y conocida ganancia. Andanla casi toda, y no hay pueblo ninguno de donde no salgan comidos y bebidos, como suele decirse, y con un real por lo menos en dineros, y al cabo de su viaje salen con mas de cien escudos de sobra, que trocados en oro, ó ya en el hueco de los bordones, ó entre los remiendos de las esclavinas, ó con la industria que ellos pueden los sacan del reino y los pasan a sus tierras, etc." Upon the stage, too, the meaningless jargon of Spaniards disguised as Germans seems to have been a source of amusement. For example, in *El caballero del Sacramento* by Lope de Vega,[20] Don Luis and his *lacayo* Crispin appear "en habito de tudescos": *Luis*:—No seremos conocidos; Que el habito que he tomado Mucho nos ha disfrazado. *Crispin*: —Mucho encubren los vestidos, Mas si nos llegan á hablar, Pardiez, que yo quedo fresco! Que solo sé de tudesco Esto que llaman brindar. . . . Como me traten de vino, Diré *trinque non denece, Y ni te gote fertece,* Y pasaré mi camino; Y si en alguna ocasion Tales el tiempo las fragua, Me convidaren con agua. . . . *Luis*:—Qué diras? *Crispin*:—*Niti fiston.* *Luis*:—Tu vienes bien instruido. (The last being, of course, *niet verstaan* or *nicht*

[20] In the edition of the Spanish Academy: *Obras de Lope de Vega,* with prefaces by Menéndez y Pelayo, Madrid, 1890-1902, 13 vols.; cf. vol. 8, p. 467.

verstanden.) In the *Diablo cojuelo*[21] we find another *tudesco,* though the usual nonsense which is spoken, *nitesgut,* is put into the mouth of an Englishman, perhaps by an oversight of the printer. Finally, the *diccionario de autoridades* has *gueltre* (last edition, *guelte*), money, which it calls "voz de los Rufianes." If the word had really become a part of the rogues' vocabulary, it could have done so only through the presence of numerous German traders.

Further relations[22] between Germany and Spain were brought about by the important financial aid which not only Spanish rulers, but also mercantile life in general, received from wealthy Germans. We need but recall the phrase in *Don Quixote,* "quisiera ser un Fucar," II, 23, to be reminded of the power of the Fugger family of Augsburg. Moreover, how Germans and Spaniards fought together in France and Italy in the early sixteenth century; or how, in the growth of the German book market, at the beginning of the seventeenth, the importation of Spanish works[23] by way of Munich has a share, need not be dwelt upon here. But it cannot be supposed that the large number of foreigners who were drawn to Spain because of all these activities, came without any books in their own tongue. What could be more probable than that they brought with them some *libros de entretenimiento* from their own land? Finally, it may be mentioned that many foreign works came to Spain by way of the Netherlands, which played a significant part in these international relations. Indeed, in the sixteenth century, the Low Countries were the most cosmopolitan part of Europe, and the intermingling of languages must have been striking within their boundaries; there certain districts were inhabited by a mixed French or Flemish population, while in others the Dutch subjects were

[21] Cf. the edition by D. Adolfo Bonilla y San Martin in the new series *Bibliófilos Madrileños* (Madrid, Imprenta de Fortanet, 1910), p. 206; here the derivation of *nitesgut* is given as *naughty guest,* but there can be no doubt that the word is merely garbled Dutch or German.

[22] Cf. A. Farinelli, *Spanien und die Spanische Literatur im Lichte der Deutschen Kritik und Poesie* (Berlin, 1892), pp. 14, 40.

[23] Cf. Wilhelm Scherer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Litteratur,* 7te Auflage, p. 316.

controlled by Italian and German soldiers garrisoned in towns which were governed by Spanish authorities. Thus to writers and printers especially the Low Countries must have been an intellectual or literary clearing-house, through which, by means of both translations and oral transmission, the products of one nation became known to the other.

It was, therefore, much more possible for a bookseller, who, like Timoneda, was also author and editor, to be in touch with many kinds of people, and to make use of all available material. The above circumstances could, at all events, give more weight to the conjecture that Timoneda may have heard from foreign acquaintances some of the anecdotes told in German *Schwankbücher* which were so popular in northern Europe in his day.[24]

It may be contended, however, that we are hardly getting out of the realm of theory in dealing with the sources of these trifling jests. Thus a Croatian story recorded in our own times, as well

[24] There are in all 26 stories in Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst* which are related to tales in the collections of Timoneda. Of the 26, seven bear enough resemblance to the Spanish versions to be called identical; they are, Pauli (edition cited above) no. 55 (the three questions) = Timoneda, *patraña* 14; Pauli 351 (robber complains to Alexander that big thieves catch little ones) = *Sobremesa*, I, 57; Pauli 435 (father dupes ungrateful children) = *Buen Aviso*, I, 26; Pauli 503 (bed of debtor who sleeps well must be comfortable) = *Sobremesa* I, 70; Pauli 507 (Alexander vows to cut off the head of the first person who crosses the bridge) = *Buen Aviso* I, 39; Pauli 7, of appendix, 234 of Strassburg edition, 1533 (man converses with fish at table) = *Buen Aviso* II, 3; Pauli 34, of appendix, 511 of Strassburg edition, 1538, (thief robs priest while trying on a garment) = *Sobremesa* I, 34; Pauli tells the latter story as one originally German, for he begins: Zu Franckfurt inn der Mesz begabe sich, etc. Of these Timoneda could have heard some repeated (nos. 7, 34, 55, for example) by foreign colleagues acquainted with Pauli's book. Seven others are fairly identical, and retain the main features of the story; they are: Pauli 210 (honest wife thought that all husbands have a bad breath) = *Buen Aviso* I, 68; Pauli 364 (man runs off to save his ears, pursuer wants partridges [hühner]) = *Sobremesa* II, 51; Pauli 412 (painter paints by day, begets at night) = *Buen Aviso* I, 60; Pauli 502 (resemblance between Emperor and boy: Was your mother ever in Rome? No, but my father was.) = *Sobremesa* I, 60; Pauli 508 (Alexander vows to destroy the city of Lampsacus) = *Sobremesa* II, 17; Pauli 517 (man claims to be King's brother because we are all brothers) = *Buen Aviso* II, 85; Pauli 595 (drowning woman by signs proves her obstinacy) = *Buen Aviso* II, 52. Twelve others are more or less related and must be included in the same bibliography; they are: Pauli, 16 of appendix (man about to hang himself from a beam pulls out treasure concealed behind it) = *Buen Aviso* II, 101; Pauli 48 (payment by clink of coins) = *Sobremesa* II, 58; Pauli 57 (story of the crane with one leg) = *Sobremesa* II, 45; Pauli 115 (man who has lost his money claims more than finder produces and gets

as a Sicilian variant, are both like Timoneda's fourteenth *patraña* as regards the personages, and if we are to consider them as tales honestly gathered out of actual oral tradition, we behold in them merely another manifestation of the survival of a brief narrative under the surface of that uninterrupted current of fiction. Two other versions which have been considered as possible sources of Timoneda can hardly have any direct relation with the fourteenth *patraña*. They are the fourth story of Sacchetti[25] and the eighth canto of Teofilo Folengo's *Orlandino*. Sachetti's story belongs to the same group of folktales; nevertheless, of its three personages only the abbots are identical, while but one question out of Sacchetti's four is found in Timoneda. Besides, the latter could have seen the Italian stories only in a manuscript form, for, though written in the fourteenth, they were not printed until the eighteenth century.[26] The *Orlandino* is also very unlike Timoneda,[27] and much closer to Sacchetti in

nothing) = *patraña* 6; Pauli 141 (boast of the Roman mother) = *Buen Aviso* I, 44; Pauli 142 (wife who always did opposite of what husband asked floats up stream when drowned) = *Sobremesa* I, 1; Pauli 206 (trial of wife's chastity [la boca de la verdad]) = *patraña* 4; Pauli 395 (the boy in the Senate and the spread of a secret told to a woman) = *Buen Aviso* I, 55; Pauli 436 (son treats father shabbily, grandson prepares to do same with his father) = *Buen Aviso* II, 74; Pauli 470 (husband marries shrew to learn lesson of patience; he keeps silent) = *Buen Aviso* I, 42 (shrew, to be cured, is taught to keep silence); Pauli 478 (you are master of your tongue, I of my ears [you may talk, but I do not have to listen]) = *Sobremesa* I, 25; Pauli 506 (Emperor gives poet verses as payment for verses [with the added touch that the poet pays the Emperor]) = *Buen Aviso* I, 36 (covetous poet is paid for verses by other verses for which the king had paid a hundred escudos); this also recalls the fifth story by Juan Aragonés in which the king gives a *rabano* for a *membrillo*. Another of Pauli 614 (porter demands one-half of the reward and gets a beating) is the third of Juan Aragonés. Occasionally Pauli (ex. 143) closes with a verse as does Timoneda. What seems to be a unique copy of the *Buen Aviso y Portacuentos* by Timoneda is in the possession of the Hispanic Society of America, and I hope to reprint it in the near future.

[25] Ticknor suggests this source; cf. Ticknor-Julius, II, 241 & note. Sacchetti, in the second version of his story mentions a cook and a gardener among the servants who are consulted by the abbot. In tales printed subsequently, the gardener is found as rarely as the cook, and both probably owe their existence to Sacchetti.

[26] At Florence, 1724.

[27] K. Pietsch, in *Modern Philology*, v, no. 1 (July, 1907), "Notes on Spanish Folklore," calls attention to the similarity between Folengo and Torres Naharro, in that both give "the distance from earth to heaven" as *un salto*, which, however, as a rime-word may be purely accidental.

its details. It may be noted, however, that in the *Orlandino,* as well as in the Spanish *patraña,* a "cook"[28] answers the questions for the abbot, a coincidence which is not enough to offset the numerous differences which exist otherwise.

If Timoneda was not acquainted with any of the versions mentioned, we are forced to infer that he copied his tale in accordance with his usual methods from some source not yet pointed out, possibly from some one of the numerous Italian *novellieri.* It is hard to believe[29] that he gleaned it from a local oral tradition; that was not Timoneda's custom. Not only he, but other collectors of folktales have in so many cases given us merely a slightly modified version of some tale which had already been preserved in print.

II

THE CUSTOM OF ASKING RIDDLE QUESTIONS

Owing to their naïve character, their power of stimulating the curiosity of idle listeners, riddles, enigmas, and "hard questions," to use the Biblical term, have played a considerable part in folktale and legend the world over. But the process by which fiction came to make use of a series of puzzling questions cast in a definite framework was no doubt a slow one, and must have become universal only in the course of many centuries. While it is impossible to speak conclusively of the origin of riddles, the evidence of fiction and folklore indicates that the habit of propounding them received an impetus from a custom extremely common among oriental peoples.[30] Nevertheless, though they still frequently bear the stamp of a tradition brought from the east, the form in which they are cast quite generally shows the influence of purely occidental society, of the religion or philosophy of Christian Europe. This is espec-

[28] The cook occurs only five or six times in these scores of parallel tales; cf. 12, 15, 28 (29), 31, 35, bibliographical appendix II.

[29] Cf. Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes, etc.,* II, p. lvi.

[30] Cf. G. Maspero, *Les Contes populaires de L'Égypte ancienne,* 3me édition, etc., Paris, s.a., p. xxv.

ially the case with such a yarn as that of Timoneda. But, even so, it would be impossible to explain the wide currency of enigmas, riddles and the like, if every race had not always taken pleasure in some form of mental gymnastics, or exercise of the wits. So it need not seem strange that a test of intelligence through the solution of enigmatic questions is also to be found in the earliest Germanic tradition.[31]

In this particular custom, however, the races of the Levant, Persians, Arabs and Jews, have always predominated.[32] A starting-place for brief consideration of this custom may be found in the Old Testament (I Kings, 10), according to which the Queen of Sheba sought out Solomon to try him with hard questions. What these were is not stated; they may have touched matters of philosophy and natural history, or the like. But legends of subsequent eras, notably of the early Middle Ages, invented what thereupon passed into fiction as the actual questions of the queen, and the answers given by Solomon. Be this as it may, the episode was of influence, having been strengthened at an early date by Jewish traditions according to which Solomon's name was connected with the gift of solving riddles.[33] Then confusion arose: instead of representing Solomon as one who pronounces sound judgment or answers hard questions, on the basis of the Book of Kings, fiction makes of him the propounder

[31] Cf. Karl Simrock, *Handbuch der deutschen Mythologie* (ed. 3, Bonn, 1869), pp. 249 ff.; on the *Traugemundeslied* cf. A. Koberstein, *Geschichte der deutschen Nationallitteratur* (6te umgearbeitete Auflage von Karl Bartsch, Leipzig, 1884), vol. I, p. 258: das . . . . mit seinen Fragen und Antworten, seinen aufgegebenen und gelösten Räthseln das volksmässige Gegenbild zu dem Meistersängerischen Räthselspiel im Wartburger Kreise abgibt; also the *Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie* (Strassburg, 1893), II, 1, p. 371.

[32] How common a trial of the wits is in oriental literatures is clear from some of the bibliographical material given on pp. 198 ff. of *Die Reise der Söhne Giaffers* aus dem Italienischen, etc., herausgegeben von H. Fischer und J. Bolte, Tübingen, 1895, vol. 208 of the *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart.* Cf. also: *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde,* ii (1892), p. 296: "Sagenschriftliche Parallelen aus dem babylonischen Talmud," by S. Singer, the reference being to a *Rätselwettkampf.*

[33] Cf. J. B. Friedreich, *Geschichte des Räthsels* (Dresden, 1860), p. 70; Wilhelm Hertz, *Gesammelte Abhandlungen,* Stuttgart und Berlin, 1905, "Die Räthsel der Königin von Saba," p. 413; Calderón, *La Sibila del Oriente y gran Reina de Sabá.*

of *aenigmata*, possibly upon the basis of the wisdom expressed in his proverbs (i, verse 6). This was no doubt so, because a wise, aphoristic saying, or a striking maxim was supposed to demand something of the cleverness displayed in solving an enigma.

But the legend of Solomon, who became a character in mediaeval fiction, was far from being the only means through which certain riddle questions became current. Similar stories, well known in the Orient, which turned upon a trial of brains, that is, upon the answers to difficult questions, have been the most common vehicles by which riddles or enigmas got into occidental folktales.[34] Among the earliest collections made, an excellent example of this fact will be found in the *Cento novelle antiche*, some of which show oriental influence in so far as they turn on the exercise of the wits.[35] Many of the "hard questions," however, which have the ear-marks of antiquity, lead us to suppose that their solution was looked upon as a serious task. Thus, several riddle questions which appear in European folktales in a naïve or burlesque tone are found in oriental or classical literature in a form which does not permit us to put a humorous construction upon them; first propounded in ancient times, they reappear in the Middle Ages or in the Renascence with no vestige of the circumstances under which they originated. The

[34] Maxims and, no doubt, riddles ascribed to Solomon were at an early date a part of the storehouse of fiction in the convents to which wandering monks or friars could bring what they had gleaned in other lands. Thus the *Ruodlieb*, which has been called the earliest romance of the Middle Ages, shows a surprising abundance of these elements of fiction which must have been widely known at that time. Precisely some of the popular maxims attributed to Solomon are mentioned by the author of that poem. Cf. *Ruodlieb, etc.*, herausgegeben von H. Seiler (Halle a.S., 1882), p. 45 ff.; and Aristotle also was put by the romancers of the Middle Ages into the same category of sages who dispense wisdom as did Solomon, for the maxims which he teaches Alexander are much the same as those of the King of Israel. Cf. Chassang, *Histoire du Roman dans l'antiquité, etc.*, (Paris, 1862), p. 459.

[35] Cf. for example, no. 101, the tale of the clever smith who gets the better of Emperor Frederick; in *Die Hundert alten Erzählungen*, deutsch von Jacob Ulrich, in *Romanische Meistererzähler*, (Leipzig, 1905), an excellent rendering of the *cento novelle antiche*.

best example of this is to be found in the *Moralia* of Plutarch.[36]

In the *Banquet of the Seven Sages,* which forms a portion of that work, we are told of the custom which Amasis, king of the Egyptians, had, of sending an ambassador to Bias, one of the Wise Men of Greece, with a hard question which the latter was to answer. This affords more evidence of what must have been a common oriental custom, namely to propound difficult riddles for the sake of the mere intellectual satisfaction to be derived from their solution. Plutarch does not tell us to what extent we are to consider as a hoax the episode according to which one king submits to another a puzzling enigma, with the condition that failure to give the correct answer is to entail the loss of several cities on the part of the vanquished. His narrative is conceived in a serious tone, and is important to the matter in hand. It is as follows.

Diocles (p. 327) is talking of the guests who are going to the banquet:—"a third there was, who bare us company, to wit Niloxenus of Naucratia, a man of good worth, and one who had been familiarly acquainted with Solon and Thales before-time in Aegypt, and as then was he sent a second time unto Bias, but wherefore, himselfe knew not, unlesse (as hee suspected) it were to bring unto him a second question inclosed and sealed within a packet; for this charge and commandement he had: that if Bias refused and would not take upon him to assoile and expound the same, he should show it to the wisest Sages of the Greeks. Then began Niloxenus: An happy feast (quoth he) is this to me (my masters), and unexpected, wherein I shall finde you all together, for I carrie with me thither a packet as you see, and with that he shewed it unto us: then (quoth Thales smiling) if you have therein any hard and untoward question to bee dissolved, cary it again to Pyrene, for Bias will declare

[36] From the pleasing translation: The Philosophie commonlie called The Morals written by the learned Philosopher Plutarch of Chaeronea. Translated out of Greek into English, etc. (London, 1603); *The Banquet of the Seven Sages,* p. 325. The Spanish version reads: *Morales de Plutarcho,* traduzidos de lengua Griega en Castellana. Por el Secretario Diego Gracian etc. Va de nueuo afiadida la quarta parte que nunca ha sido impressa. Salamanca, 1571, f. 240: combite de los siete Sabios.

the meaning thereof like as he assoiled the former." The enigma was: take out the best and the worst part of a sheep about to be sacrificed, and send it to me,—and he sent the *tongue*. Later the subject of the letter of Amasis to Bias is taken up again (p. 330): "Diocles, how hapneth it that you tell not Bias, that your friend and guest Niloxenus of Naucratia is come from beyond sea a second time, sent from his lord the King unto him with new questions and riddles for to assoile, to the end that he may take knowledge of them while he is sober." Apart from several riddles and questions propounded at the banquet, the enigma of Amasis is all that concerns us here. The king's letter follows (p. 331): "Amasis, King of the Aegyptians, unto Bias, the wisest Sage of all the Greekes, sendeth greeting. So it is, that the King of the Aethiopians is entred into contestation and contention with me, as touching wisdom; and being in all other propositions put down by me and found my inferior, in the end after all, he hath imposed upon me a commandement very strange, wonderfull, and hard to be performed, willing me forsoothe to drinke up the whole sea. Now if I may compasse the solution of this riddle and dark question, I shall gaine thereby many townes, villages and cities of his: but in case I cannot assoile the same, I must yeeld unto him all my cities within the country Elephantine, etc." Bias answers (p. 332): "Let him send word to the Aethiopian King, and enjoine him to stay the course of all rivers that discharge themselves into the sea, untill he have drunke up in the meane time all the water in the sea that is now at this present; for of that only his demand and commandement is to be understood, and not of the sea that shall be hereafter." The questions submitted by Amasis to the King of the Aethiopians were: "What thing in the whole world is eldest? What is the fairest? What the greatest? What most wise? What most common? What most profitable? What most hurtfull? What most puissant? What most easie?"[37] The solutions sent by the King of the Aethi-

[37] For the same questions in a very different setting see Chassang. *op. cit.*, p. 171.

opians are considered inadequate, and better ones substituted by the Sages. Amasis can thus claim that his own questions have been incorrectly answered, and that he may consequently retain his cities.

In such cases as the above, the penalty of failure to show wit enough to give the correct answer seems out of all proportion to the nature of the shortcoming. But serious narratives very frequently agree with the legends, tales and folklore in this respect: the penalty is the severest possible. In the realm of the folktale this result might seem to violate the naïve or humorous tone of the story,[38] but it must be remembered that the nursery looks upon bloody violence with great approval. Thus the king in the fairy story could say threateningly to the little shepherd, "guess how many hairs I have in my beard, and be quick about it, or off goes your head," and many a youthful listener will consider the act as a delightful and commendable proceeding. In *Apollonius of Tyre*[39] we are told of the enigma which Antiochus propounded to all who sought in marriage the hand of his daughter. Here, too, the penalty of failure was death, and the episode of the old romance allows us to infer what may, in some cases, have been the origin of so severe a punishment. The solution of the riddle led to the discovery of some crime committed by the propounder, and the mere attempt to solve it was a menace to be met by the severest penalty. This feature became wide-spread in the folktale in which failure to answer a question is frequently punished by confiscation of the culprit's possessions, his utter disgrace, or even his death. In an early form of the riddle legend in Greece, for example, in the

[38] For examples of this penalty (death) see the bibliographical appendix, nos. 7, 8, 10, 13, 21 (variant), 28, 36, 40, etc.

[39] Cf. E. Rohde, *op. cit.*, for this romance, pp. 436 ff.; Shakespeare's *Pericles;* Timoneda, *patraña oncena;* on the solution of riddles and the conditions exacted from suitors, cf. Rohde, p. 448, n.; in this connection see *el Conde Lucanor, exemplo L,* in which the wife of a vassal of Saladin will not comply with his desires before he has answered the question which she puts to him: "cuál era la mejor cosa que home podria haber en si?"

story of Oedipus, the proper solution resulted in the death of the Sphinx that put the riddle.[40]

Furthermore, romances and legends which were gathered and embroidered in the Middle Ages and which have their fountain-head in antiquity, tell us of Alexander's youth; how he was able to answer difficult questions, chiefly of a philosophical nature, put to him by his masters. And an apocryphal life of Homer repeats the story that the great poet, being unable to solve an enigma propounded to him by some fishermen, actually died of chagrin.[41] This, again, seems like reducing the serious nature of riddles to the absurd, but may serve as evidence of the frequency with which this feature occurs. In all this, however, there can be no doubt that the chief incentive to this peculiar exercise of the wits came from the Orient.

The practice includes also a fondness for intellectual fencing in which quick-wittedness serves, not to solve a riddle, but to answer hard questions or to win in any intricate discussion of learned topics. Of this, the old tale of the Maid Theodora (*la doncella Teodor*)[42] is an excellent example. This is an oriental story in character, and has all the marks of an ancient origin. A version may be found in the Arabian Nights' tales, and the narrative is best characterized as a collection of riddle ques-

[40] This feature which survives in romances of antiquity, in the Greek and Byzantine novel, is found also in mediaeval fiction and in that of the early Renascence. Cf. Boiardo, *Orlando, etc.*, I, 5, 69 & 70; Chassang, *op. cit.*, p. 439.

[41] Cf. W. Hertz, *op. cit.*, pp. 357 ff., an extremely erudite piece of work; R. Koehler, *Kleinere Schriften*, vol. I, p. 87; if one were to interpret this death of Homer merely from the standpoint of popular superstitions or beliefs, one would say that the poet could not survive the *ordeal* of solving an enigma, because he had lost *the possessing spirit* which inspired him. In the most primitive forms of culture the gift of answering riddles or solving enigmas must be connected with the beliefs of animism and fetishism; any one peculiarly endowed with quick-wittedness was held to be under the protection of some spirit.

[42] Cf. *Homenaje á D. Francisco Codera, etc.* (Zaragoza, 1904), *La Doncella Teodor, etc.*, by Menéndez y Pelayo, pp. 483 ff.; and *Origenes, etc., op. cit.*, I, pp. lix ff.; *Wiener Jahrbücher, etc.*, cxxii, p. 122, containing Ferdinand Wolf's discussion of the subject; *Sitzungsberichte der Königlichen Bayerischen Akademie*, den 6ten Juni, 1863; Koehler, *op. cit.*, vol. III, p. 28; H. Knust, *Mittheilungen aus dem Eskurial*, in vol. 141 of the *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart* (Tübingen, 1879), pp. 507, 613.

tions and answers. The framework is very slight, and merely offers an opportunity for those subtleties of wit of which the Eastern mind is so fond. The clever maiden Tawaddud offers herself for sale to the Caliph Harun al-Rashid for an exorbitant price,[43] in order to replenish the purse of her ruined master, Abu al-Husn. She claims to possess unusual attainments, and to prove her worth she agrees to take part in an intellectual duel with certain wise men, who test her wits with hard questions. Her examiners broach questions of astrology, physiology, philosophy, in short, matters in which folklore also plays a large part. The maiden naturally defeats her interlocutors on every point. In the Spanish version the original oriental form is much modified; numerous features indicate that the novel was taken from a mediaeval Christian version which made use of the original frame merely to introduce scholastic disputes, so common among the learned bodies of the schools and monasteries.

The *doncella Teodor* has parallels in many popular tales in which a maiden cleverly solves enigmas, or answers hard questions. Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis* (first book), tells of the daughter of a knight,[44] who, by answering three questions, saves her father from death and the loss of all his possessions. Gower adds that the tale was told of a Spanish king, Alphonse, a knight, Danz Petro, and of the latter's daughter, Peronelle, and it may be presumed that he got it from some French or Latin source. The questions which the girl answers have a purely scholastic character. A similar tale is included in the *Gesta Romanorum*,[45] in which an emperor demands of a knight the correct answers to certain questions under penalty of death, but

[43] Cf. *The Book of the thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by Sir R. F. Burton (Library Edition), vol. 4, p. 144 ff., Abu al-Husn and his slave-girl, Tawaddud.

[44] Cf. *The Complete Works of John Gower, etc.*, by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. (Oxford, 1901), vol. II, p. 119 ff., *Tale of the three questions;* it would be interesting to find Gower's source. A historical *Peronelle* before Gower's time was *Petronila*, daughter and heiress to Ramiro el Monje, King of Aragon; she married in 1137 Ramón Berenguer IV, Count of Barcelona. Zurita, in his *Anales de la Corona de Aragón*, speaks of her at length.

[45] Cf. Appendix II, no. 41, and Kemble, *op. cit.*, pp. 319 ff.

the questions there put show contamination with other current versions belonging to the domain of the folktale.

These are, thus far, some examples of tales in which riddle questions are seriously propounded. It may now be worth while to consider the history of some of the riddles mentioned above, as far as they can be traced through the centuries.

III

SOME RIDDLE QUESTIONS

Side by side with the oriental story which uses the riddle question as a serious exercise of the wits, the folktale may be found, which preserves in mock seriousness the apparent profundity of the questions, and the severe penalty in case of failure to give a satisfactory response. The familiarity of the people with that kind of anecdote of which Timoneda's *patraña* is a good example was due to two cogent reasons: the tale was not only capable of infinite variety, of affording amusement to old and young alike, but it could be used with countless others of its class by preachers and humanists in their oral teachings and writings. How some of these riddles could serve the purpose of teacher or preacher in school or pulpit, will be clearer when we have examined the particular questions to be found in *Lazarillo de Tormes,* and in the *patraña* of Timoneda.

They are, to begin with the earliest version: first, "how many casks of water are there in the sea?" with the variants: "how many drops of water,[46] or simply, "how much water does the sea contain?" or, instead of a question, the task is set to drink up the sea. Another is: "what is the depth of the sea?" It is probable that the task to drink up the whole sea represents the oldest form. It occurs, as we saw, in Germanic mythology, as well as in Plutarch's *Banquet of the Seven Sages,* at which Bias hits upon the proper solution for the king of the Egyptians who had been asked to drink up the whole sea, or lose some of his

[46] An outgrowth of these questions is: "how many seconds are there in eternity?" which can be found together with them; cf. no. 56 of the Appendix, II.

cities. Plutarch no doubt took this proposition from genuine oriental tradition.[47] Its reappearance in fiction of Persian and Arabic origin is sufficient evidence of that fact, although the frame in which it has survived in those languages may be ascribed to a later date. Thus, it occurs in the Arabian Nights, in the story of the Sharpers and the Sandalwood-seller, who plays at forfeits with them and is beaten; he is given the choice of either drinking up the sea, or of losing his wealth.[48] It is found also in *el Libro de los engaños y los asayamientos de las mugeres* (13th century),[49] in the related books of the Seven Wise Men, such as the Greek *Syntipas*, the Hebrew *Mischle Sinbad*, the *Sindibad nameh*, and others. How the solution of this question came to be attributed to Aesop in the *Vita Esopi fabulatoris* (14th century) is hard to say, unless the author Planudes took the idea from Plutarch's Banquet, at which Aesop is present.[50] On that occasion, however, Bias is the wise man

[47] Cf. *Mischle Sindbad, Secundus Syntipas*, edirt, emendirt und erklärt von D. Paulus Cassel (3te Auflage, Berlin, 1891), pp. 158 ff.; several elements of the tale in which is mentioned the task of "drinking up the sea" are of Indian (buddhistic) origin; cf. also p. 173 and note.

[48] It is a part of the following tale: Of a King and of his son, and the damsel and the seven weezeers. Cf. Lane's translation, *One thousand and one Nights* (London, 1841), vol. 3, p. 178; and that of Sir R. F. Burton, *op. cit.*, edited by Smithers in 12 volumes, vol. 5, London, 1894, p. 115: "I played at forfeits with a man today and beat him, and quoth I to him: 'If thou drink the sea, I will give thee all my wealth'." . . . "and he will, he may worst thee." "How so?" . . . "He hath but to say, hold for me the mouth of the sea in thine hand, and give it to me and I will drink it."

[49] Publícalo Adolfo Bonilla y San Martin, in the *Bibliotheca hispanica*, (Barcelona and Madrid, 1904), p. 62 ff.; cf. also Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes, etc., op. cit.*, vol. I, p. xxv ff.; Domenico Comparetti, *Researches respecting the Book of Sindibad*, in *The Folklore Society* (London, 1882); for the *Syntipas* translated from the Greek, cf. Ulrich, *Romanische Schelmennovellen* (Leipzig, 1905), p. xxxiii. The answer given to the task of "drinking up the sea," as found in the Arabian Nights is probably not the original one, but a literary variant of the one found in Plutarch and in the *Libro de los Engaños;* "vieda tu que non entre en ella rrio nin fuente que non cayga en la mar; estonçes la beuere" (p. 63).

[50] Cf. *Steinhöwels Äsop*, herausgegeben von H. Oesterley, *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*, vol. 117 (Tübingen, 1873): *Vita Esopi fabulatoris clarissimi, etc.*, wherein Aesop solves the problem of drinking up the sea in the usual way, p. 58; for further questions and apt replies, cf. p. 70; for a detailed reference to Planudes (14th century), author of the *vita Esopi*, cf. *Archiv. für Slavische Litteratur*, vol. 7, p. 88; also *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, n.F., vol. 5, p. 468.

who suggests the solution. The representation of Aesop as a shrewd fellow, capable of finding loopholes out of difficulties, is a mediaeval development.

The solution of this hard task quite universally is: stop all the streams which flow into the sea, and I will drink it up.[51]

The circumstances under which the task is set in the account of Plutarch may approximate more than any other the form and conditions under which the question was first propounded; fiction, however, could have been influenced very little by that narrative on account of its serious character. But the version of the tale as it exists in the Arabian Nights and related stories, which originally came from the Orient and puts the riddle into the mouth of a rogue or sharper,[52] must have been responsible for its presence in so many folktales of the Occident. All variants of the question, and they are not many, considering the vagaries of oral transmission, may be easily explained from the first form of the oriental tale. To all forms[53] of the riddle,

[51] The occurrence of the question—but without a solution—in Germanic mythology (cf. note 31 above and no. 70, appendix II), seems like a mere coincidence. The Norse tale has nothing in common with other versions; above all, the task of drinking the sea is left unsolved. Thor, in some games with his companions, is set this task which he cannot perform.

[52] Cf. *The Tale of Beryn, etc.*, re-edited by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone, with an English abstract of the French original and Asiatic versions of the tale, by W. A. Clouston (London, 1887). The probable origin of this tale was some version of the Seven Wise Men; cf. also Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction*, II, p. 168; the tale of Beryn has been reprinted from the Chaucer Society edition by the Early English Text Society, extra series cv, London, 1909.

[53] An interesting variant is that of Wuk Stephanowitsch (Karadschitsch) *Volksmärchen der Serben* (Berlin, 1854), no. xxv: von dem Mädchen das an Weisheit den Kaiser übertraf. I quote from Du Méril, *Études sur quelques points d'archéologie et d'histoire littéraire* (Paris and Leipzig, 1862), p. 492: enfin [l'Empereur] prit un petit verre, le donna au pauvre homme, et parla ainsi: "Porte ce verre à ta fille, et commande-lui de me vider la mer au plus vite; j'ai envie de m'y promener à pied sec." Le pauvre homme obéit en pleurant, et remit le verre à sa fille; mais elle le consola et l'assura qu'elle satisferait l'Empereur. Le lendemain matin, elle appela son père, et l'envoya porter une livre d'étoupe à l'Empereur. "Tu lui diras qu'il doit d'abord étouper tous les ruisseaux et tous les fleuves de la terre, après quoi je viderai la mer." The answer to the question: "how many casks of water are there in the sea?" namely, "one cask, if it is large enough," is a late popular development; the same is true of the question: "how many ladders will reach the sky?" with the answer: "one if long enough"; and (*Pauli*, 96), how many fox-tails will reach to the sky? cf. note 70, p. 218.

except one, the answer is the same as that given above; and the exception, "what is the depth of the sea?" is usually answered by: "a stone's throw."[54]

The last question: "how deep is the sea?" suggested another which is often found with it, as in *Lazarillo*: "how high is the sky?" Other variants are, "what is the distance between earth and heaven?" or, "how far is it from heaven to hell?" the answers being given either in measures of time or of distance.[55] Lazarillo's answer, "that the distance is equal to the space through which the human voice can be heard," was suggested by the teaching of the priests, that God can hear our songs of praise and our prayers; while the more common answer, that the distance is not a day's journey, since Christ said "today shalt thou be with me in paradise," is taken from the Gospel according to Luke.

A subject of discussion fit for scholastic disputes was the question regarding the age of the world, which in *Lazarillo* and its sources takes the form: "how many days have passed since Adam lived?"[56] In serious disquisitions Old Testament chronology was frequently cited authoritatively, but the answer in *Lazarillo* was no doubt intended to parody such questions,[57] as

[54] Cf. *The Demaundes joyous,* Kemble, *op. cit.,* pp. 287, 315: "what space is from ye hyest space of the se to the depest? But a stone's cast."

[55] Cf. nos. 4, 7, 12, 15, 17, 21, 28, 29, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 of the bibliographical Appendix, II. Different forms of this question are: "how far is it from the east to the west?" "what is the length and breadth of the world?" "what is the expanse of the sky?" Cf. nos. 2, 12, 52, 60, 62, 63.

[56] Cf. *Erzählungen und Schwänke, op. cit.* (note 13 above), p. 13, on the time which has elapsed since Adam's day, and on the distance between heaven and earth; for the serious type of question with regard to Adam see: Las quatrocientas respuestas a otras tantas preguntas, quel Illustrissimo señor don Fadrique enrriquez Almirante de Castilla y otras personas embiaron a preguntar en diuersas vezes al autor no nombrado, etc. [Valladolid] 1550; folio xxiii, pregunta xxxviii: Qual persona viuio mas en este mundo? respuesta; fueron los años de Adam nouecientos y mas otros treynta con ellos: tambien viuio quatrocientos el Mathusalem, etc.; cf. also chap. 5, of the book of Genesis with its sums of years.

[57] For a parody on scholastic disputes, cf. the 29th tale of the *cento novelle antiche:* how some wise astrologers had a dispute concerning the empyrean. See also Pauli, *op cit.,* xcvii, civ, cv, cvii. In *El Crotalón* the false learning of academic circles is satirized to show how ridiculous their serious arguments were at times: cf. Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes,* II, *op. cit.,* p. 192.

had been the case in the early version of the *priest Amîs*. The answer, therefore, is given as: "seven days, and when those have passed, another seven, and so forth." The riddle belongs to a large group of questions which deal with time, space and distance in connection with the earth and the sky.

The riddle question: "where is the center of the earth?"[58] which occurs in both *Lazarillo* and in Timoneda is related to an old subject not so much of a geographical as a theological character, and belongs to early Christian doctrine. The variants of the question: "where is the earth heaviest?" "where is the earth's center of gravity?" or the scholastic form: "where is the earth higher than the sky?"[59] probably had as the original answer: "where Christ's body was buried."[60] After the question had become current in popular fiction, the answer became quite generally: "the church is the center of the world." In tales in which monks and abbots play the chief parts, their own local church is given as the center, probably because it held the body of Christ in the Sacrament. And at a much later date, during the Renascence, when it was finally admitted that the world was round, the answer became: "the center is here where I am standing, because the earth is a sphere."

A riddle question which exists independently and whose original frame may be inferred from various similar legends is the first in Timoneda: "what is my worth?" The earliest version which was used by priests in their teaching was something like the following:—A wealthy and arrogant emperor who represents earthly splendor commands a humble squire to tell him how great he deems his, the emperor's worth. The squire, or some one of mean rank, answers: "Our Lord and Saviour was valued at thirty silver-pieces; would you rate yourself at more than twenty-nine?" The emperor thereupon with due humility admits the insignificance of all power in this world.[61] The ques-

[58] It also got into the *Babylonian Talmud*: cf. note 32: *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde*, vol. 2 (1892), p. 296.

[59] *Ubi est terra altior omni coelo?* cf. Jacobi a Voragine, *Legenda aurea*, etc., edited by Graesse (Dresden and Leipzig, 1846), cap. II, no. 9, p. 19.

[60] Cf. Kemble, *op. cit.*, p. 315.

[61] Cf. nos. 42, 43, 44, Appendix II.

tion was later absorbed by folktales in which there is but little left to show its original moral purpose.[62]

The last question in Timoneda: "what do I think?"[63] can be explained only in connection with the frame in which it is found, that is, it has a point only when it turns on mistaken identity. The one obliged to answer the question put to him within a given time lacks the wit to do so satisfactorily, and sends for an inferior who takes his place in disguise. Thus the question: "what do I think?" came to be answered by the substitute: you think that I am he whose place I have taken. A comparison of all available parallels of Timoneda's version makes it highly probable that this question originally had a different form which, however, prompted almost the identical answer. This earlier form must have been more in keeping with some of those already treated, namely: "what is the distance between heaven and earth?" "between the east and the west?" "between heaven and hell?" or "the distance around the world?" And it is still to be found in several versions as: "what is the distance between good fortune and bad?" In every one of the latter versions in which a humble inferior (a swineherd, a cook, a gardener or the like) represents his superior (an abbot or a priest), the answer is: "hardly a day, for yesterday I was but a swineherd, a cook, etc.; today I am an abbot."[64] The first story of Sacchetti's two variants is a good example of those in which the substitution (of a miller for an abbot) has no point, since there is no question asked which makes the miller inadvertently reveal himself.[65] A

[62] Cf. variants with question *y* of Appendix I; and related riddles: what is the value of the king's beard? what is the value of my palace? etc., cf. note 70 below.

[63] Cf. an anecdote in which the king asks a curate to guess three thoughts which he has in his mind; it is a story told about *Philipo II y el cura,* and is interesting in this connection. See D. Bernardino Fernández de Velasco y Pimentel, *Deleyte de la discrecion y facil escuela de agudeza, etc.* (Madrid, 1749); other editions of 1764 and 1770; the story is reprinted with some arbitrary changes in Appleton's *Nueva Biblioteca de la Risa* (New York, 1907), p. 35.

[64] Cf. variants in Appendix II, nos. 16, 21, 26, 29, 37, 45.

[65] Such a tale as Sacchetti's first version may be a mere copy of an older story, just as no. 28 of Appendix II is a manifest *rifacimento* of Sacchetti (29).

similar violation of the original purpose of this particular kind of tale occurs in a few stories badly told.

The probable origin of the frame in which the version of Timoneda and parallel tales are cast, may be explained as follows: the anecdote was first invented by some oriental teacher or by a Christian priest who desired to illustrate the superiority of spiritual and intellectual gifts over material qualities and physical well-being. This may be inferred from some of the older extant versions taken apparently out of oral tradition, the moral purpose of which is clear: they constitute variants which, like Timoneda's tale, have three characters, and in their simplest original form must have been told in some such way as this: A man of great worldly wealth, but without brains, is commanded by his lord or king to solve some riddles or give up a part of his wealth.[66] Thus far we have a purely oriental trait. The rich man is forced to call upon the assistance of a poor neighbor, who is a humble God-fearing individual. The poor, but clever, man rescues the wealthy fool out of his quandary, and the lesson which was no doubt intended as a consolation to the indigent is apparent. Those tales in which one of the characters is a fat, self-satisfied priest, fond of the good things of this life, and the other some humble soul like a shepherd or a swineherd who shows mental superiority over the priest, seem purely occidental, and acquired currency at a time when criticism of the self-indulgent life of certain priests was popular. This does not necessarily make them as late as the Reformation, though it is evident that some versions were specifically aimed at the Romanist priests, and re-shaped at that time together with other satirical skits against individual ministers of the Church.

In numerous versions there are only two interlocutors, since the one questioned answers for himself. In an Armenian story,[67] for example, a Turkish monarch asks a hermit who lives in a hogshead: "how far is it to heaven?" "what am I worth?" and

[66] Cf. nos. 45, 46, 47.

[67] Cf. no. 59; the question "which is the best religion?" shows a contamination with the story of the three rings.

"which is the better religion, the Christian or the Mohammedan?" The replies to the first two are taken from the Bible, but the third, in admitting that both religions are equally good, does not voice the sentiments of either faith.[68] Finally the hermit bids the monarch stand aside so as not to obstruct the rays of the sun, a trait which connects the tale with the traditional anecdotes retailed in the early Middle Ages about Diogenes and Alexander the Great. This form of the story with two characters is therefore fairly old. In the indirect source of the episode in *Lazarillo,* the Stricker's *priest Amîs,* there are but two characters, the priest and a bishop; and one of Grimm's fairy tales, *Das Hirtenbüblein,* tells of a king who interrogates a clever shepherd boy in the usual way. The bright answers of the lad appeal to the king who takes him into his service. This story also was no doubt meant to show the value of being quick-witted, and represents the purest type of the folktale. There is no other version which so plainly retains a cosmopolitan character with no clue to time or place of origin as this tale of Grimm.

It can be assumed, then, that the simpler form with two interlocutors is the more primitive,[69] and that it could easily have suggested the form with three personages, in which either an arrogant or ignorant rich man, or a fat, worldly priest needs a substitute to answer the questions for him.

Whatever may be our conclusions to these tempting speculations in the field of the folktale and of ancient traditions, we can at all events see how a riddle question propounded in the far past, may disappear only to turn up again,[70] but deprived of its

[68] On the other hand, note the Mohammedan character of 39.

[69] Cf. for a serious example no. 41 (Gesta Romanorum) and Kemble, *op. cit.,* p. 320; for a humorous example (fairy story) see no. 56.

[70] It is evident that there are numerous riddles similar to those propounded in the kind of tale under consideration; sometimes they are found independently; that is, not connected with any particular story, or they are recorded in a framework partially or wholly unlike any story given in the appendix. Contamination in these matters is of frequent occurrence, inasmuch as currents of fiction are bound to cross, and exchanges and modifications of certain elements naturally take place. For some related riddles see R. Koehler, *Kleinere Schriften,* I, pp. 445 ff., 481, 492 ff., 267 ff.; notably III, pp. 499 ff; "Zwei und vierzig alte Rätsel und Fragen;" R. Wossidlo, *Mecklenburgische Volksüberlieferungen,* Wismar,

independence by being attached to the framework of some popular story. In the same way a historic fact may be transformed into an embroidered legend and live on in the realm of the folktale.[71] And questions like those treated above, which represent a pastime characteristic of a particular people, may thus be carried over the whole world, and though seriously propounded at first, be ultimately recorded in some humorous story.

IV

RIDDLE QUESTIONS IN LITERATURE

Without going too far afield, it may prove of interest to examine other manifestations of intellectual ingenuity related to that displayed in the above-mentioned folktales. Not only stories of a purely popular character, but various types of formal literature, both prose and verse, show that any evidence of intellectual skill, wit and learning has at all times been in high favor. Whether this cleverness assume the cruder form of the folktale in riddle questions, enigmas or humorous dialogues, or whether it be displayed in novel or verse through subtle or learned conversations, ingenious queries, or in scholastic or poetic contentions and disputes, there is a continuity in the history of these

1897, I, p. 327, no. 987; J. Bolte, *Martin Montanus Schwankbücher* (Tübingen, 1899), vol. 217 of the *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*: Drei Dorfbäurinnen bezahlen einen Wirt zu Hagenau mit drei Rätseln; and vol. 177, Burlaei, *Vita philosophorum*, p. 378. *Germania*, vol. 4, p. 308, vol. 26, p. 116, being a review by F. Liebrecht of Bondeson, *Halländska Sagor*, Lund, 1880. Graesse, *Litterärgeschichte*, IV, 2, pp. 466-471; *Archiv für Slavische Philologie*, V, for related riddles "aus dem südslavischen Märchenschatz" by Jagiç and Koehler, pp. 48, 56, 57; *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte*, n.F., vol. 4 (1891), p. 110; a little book full of related questions gathered from the common treasures of the people: *Questions enigmatiques, recreatives, et propres pour deuiner, et y passer le temps aux veillies des longues nuicts, Avec les responces subtiles et autres propos ioyeux*, Lyons, MDCXIX, and Paris, MDCLXXIV. W. A. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions* (New York, 1887), II, p. 112. Cf. Pauli, *op. cit.*, xcvi, "wie vil müst man fuchszschwentz haben, die bisz an den himmel giengen?" . . . . "wan sie lang gnûg weren, so het man mit dreien genûg." Also Timoneda, *Buen Aviso*, II, 25: an inn-keeper (a widow) promises to share some partridges with that one of three guests who gives the best answer to three questions; and Shakespeare, *Two noble Kinsmen*, V. ii, 67: How far is't now to the end o' the world, my masters? Why, a day's journey, wench.

[71] Cf. Du Méril, *op. cit.*, p. 481.

manifestations. The links which join them, however, may not always be apparent. In the folktale ingenious questions are much the same in their nature; in formal literature they assume the character of the age or of the literary atmosphere in which they are produced.

Cervantes, who was influenced as much by popular fiction and current tradition as he was by the formal types of literature in poetry and romance which had preceded him, shows better than any contemporary what forms mental ingenuity had assumed in his day. When, for example, Don Quixote's journey (II, 62) has brought him to Barcelona, amongst other royal fooling may be found the episode of the enchanted head. His host tells him:

esta cabeza, señor Don Quixote, ha sido hecha y fabricada por uno de los mayores encantadores y hechiceros que ha tenido el mundo, que creo era polaco de nacion, y discípulo del famoso Escotillo de quien tantas maravillas se cuentan, el cual estuvo aquí en mi casa, y por precio de mil escudos que le dí, labró esta cabeza, que tiene la propiedad y virtud de responder á cuantas cosas al oido le preguntaren. . . . En este tiempo podrá vuesa merced prevenirse de lo que querrá preguntar, que por experiencia sé que dice verdad en cuanto responde.

On the following day the test of the wisdom of the head is made, and the first question asked by Don Antonio is: "qué pensamientos tengo yo ahora?" (what am I thinking?) This is the one which so frequently appears in the folktale. Unfortunately, as here put, it has no point, and the answer: "yo no juzgo de pensamientos," is without any humor. The remaining questions and answers are supposedly ingenious or witty, but are by no means in the best manner of Cervantes. They belong rather to the order of the apothegm or maxim which was popular in the sixteenth century,[72] and of which various collections were printed. Thus, a young lady asks the magic head: "qué haré yo para ser muy hermosa?" and receives as an answer: "sé muy honesta." All of this is repeated in the *flor de aforismos peregrinos,* in *Persiles y Sigismunda,* IV, 1:[73] "la hermosura que se

[72] Cf. Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes, etc., op. cit.,* II, p. lxxii.

[73] Cf. also the following *aforismo* in the *Persiles*: La mejor dote que puede llevar la mujer principal, es la honestidad, porque la hermosura y la riqueza el tiempo la gasta, o la fortuna la deshace, IV, 1.

acompaña con la honestidad, es hermosura, y la que no, no es mas de un buen parecer."

The ingenuity of the young literary light in the *Persiles*, who makes a collection of aphorisms, is something like that of the Licenciado Vidriera of the *Novelas*, who answers questions and characterizes events and situations by a pat aphoristic reply. A few of them, however, belong rather to the folktale than to this formal, conventional kind of literary ingenuity. Thus, when the clever licentiate is asked: "cuál habia sido el mas dichoso del mundo?" he makes use of that ancient pun of Odysseus: "*nemo;*[74] porque *nemo novit patrem: nemo sine crimine vivit: nemo sua sorte contentus: nemo ascendit in coelum.*" The largest part of Vidriera's ingenious remarks, however, belongs to those which Cervantes himself calls *sentencias sacadas de la misma verdad,*[75] or *dichos agudos*. A certain forced effort to formulate them is occasionally to be noted, so that they seem extremely unlike traditional sayings, or like the proverbs surviving in the folktale, which sound far more natural, and are more pat and more universally applicable.

A more popular tone can be found in the riddles which the shepherds in the *Galatea*, bk. vi, propound to one another, in spite of the unusual frame in which they appear. Here again Cervantes touches upon what was a favorite exercise of the wits. The shepherds are gathered together and Aurelio addresses them:

bien será, señores, que los que aquí estamos, ya que entregarnos al dulce sueño no habemos querido, que este tiempo que le hurtamos, no dejemos de aprovecharle en cosa que mas de nuestro gusto sea; y la que a mí me parece que no podrá dejar de darnosle, es que cada cual, como mejor

[74] For further references to the pun on *nemo*, cf. Hanns Oertel, "Altindische Parallelen zu abendländischen Erzählungsmotiven," in *Studien zur vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte*, vol. 8, 1, p. 117 (Berlin, 1908); Cervantes took the phrase *nemo sine crimine vivit* from *disticha de moribus nomine Catonis inscripta;* the others may go back to a work by Radulfus of Anjou which treats of a Saint Nemo, cf. Bolte, in *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespearegesellschaft*, vols. 29-30, p. 4, on *Niemand und Jemand.*

[75] Cf. *Persiles*, IV, 1, cf. note 56 above; also Gonçalez de la Torre (Juan): Doscientas preguntas con sus respuestas en versos diferentes (Madrid, 1590); others are mentioned by Ticknor, II, 3 ff.; such collections of a didactic character had the purpose of instructing as well as amusing. A similar French work was mentioned in note 70, p. 218: *Questions enigmatiques, etc.*

supiere, muestre aquí la agudeza de su ingenio, proponiendo alguna pregunta ó enigma, á quien esté obligado á responder el compañero que á su lado estuviere, etc.

The first riddle describes the qualities and effects of wine, which is promptly guessed; the second is "charcoal;" the next is "a letter" (*carta y pliego de cartas*); then follows one on "jealousy," and an interesting one on the "enigma" itself (*que es cosa y cosa?*); one on a "man with shackles on his feet," and one on "the candle-snuffer and the candle." The popular character of these riddles needs no comment. Their presence in this particular pastoral novel can be accounted for, if we consider the similar *preguntas y respuestas* in Gaspar Gil Polo's *Diana*, (libro quinto). The mimic chase of a white stag by some nymphs has been pictured, but Diana has failed to ascertain its hidden meaning:

Como habia yo, dijo Diana, de entender tan dificultoso y moral enigma, si las preguntas en que las pastoras nos ejercitamos, aunque fuesen muy llanas y fáciles, nunca las supe adivinar? No te amengües tanto, dijo Selvagia, que lo contrario he visto en ti, pues ninguna vi que te fuese dificultosa. A tiempo estamos, dijo Felicia, que lo podremos probar y no será de menos deleite esta fiesta que las otras. Diga cada cual de vosotros una pregunta, que yo sé que Diana las sabrá todas declarar.

The first enigma has for its solution "the flute," one "the hair in a horse's tail," one "thoughts," another "a book," another "a ship," and the last "a galley." Here, too, the purely popular character of these riddle questions may be noted, and from the words of one of the contestants it is likely that all were taken from oral tradition: Dijomela un patron de una nave, cuando yo navegaba de Nápoles á España, y la encomendé á la memoria.

Riddle questions, however, were a kind of intellectual activity which has been in as great favor with the aristocracy as with the simple country folk. We need not, therefore, be surprised to find them in the pastoral novel, whose tone, far from answering a popular demand, met rather the taste of those higher cultured circles, who were subservient to certain conventions and to etiquette. But a false note is introduced into the pastoral novels by another kind of mental ingenuity not characteristic of shepherds or rustics in general. This is found in the learned dis-

quisitions upon love and its intrinsic nature, as can be seen, for example, in the *Galatea.*[76] The whole represents a purely literary inheritance, a fad, so to speak, which the early sentimental prose fiction of Italy received from the poets of the Provence, and then handed down through the succeeding romances in which it unfortunately met with undiminished favor. Thus, in Boccaccio's *Laberinto de amor*[77] (to use the Spanish title) may be found thirteen questions designed to prompt such absurd arguments as, for example, what is preferable, the love of a widow, a wife, or a maid?

In a Spanish novel well known to Cervantes, the *Clareo y Florisea* of Núñez de Reinoso, we meet with an old custom, that of asking questions and propounding enigmas after the meal has been served, the table cleared, and ladies and gentlemen are gathered for an intellectual *contienda.*[78] But the questions are

[76] Cf. pp. 40, *libro tercero,* and 55, *libro cuarto,* of the *Galatea* (Rivadeneyra); Cervantes had numerous predecessors in this kind of discussion: disquisitions on love are very common; cf. Menéndez y Pelayo, *Orígenes, etc., op. cit.,* I, cccix, on *la doctrina del amor y la hermosura;* cf. also the anonymous tale, *La question de Amor,* 1527, and *Orígenes,* I, cccxxvii, cccxxxii-iv; in the *Diana* (Montemayor), libro cuarto, we have these sophistries in the form of questions and answers, the subject being the analysis of the nature of love; Sireno says: Affirman todos los que algo entienden, que el uerdadero amor naşçe de la razon: y si esto es ansi, quál es la causa porque no hay cosa mas desenfrenada en el mundo, ni que menos se dexe gouernar por ella? Felicia le respondió: Assi como essa pregunta es mas que de pastor: assi era neçessario que fuesse mas que muger la que a ella respondiesse, etc. The author of *El Crotalón, op. cit.,* mentions this custom of the social world: otras a la sonbra de muy apazibles arboles nouelan, motejan, rien con gran solaz; qual demanda questiones y preguntas de amores; hazen sonetos, coplas, villançicos, y otras agudeças en que a la contina reçiben plazer, p. 149 in *Orígenes,* II. See also Dunlop, *op. cit.,* vol. II, p. 550, on Euphues, and I, p. 21, on a prize in the discussion of love in Iamblichus; also F. W. V. Schmidt in the *Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur,* vol. 26, p. 24; Clemencin, edition of *Don Quixote,* I, 13, note 40, II, 18, note 24; Cristobal Suárez de Figueroa, *El Pasagero, op. cit.,* V, p. 164, touches the subject: si se puede hallar amor sin zelos. Calderón put it on the stage; cf. for example, *El secreto á voces,* act I, where we learn that love and jealousy constitute *la mayor pena,* edition Keil, III, p. 345, col. 2.

[77] The title of the Spanish translation which lies before me is: Laberinto de amor: que hizo en toscano el famoso Juan Bocacio: agora nuevamente traduzido en nuestra lengua castellana: año de 1546 [Sevilla].

[78] Edition Rivadeneyra, pp. 442-3 (questions on love, jealousy, etc.); apostrophe to love, p. 437, col. 2; disputa entre Venus y Palas, p. 462, cols. 1 and 2; cf. also Contreras, *Selva de aventuras,* for a complaint to love with some verbal ingenuity, p. 480, col. 2.

no longer of the popular kind, and appear wholly of a sophistical nature, as for example: "cuál es mas dificultoso, fingir amor con no tenello, o encubrillo con tenello?" Or, "qué se debe tener en más: una dama hermosa y no avisada, o discreta y no hermosa?" Or, "si puede haber amor sin celos?" and others of a similar nature. But in all this sophistry and mental ingenuity we miss any real popular element.

At an earlier period similar captious questions and answers, *preguntas y respuestas,* although they were the expression of a courtly literature, had, in an occasional note, betrayed the more popular tradition of the riddle question. Thus, in Hernando del Castillo's *Cancionero general,*[79] no. 721 on "time,"[80] p. 634, col. 1; no. 772: cuál es la cosa más cierta que no tiene punto cierto? (la muerte) p. 654, col. 2; and no. 686, p. 617, being that of Oedipus addressed to the Sphinx, have the character of the true enigma, while no. 731, p. 637, col. 1, for example, reveals the character of the literary taste of that epoch.

Without attempting to enter into details, it will be manifest that for the chief indebtedness of this rather conventional mental gymnastics we must go back to the poetic contentions or *tençons* of the Middle Ages, noted chiefly as a product of the Troubadour poets. Their *tençons* and *partimens,*[81] with their metaphysical, dialectic character, were the forerunners of the above *preguntas y respuestas,* which as lineal descendants of what had been an imported taste show the character of the courtly poetic world in which they flourished. As an exercise of the wits in a formal literary guise, they are naturally far removed from the tone of the folktale. But this spirit of argument, of enigmatic or sophistical questions, and of dispute, shown by the troubadour poets was no doubt influenced by the scholastic disputations or aca-

[79] Printed in the *Bibliófilos españoles,* vol. 21, 1.

[80] There is a similar one on *time* in Plutarch's *Banquet of the Seven Sages, op. cit.,* pp. 333-4: "what is most ancient?" Answer: Time; also: "what is the wisest?" Time, for it hath found all things alreadie devised, and will find out all inventions hereafter.

[81] Cf. F. Wolf, *Studien, etc.* (Berlin, 1859), pp. 202, 549; Bédier, *Les Fabliaux,* deuxième édition (Paris, 1895), chap. xiii, p. 384; L. Selbach, *Das Streitgedicht in der Altprovenzalischen Lyrik, etc* (Marburg, 1886), in Stengel's *Ausgaben und Abhandlungen, etc.,* vol. 57, pp. 21, 32.

demic debates which were so common in the mediaeval centers of learning, and which under the impulse of religious questionings received new vigor at the time of the Reformation. It was but a matter of converting the tone of an academic atmosphere into one of courtly gallantry. In the former the disputants tested each other's wits and information, indulging very frequently in a mere pedantic display of learning; in the latter, the opponents vied in poetic skill, resorting very often to artificial ideas and forms. But these exercises of the wits, whether scholastic or literary, are expressions of the mind's ingenuity, which varies in accordance with the traditions and the culture which give it form.

In the *Lazarillo,* as in the episode of *Till Eulenspiegel,* we have a combination of the scholastic examinations which had influenced the poetry of contention, the *preguntas y respuestas* of later times, with some of the traditional questions of the folktale. It is evident that the author of *Till Eulenspiegel* wished to satirize the disputations and arguments in vogue among academic bodies and at the universities; he therefore introduces quite aptly some riddle questions which were always a naïve feature of the folktale. Here, then, two widely different forms of exercise of the wits meet, the scholastic disputation and the humorous riddle question.

Competition in mental ingenuity has thus produced the most varied forms in poetry and fiction, and the possible influence of any one kind upon another, whether it be a traditional riddle question, or a metaphysical characterization of the nature of love, will be apparent.[82] Manifestations common to the spirit of human society the world over spring up again and again independently, and, therefore, some form of the riddle question has been discovered everywhere. But these various expressions of mental gymnastics cannot pursue an independent course, uninfluenced

[82] Cf. *Geschichte des deutschen Streitgedichtes im Mittelalter, etc.,* by Hermann Jantzen, Breslau, 1896, in *Germanistische Abhandlungen,* xiii Heft, p. 19: Die mittelalterlichen, lateinischen Rätselspiele und Weisheitsproben gehören bis auf sehr wenige Ausnahmen der Prosa-litteratur an; allein wir müssen sie doch hier mit in Betracht ziehen, da sie für die Weiterentwicklung der ganzen Gattung von hoher Wichtigkeit sind und

by one another; it is only because of this law that the ingenuity of the folktale exerts influence upon a formal literary creation or an academic production, or that a story may be changed in tone by the introduction of elements taken from a literary or scholastic atmosphere. This interinfluence becomes all the more plausible when we take into consideration how priests and learned churchmen, on the one hand, gathered tales which were living in oral tradition, while their occupation, on the other hand, kept them employed in a bookish atmosphere of learning. Thus it is easy to see how such questions as "what is the greatest miracle?"[83] or "what is the greatest good fortune?" which can be found in the folktale, were taken out of possible academic contests in which they had been seriously propounded.

Unquestionably our interest will always be keener in the cleverness which is manifested in the universal folktale than in any formal or colorless literary product of a passing kind of culture. For we are more in sympathy with that which is bound up with our history all the world over. The peculiar exercise of the wits which has always been a pronounced oriental custom that has left a trace in widely current traditions and folktales, and influenced fiction and verse everywhere, will always attract the curious reader far more than any subtle contentions in prose or poetry, designed to please the fleeting taste of an epoch. All of which is equivalent to saying, that the substance of immemorial traditions will always have a greater vitality than the products of a temporary fad or of a misguided taste. The farther we get away in time from the latter, the less we understand them; but the imperishable elements of countless traditions constitute a part of the history of our race.

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zugleich besonders deutlich ihren Zusammenhang mit der gelehrten Bildung und dem Unterrichtswesen zeigen. Die Denkmäler unserer Art sind grösstenteils Zusammenstellungen von allerhand Fragen und Antworten aus dem Gebiete der Theologie, Naturwissenschaft, Astronomie, manche auch allgemeinen Inhalts, mitunter scherzhaft gehalten, die in ihrer katechismusartigen Form meist mehr Proben des Wissens als des Verstandes sind, und wohl ausser zur Unterhaltung auch zum Lehren und Lernen gedient haben mögen.

[83] Cf. no. 48, the *Legenda aurea.*

BIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

I

A list of the characters in the tales to be mentioned below (II) is given to simplify numerous references to them. They are:

1. Abbot
2. Aesop
3. Andrew (Saint)
4. Bishop
5. Bride or Maiden (Devil in disguise)
6. Charcoal-burner
7. Clerk
8. Cook
9. Court Fool
10. Curate or priest
11. Daughter of a Knight
12. Emperor
13. Friar or Monk
14. Gardener
15. Hermit
16. King
17. Knight (hidalgo)
18. Lazarillo
19. Master (teacher)
20. Master of choir (Kantor)
21. Merchant
22. Miller
23. Nobleman or Duke
24. Peasant
25. Philosopher
26. Pope
27. Prince
28. Prisoner
29. Queen
30. Rector of University
31. Rich man
32. Scholar (young)
33. Servant (valet)
34. Shepherd (sometimes a boy)
35. Soldier
36. Squire
37. Sultan
38. Swineherd
39. Tsar (Russian and Turkish)
40. Ulrich (Saint)
41. Valet

Some of the riddles, enigmas and hard questions to be found in the appended bibliography:

a. One of the oldest enigmas is the task of drinking the sea; cf. group C below. Allied with this is the task: to measure the amount of water in the sea, in the form of the questions:

b. How much water is there in the sea?

c. How many drops of water, etc.?

d. How many casks of water are there in the sea?

e. How deep is the sea?

Other questions belonging to this group are:

f. How many stars are there in the sky?

g. How many seconds are there in eternity?

h. How much time has elapsed since the days of Adam?

i. How much time does it take to go around the world? (sometimes, ride).
j. How many people are there in the world?
k. How many leaves are there on a particular tree?
l. How many hairs are there in my beard?

A second group takes up the questions which deal with the measurement of distance, space, weight, and the like:

m. What is the distance from the earth to the sky? With the variants:
n. How high is the sky? or How many ladders would it take to reach the sky? or How many fox-tails, etc.?
o. What is the distance from heaven to hell?
p. Where is the earth higher than the sky?
q. What is the breadth of the sky?
r. How far is it from the east to the west?
s. What is the length and the breadth of the world?
t. What is the distance from Rome to Toledo?
u. Where is the center of the world?
v. Where is the world heaviest?
w. What is the weight of the moon?
x. Where does the sun rise?

Then comes a group of questions which ask the value of things or persons not to be appraised; all seem to have grown out of the single question:

y. What is my worth? (originally found by itself); it always has reference to a king, emperor or person of exalted rank. Cf. group B below.
z. What is the Queen's worth?
aa. What is the value of the king's beard?
bb. What is the value of the king's palace?
cc. What is the value of my golden plow?
dd. What is the world's worth?

Attempts to guess another's thought are among the most ancient of all tasks, but the various forms of this group show confusion and contamination. Thus certain questions were originally inspired by the group which deals with measurements:

ee. What is the distance to poverty?
ff. How far apart are fortune and misfortune?
gg. What is the greatest Fortune?
hh. To whom is Fortune nearest?
ii. How great is the mercy of God? (a moral or religious variant).

But when the whole point of the tale turned on disguise and mistaken identity, it was a simple matter to substitute the logical question:

jj. What am I thinking? (as in Timoneda) for one of the others, since each question brings about the same result, that is, it makes the disguised substitute reveal himself.
kk. What do I believe? A variant suggested by *jj.* So also:
ll. I can guess your thought.

Various riddles which attach themselves to these specific groups with difficulty are:

mm. Which is the best religion?
nn. What are they doing in hell?
oo. What are the savages in India doing?
pp. What is God doing in heaven?
qq. Which is the most honorable, which the poorest profession?
rr. Which is the greatest miracle?
ss. What is the mysterious number in two eggs?
tt. What is better than a golden coach?
uu. Why does a dog revolve before lying down?
vv. (Complicated task) Come neither naked nor dressed, neither on foot nor in any conveyance, etc., etc.
ww. What is it that men need least and yet helps them most?
xx. What costs the most and is worth least?
yy. What is worth most and costs least?

It is not credible that these questions were in every case taken out of oral tradition; some variants seem to be arbitrary fabrications based on printed sources.

II

The following bibliography of the fourteenth *patraña* of Timoneda, though naturally not complete, is intended to give various tales of interest in connection with the study of riddle questions. The first group contains those whose resemblance is most evident; they generally have three principal characters and three or more questions:

GROUP A

1. *Armana Prouvençau* pèr lou bèl an de diéu 1874, adouba e publica de la man di Felibre, joio, soulas e passo-téms de tout lou pople dóu Miejour (Avignoun), p. 33: Li Quatre Questioun; with the characters 4, 10, 14, and the questions *u, w, y, jj.*

2. Asbjörnsen, P. Chr., *Tales from the Fjeld*, A second series of popular Tales, from the Norse, by G. W. Dasent, D.C.L. (London, 1874), p. 158: The Priest and the Clerk; with the characters 16, 10, 7, and the questions *r, y, jj.*

3. Bäckström, P. O., *Svenska Folk Böcker, Sagor, Legender och Äfventyr*, efter äldre upplagor och andra Källor, Sednare Bandet Stockholm, 1848, jemte öfversigt af svensk folkläsning från äldre till närvarande tid, p. 82, no. 40 of öfversigt: Kungen, Presten och Klockaren (king, priest and sexton) with the questions *y, h, jj.*

4. Bartsch, Karl, *Sagen Märchen und Gebräuche aus Mecklenburg.* Gesammelt und herausgegeben in zwei Bänden von- (Wien, 1879), I, p. 496: Der Glückliche Pater, with the characters 16, 10, 34, and the questions *vv, e, n, w, y, u, jj.*

5. Binder, E., in *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, n.F., 5 (1892), p. 467, gives a Hungarian Version with the characters 16, 10, 20, and the questions *x, y, jj.*

6. Bladé, M. Jean-François, *Contes populaires de la Gascogne*, 3 vols., in *Les Littératures populaires*, vol. xxi, 1886, III, p. 297, and note: "L'évêque et le meunier," with the characters 4, 10, 22, and the questions *vv, jj, w.* Also: "une variante de Gascogne," p. 300, with the characters 4, 10, 22, and the questions *y, jj, kk.*

7. Braga, T., *Contos Tradicionaes do Povo Portugues*, 2 vols., Porto [1883], I, p. 157, no. 71: Frei João sem cuidados, with the characters 16, 13, 22, and the questions *w, b, jj;* and a variant, II, p. 86, no. 160: Dom Simão, with the characters 16, 17, 14, and the questions *u, n, jj.* Cf. also *Literaturblatt*, 1881, col. 413.

8. Campbell, J. F., *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, 4 vols., Edinburgh, 1860-62, II, p. 391 ff: *The Three Questions*, with the characters 19, 32, 22, and the questions *n, u, dd;* for a better variant cf. p. 392, with the same characters, and the questions *n, i, jj.*

9. Cerquand, M., *Légendes et Récits populaires du pays Basque*, 5 vols., Pau, 1875-82, vol. IV, p. 121, no. 108: Le prince et le moine (*el justiciero*), with the characters 16, 1, 13, and the questions *i, y, jj.*

10. Child, J. F., edition of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 5 vols., 1883-98, I, 403-14, 508; II, 506 ff.; IV, 459; V, 216, 291; and I, 1, for related riddles: *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*, with the characters 16, 1, 34, and the questions *y, i, jj;* for Gottfr. Aug. Bürger's translation see F. W. V. Schmidt, *Balladen und Romanzen der deutschen Dichter, Bürger, Stollberg und Schiller* (Berlin, 1827), p. 83 ff.; also Zoreles (Schamsch), *de Chosef und der Kow*, Jüdische Parodie des Gedichtes der Kaiser und der Abt von G. A. Bürger, travestirt vün Reb S. Z. (Leipzig, 1846); Joh. Jacob Bodmer also made a German version: *Der Abt von Kantelburg;* cf. also W. Dönniges, *Altschottische und altenglische Volksballaden nach den Originalen bearbeitit* (München, 1852),

p. 152; A. von Marées, *Alt-englische und schottische Dichtungen der Percyschen Sammlung*, übersetzt von (Berlin, 1857), p. 7, no. 2; Dr. Ritter in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen*, etc., vol. 22, p. 222.

11. Erman, in the *Archiv für wissenschaftliche Kunde in Russland*, vol. 24, p. 146, "Eine russische Sage: das kummerlose Kloster, Legende von Peter dem Grossen," with the characters 39, 1, 22, and the questions *y, f, jj;* Grimm in the notes to tale no. 152 gives an anecdote about a king of France, which seems to be the same story; cf. also Koehler, *op. cit.*, I, 493, on Balt. Schupp's *Schriften.*

12. Folengo, Teofilo, *Orlandino di Limerno Pittocco* (Venice, 1550), Londra, 1775, 8th canto, with the characters 22, 1, 8, and the questions *m, r, c, jj.*

13. Hartman, "Schwänke und Schnurren im islamischen Orient," in *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde*, vol. 5 (1895), p. 64, gives a parallel to Nasr-eddin found in Nuzhat, V, 173 ff., with the characters 16, 21, 33, and the questions *e, y, jj.*

14. Holland, *Die Schauspiele des Herzogs Heinrich Jul. von Braunschweig*, in vol. 36 of *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart* (Stuttgart, 1855), "Comoedia Hibaldeha von einem Edelman welcher einem Abt drey Fragen aufgegeben," with the characters 23, 1, 6, and and the questions *u, y, jj.*

15. Imbriani, *La Novellaja Fiorentina, fiabe e novelline*, stenografate da V. I., Livorno, 1877, p. 621, no. v: el coeugh, with the characters 16, 1, 8, and the questions *f, m, jj.*

16. Keller, edition of *Fastnachtspiele aus dem 15ten Jahrhundert*, in vol. 30 of *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Suttgart* (Stuttgart, 1853), I, p. 199, no. 22 (also pp. 1490-1): "Ein spil von einem Keiser und eim apt," with the characters 12, 1, 22, and the questions *b, hh, y.*

17. Krauss, F. S., *Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven* (Leipzig, 1884), II, p. 252, no. 112: "the Emperor and the miller 'ohne Sorgen'," with the characters 12, 22, 34, and the questions *m, y, jj.*

18. *Kursweiliger Zeitvertreiber*, herausgegeben durch C. A. M. v. W., 1668, p. 70 (cf. Grimm's notes), with the characters 29, 28, 24, and the questions *y, u, jj.*

19. Le Metel, Antoine, Sieur D'Ouville, *L' élite des contes*, réimprimée par G. Brunet, 2 vols. (Paris, 1883), vol. I, p. 184, with the characters 17, 10, 22, and the questions *u, y, jj, kk.*

20. Luzel, F. M., *Contes populaires de la Basse-Bretagne*, 3 vols. (Paris, 1887), (vol. 26 of *Les littératures populaires*), III, p. 370-78, no. 12: "L' Abbé sans souci," with the characters 16, 1, 33, and the questions *vv, jj, y, u.*

21. Meier, Dr. E., *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben*, 3rd edition (Stuttgart, 1864), no. 28, p. 99: "Hans ohne Sorgen," with the char-

acters 23, 22, 33, and problem *vv;* here the frame has really no connection with the task to be performed. On p. 305 a variant "aus Bühl" is given: "Der Bischof ohne Kreuz," with the characters 16, 4, 34, and the questions *m, e, k, ee.*

22. Moisant de Brieux, *Origines de quelques coûtumes anciennes et de plusieurs façons de parler triviales,* 2 vols., (Caen, 1874-75), with the explanation of the phrase: D' Evesque devenir meusnier, I, p. 147, and II, p. 100, for its connection with the story of the abbé, or a bishop and his miller.

23. Moncaut, Cénac, *Littérature populaire de la Gascogne* (Paris, 1868), p. 50 ff., "Le meunier et le marquis;" with the characters 23, 10, 22, and the questions *u, y, jj, ss.*

24. Müllenhoff, Karl, *Sagen, Märchen und Lieder der Herzogthümer Schleswig Holstein und Lauenburg,* herausgegeben von -- (Kiel, 1845), p. 153: "Der Müller ohne Sorgen," with the characters 16, 22, and the questions *jj, w, e.*

25. *Nouveaux Contes à Rire et Avantures Plaisantes ou Recreatives françoises,* vingtième édition, 2 vols., (Cologne, 1722), I, p. 112: "D'un Seigneur de Village, et de son Meûnier," with the characters 17, 10, 22, and the questions *u, y, jj, kk;* cf. Le Metel.

26. Pauli, Johannes, *Schimpf und Ernst,* herausgegeben von H. Oesterley, in vol. 85 of the *Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart* (Stuttgart, 1866), no. 55, p. 46: "Von ordenszlüten und guten brüdern," with the characters 23, 1, 38, and the questions *y, u, ff;* some of Oesterley's bibliographical notes are connected with Pauli only in so far as they deal with riddles in general; an anecdote communicated by Goedeke to Holland (cf. no. 14 above, p. 896) in the *Angenehmer Anekdotenwirth* (Nördlingen, 1815), pp. 47-50, seems to be the same as that of Pauli; cf. also J. W. Wolf, *Hessische Sagen* (Göttingen und Leipzig, 1853), p. 166, for a similar tale.

27. Pineau, Léon, *Les contes populaires du Poitou* (Paris, 1891), p. 237, no. viii: "L' Abbé Sans-soins," with the characters 16, 1, 22, and the questions *u, w, y, jj.*

28. Pitré, G., *Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti popolari siciliani* raccolti da -- (Palermo, 1875), II, p. 323, no. 97: "L'abbati senza pinseri," with the characters 16, 1, 33, and the task *f;* cf. also references II, pp. 326-7 to Imbriani, and to Gradi, *Saggio, etc.;* and Pitré, I, no, 5, p. 35, with notes p. 44; two other variants are given in Pitré, IV, p. 392, with the characters 27, 1, 24, and the questions *m, b, oo, y,* and IV, p. 437, with the characters 26, 1, 8, and the questions *m, pp, jj.*

29. Sacchetti, *Novelle,* no. 4, with the characters 23, 1, 22, and the questions *m, b, nn, y;* and the better variant with the characters 26, 1, 14 (8), and the questions *m, b, y, gg;* cf. also Keller, *Italienischer Novellenschatz* (Leipzig, 1851), I, p. 52; and Dunlop-Liebrecht, *op. cit.,* p. 491, n. 333.

30. Tarlton, R., *Jests and News out of Purgatory*, reprinted in vol. 18 of the publications of the Shakespeare Society (London, 1844), p. 59: a Cardinal, to become Pope, must answer three unusual questions; a baker in disguise gives the correct answers.

31. Timoneda, Juan, *El Patrañuelo* (Primera parte de las Patranyas en las quales se tratan admirables cuentos, graciosas marañas y delicadas inuenciones para saber contar el sabio y discreto relatador. Con licencia en Alcalá de Henares, en casa de Sebastian Martinez, 1576, no. 14, cf. note 4 above), with the characters 16, 1, 8, and the questions *y, u, jj.*

32. Troyes, Nicolas de, *Le grand paragon des nouvelles nouvelles*, publié par E. Mabille (Paris, 1869), no. 40, p. 177, with the characters 23, 1, 22, and the questions *y, u, jj.*

33. Trueba, Antonio de, *Cuentos populares* (Leipzig, 1866), p. 287: "Gramática parda," with the characters 16, 10, 34, and the questions *y, i, jj.*

34. *Unterhaltende Räthselspiele in Fragen und Antworten*, gesammelt von C. H. W. (Merseburg, 1824), with the characters 16, 1, 34, and the questions *m, e, tt;* cf. no. 10 above, Child, II, p. 507.

35. Valjavac, M. K. (a Croation version) in his *Popular Tales*, 1890: "Frater i turski car," with the characters 39, 1, 8, and the questions *u, pp, jj;* cf. Afanas'ev, A. N. (*Popular Russian Tales*), 8 parts, in 4 vols. (Moscow, 1873), viii, p. 460.

36. Vinson, Julien, *Le Folk-lore du Pays Basque* (Paris, 1883), p. 106: "Le curé," with the characters 16, 10, 22, and the questions *m, y, jj.*

37. Waldis, Burchard, *Esopus*, edited by Tittmann, Leipzig, 1882, 92te Fabel: "Wie ein Seuhirt zum Apte wird," with the characters 23, 1, 38, and the questions *m, b, e, ff;* also *Germania*, vol. 7, p. 506.

38. Wlislocki, H. v., in *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, n.F., vol. 4, p. 108, with the characters 16, 22, 34, and the questions *m, y, jj.*

39. One kind of story, while it is much like others of this group, shows that many different influences have produced it; it is a mixture of the oriental exercise of the wits and the occidental tale in which a third person (not the one questioned) gives the answer. But the elements of disguise and mistaken identity were not incorporated at the same time with the others, thus making the purpose of the story merely to show the ready wit of the ordinary man, or the superiority of even a fool over the professor or the priest. A good example of this kind is the story of the Sultan, the three monks and the court fool; cf. *Meister Nasr-Eddins Schwänke, etc.*, übersetzt von W. v. Camerloher und Dr. W. Prelog, Triest, 1857, no. 70, in which the monks are willing to become Mohammedans, if the questions are correctly answered; these are *u, f, l;* cf. also R. Koehler, *op. cit.*, I. p. 492.

40 and 41. Another kind of tale which preserves the tone of the serious enigmas and hard questions of ancient times, also introduces a third person who suggests the answer, but the frame is very unlike the above, the questions are more subtle, the penalty for failure is the severest possible, while the reward of the clever person in the case of success is great honor. A good example of this kind is: "the Tale of the three questions;" cf.: *The Complete Works of John Gower*, edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A., (Oxford, 1901), vol. I. p. 119 (and note p. 478), of the *Confessio Amantis*, liber primus, in which a knight is threatened by the king with death and the confiscation of his possessions, if he does not answer three questions. His daughter suggests the answers, and marries the king as the reward of her sagacity. The questions are *ww*, *xx*, *yy*. Cf. also the *Gesta Romanorum*, edited by the Rev. Charles Swan, revised and corrected by W. Hooper, M.A., London, 1905, Introductory chapter, p. xl; also tale lxx, p. 124; Kemble, *op. cit.*, p. 319; Madden's Old English versions (Roxburghe Club, London, 1858), no. xix and note p. 508.

GROUP B

The second group in which the interlocutors seem originally to have been only two in number (42-44), represents various earlier versions of the exercise of the wits, as they have been gathered out of folklore, or preserved in literary tradition and fiction. This group throughout shows a more interesting variety. The simpler forms are given first.

1

42. Troyes, Nicolas de, cf. no. 32 above, edited by Mabille, who gives on p. x of the Introduction the simplest variant of the type: a fool is asked to determine the king's worth, and replies "thirty deniers, and not more, since God was sold for that price," whereupon the king repents and lays aside his pride.

43. Hollant, Jan van, *Van den Verwenden Keyser*, printed by J. F. Willems in the *Belgisch Museum voor de Nederduitsche Taal- en Letterkunde, etc.*, X, Te Gent, 1846, p. 57: a mere Squire is asked by a very proud Emperor to determine his worth, and answers, "twenty-nine silver pieces, since Christ was sold for thirty;" the Emperor shows the proper humility.

44. In the mediaeval stories of the life of Aesop the same tale occurs: cf. *Archiv für Slavische Philologie*, vol. 7, p. 90 ff., P. Syrku: "Zur mittelalterlichen Erzählungsliteratur aus dem Bulgarischen," where the version is: Rex: Aestimate nunc pretium mei. Josopus: Sane triginta aureorum pretio non stas, p. 96.

2

45. Going one step farther, we find a test of quick-wittedness in a more elaborate form; cf. *Anecdotes historiques, Légendes et Apologues* tirés du receuil inédit d'Étienne de Bourbon (1193-1261), publiés par A. Lecoy de la Marche (Paris, 1877), no. 86, p. 81, in which a king asks a wealthy man the questions *u, d, ii*, and the penalty of failure is to be the payment of a large sum of money; the latter trait is purely oriental.

46. Vicentius Bellovacensis (d. 1264) in his *Bibliotheca mundi, Speculum morale*, I, 4, 10, tells the same story.

47. The moral features of this story (for example, such questions as: quam magna est misericordia Dei?) account for its presence in mediaeval sermons; cf. *Sermones Martini ordinis predicatorum penitentiariorum*, impressi Argentine Anno domini, 1488; cum promptuario exemplorum: de pietate dei ad pecatores, cap. ix, exemplum k.

3

48-54. (48). Another tale of the moral or sermon type can be found in the *legenda aurea*, cf. Jacobi a Voragine, *Legenda Aurea*, vulgo historia lombardica dicta, edited by Graesse (Dresden and Leipzig, 1846), cap. II: De sancto Andrea apostolo, no. 9, p. 19. Here the devil in the shape of a maiden asks the Saint the questions *rr, p, m = o;* (49) for a version of this legend of Saint Andrew, cf. *el libro de los enxemplos*, in *Escritores en prosa anteriores al siglo XV* (edition Gayangos, Madrid, 1898), ex ecexxxii, p. 527; (50) *Colección de Autos, Farsas, y Coloquios del siglo XVI*, publiée par Léo Rouanet, *Bibliotheca Hispanica* (Barcelona and Madrid, 1901), I, no. xxviii, "Aucto de un milagro de Sancto Andres," p. 468; Creizenach, *Geschichte des Dramas*, III, p. 137; (51) Pitré, G., *Canti popolari siciliani*, op. cit., II, p. 232: "Monsignore" (the devil as maiden); (52) Anastasius Grün, *Gesammelte Werke*, 5 vols., Berlin, 1877: "Volkslieder aus Krain" (vol. 5), *Sankt Ulrich*, p. 135, in which Ulrich takes the part of Andrew and the Pope that of the usual bishop, while the devil impersonates the *bride* of the Pope; (53) in R. H. Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*: "The Lay of St. Nicholas," an imitation of the story of St. Andrew; (54) St. Bartholomew is also represented as driving off the devil who tempts a man by assuming the shape of a virgin, for which see "Räthselfragen aus einem alten Passional," in *Mone's Anzeiger für Kunde der deutschen Vorzeit*, 1839, mentioned p. 156 of Grün's *Ges. Werke, op. cit.*, vol. 5; references to Satan's fall, which according to the third question measured the distance between heaven and earth (or heaven and hell) are not uncommon; cf. Vélez de Guevara's *El Diablo cojuelo*, edited by Bonilla, Tranco V, p. 45: heme tardado mucho en el viage, señor Licenciado?—el le respondio sonriendose:—menos se tardò v. m. desde el Cielo al infierno, con auer mas leguas, quando rodò con todos essos Principes, etc. Cf. also: Antonio de Torquemada, *Jardin de flores etc.*, Salamanca, 1577, folio 130 verso.

4

55. Some of the simpler folktales are the following: Afanas'ev, A.N., *op. cit.*, VIII, p. 460, the characters being a Tsar, and a soldier dressed as a monk (the latter feature showing contamination with group A), and the questions *c, f, jj.*

56 and 57. Grimm's *Household Tales*, no. 152: "The shepherd boy," with the characters 16, 34, and the questions *c, f, g;* Grimm's notes contain a reference to Wuk Stephanowitsch (Karadschitsch) *Volksmärchen der Serben*, no. 45, in which a shepherd outwits a king; cf. also Du Méril, op. cit., p. 494.

58. The rhymed tale of the Knight who will marry a maid if she answers three questions can be included here [no. 2, what is deeper than the sea?—love]; cf. Rob't Jamieson, *Popular Ballads and Songs, etc.*, 2 vols., Edinburgh, 1806, II, p. 156, and variant p. 159.

59. Wlislocki, H. v., in *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, n.F., vol. 4, p. 106; the characters being a Turkish monarch and a hermit who lives in a barrel, with the questions *m, y, mm;* it closes with the statement made by Diogenes to Alexander: "stand aside and let the sun shine on my barrel" and betrays indebtedness to the classical anecdote. *Cf.* also: *Märchen und Sagen der Bukowinaer und Siebenbürger Armenier*, Hamburg 1891, no. 30, p. 83 ff.: der weise Mann.

5

60. Mere dialogues which exercise the wits and have absorbed related material are found in literary works, cf. Torres Naharro, *Adición del Diálogo*, II, p. 378 ff., some of the questions being *r, m, j, t, uu, ll*, etc.

6

61. Compilers of fiction or of anecdotes frequently make use of the writings of predecessors; cf *Lazarillo de Tormes*, Antwerp, 1555, in which the Rector puts to Lazaro the questions *d, h, u, m*, the source being the next work.

62. Murner, Dr. Thomas, *Till Eulenspiegel*, cf. note 9, p. 191; with the questions *d, h, u, m, q;* on the English *Howleglasse*, cf. p. 308 of Lappenberg's edition of Till Eulenspiegel, op. cit.; the source of Murner was the passage of a poem on the *priest Amis* contained in the following work.

63. *Kolocsaer Codex altdeutscher Gedichte*, herausgegeben von Joh. Nepomuk Grafen Mailáth und Joh. Paul Köffinger, Pesth, 1817, V, 38, p. 289, with the characters 4, 10, and the questions *b, h, u, m, q;* cf. also *Archiv für Litteraturgeschichte*, X, p. 3, Goedeke, on "Eulenspiegel."

64. An excellent example of the historical or literary anecdote is that told of Philip II, and the priest, by Fernández de Velasco, cf. note 63, p. 216, above.

GROUP C

This group contains only references to the single task of drinking the sea, or of measuring its waters.

65. Cf. Plutarch's *Moralia,* "the banquet of the seven Sages," note 36, p. 206, above.

66. *El Libro de los engaños y los asayamientos de las mugeres, op. cit.,* cf. note 49, p. 212, above.

67. *The Book of the thousand nights and a night* (Arabian Nights), translations by Lane, and by Burton, cf. note 43, p. 210, above; also note 52 on *The Tale of Beryn,* p. 213.

68. Cassel, D. Paulus, *The Sinbad Tales* (or the Seven Wise Men) Mischle Sindbad, secundas Syntipas, edit. by Cassel, (3rd edition) Berlin, 1891, p. 24, 3 ff., also pp. 158, 172, 295; and note 47, p. 212, above.

69. The mediaeval *vita Aesopi* by Planudes (14th century) tells us that Aesop had to solve the task of drinking up the sea, cf. note 50, p. 212, above.

70. Simrock, Karl, *Handbuch der deutschen Mythologie,* 3rd edition, Bonn, 1869, pp. 249-250; in connection with the Edda stories he mentions "die Wettspiele die Thôr mit seinen Gefährten bestehen muss" . . . . "das Meer auszutrinken, eine uralte Aufgabe, vermag er freilich nicht," p. 250.

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HISTRIONICS IN THE DRAMAS OF FRANZ GRILLPARZER*

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I. SYMBOLISM IN GESTURE AND ACTION

Grillparzer designates symbolism as a characteristic of all art. Science has to do with the naked thought: "nur in der Wissenschaft macht das Kleid nicht den Mann."[1] But in art the perfection of the form in which the thought is embodied is of equal importance with the actual content: "Gediegenheit der Form ist die zweite gleich wichtige Hälfte jeder Kunst."[1] The relationship between prose and poetry, as he defines it, makes

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[1] From an undated letter to N. Karhan: *Grillparzers Briefe und Tagebücher*, herausgegeben von Carl Glossy und August Sauer, Stuttgart [1903]. Vol. i, p. 295.

clear his position. "Die prosaische Wahrheit ist die Wahrheit des Verstandes, des Denkens. Die poetische ist dieselbe Wahrheit, aber in dem Kleide, der Form, der Gestalt, die sie im Gemüte annimmt. Man hat die poetische Wahrheit auch die subjektive genannt. Unrichtig! denn die Grundlage ist ebenso objektiv als die andere, denn alle Wahrheit ist objektiv. *Aber die Gestalt, das Bild, die Erscheinung, ist aus dem Subjekt genommen. Man würde sie am besten die symbolische Wahrheit nennen.*[2] Warum nimmt denn aber die Wahrheit Gestalt? Weil alle Kunst auf Gestaltung, Formgebung, Bildung beruht und die nackte Wahrheit ihr Reich ohnehin in der—Prosa hat" (xv, 58).[3]

To Grillparzer, then, symbolism is the form which poetic truth takes, and this form lends to the thought a peculiar effectiveness. For the mind is so accustomed to the literal expression of an idea that the latter no longer has the power to awaken a train of thought or to produce an image. Given, however, the

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[2] See also Friedrich Jodl, "Grillparzers Ideen zur Aesthetik," *Jahrbuch der Grillparzer-Gesellschaft*, x, p. 61 f.:

"Aber dies Hindrängen auf Wirklichkeit oder wenigstens Möglichkeit ist nur ein Moment in Grillparzers Kunstbegriff. Nie ist es ihm eingefallen, dabei stehen bleiben zu wollen, wie der Verismus und Naturalismus unserer Tage tut, oder gern tun möchte. Als blosse Nachahmung würde die Kunst überflüssig sein. Warum sollten wir etwas nachahmen, das wir in Wirklichkeit schon besitzen? Sie ist auch keine Verschönerung der Natur; denn wer könnte die Natur im Einzelnen schöner machen, als sie ist? Die Kunst gibt ja in gewisser Weise unvermeidlich *weniger* als die Natur; sie muss darum, soll sie sich der Natur gegenüber behaupten, auf der anderen Seite notwendig *mehr* geben. Wo liegt dieses Mehr?

"Zunächst in dem, was Grillparzer mit einem glücklichen und in der neueren Aesthetik zu immer grösserer Geltung gelangten Ausdruck: 'das Symbolische' der Kunst genannt hat. Bei diesem Begriff—es ist ein Centralbegriff der Aesthetik Grillparzers—ist selbstverständlich nicht an dasjenige zu denken, was man gewöhnlich unter dieser Bezeichnung versteht: ein mehr oder minder willkürlich gewähltes Zeichen, um einen bestimmten Begriff zu versinnlichen oder in abgekürzter Weise zum Ausdruck zu bringen. . . . So ist die Eule ein Symbol der Weisheit. . . .

"Das Symbolische aber, welches Grillparzer als eine Eigenschaft aller Kunst in Anspruch nimmt, besteht eben darin, 'dass sie nicht die Wahrheit an die Spitze ihres Beginnens stellt'—ich möchte verdeutlichend sagen: weder den Begriff der Sache, noch die Sache selbst—'sondern ein Bild der Wahrheit, eine Incarnation derselben, die Art und Weise, wie sich das Licht des Geistes in dem halbdunklen Medium des Gemütes färbt und bricht.'"

[3] *Grillparzers sämtliche Werke* in zwanzig Bänden. Herausgegeben und mit Einleitungen versehen von August Sauer. Stuttgart und Berlin, J. G. Cotta. [1892.] References are throughout to volume and page in this edition.

same idea in an unaccustomed, that is, figurative guise, and the mind is at once roused out of its lethargy.[4] The new and figurative form, moreover, invests the cold abstract concept of a truth with a sense of reality, and it is this which charms us rather than the actual thought itself: "Nicht die Ideen machen den eigentlichen Reiz der Poesie aus; der Philosoph hat deren vielleicht höhere: aber dass die kalte *Denkbarkeit* dieser Ideen in der Poesie eine *Wirklichkeit* erhält, das setzt uns in Entzücken. Die *Körperlichkeit* der Poesie macht sie zu dem, was sie ist, und wer sie, wie die Neuern, zu sehr vergeistigt, hebt sie auf.—Hierher gehört der Reiz des Bildes, der Metapher, der Vergleichung, und warum z. B. eine Fabel mehr überzeugt als der ihr zugrunde liegende moralische Satz" (xv, 64).

It is therefore entirely consistent with Grillparzer's theory of esthetics that even in such action as does not necessarily advance the plot of his dramas many instances of symbolism should be found. Especially at the close of the drama is he fond of giving an epitomized embodiment of the main thought of the whole. As the curtain goes down in *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn,* we are left with the picture of Bancbanus kneeling before the son of his king, reverently and loyally bowing his head upon the hand of little Bela, illustrating in this typical posture the mental attitude of the faithful steward (vi, 253). Of symbolic purport is also the action of Duke Otto's attendants, who throw a dark mantle about his shoulders as he is dismissed by the king toward the close of the act (vi, 252). Duke Otto has been the representative of that immoral life which the latter would banish from his realm (245). As he steps forward at the king's words "Kein Fluch sei über Euch!" the cloak is thrown about him to hide, as it were, all that had brought evil and distress to the country while its sovereign was absent.—Grillparzer has used the action of covering with a mantle again symbolically in *König*

[4] "Die Gewalt des bildlichen, also uneigentlichen Ausdrucks in der Poesie kommt daher, dass wir bei dem eigentlichen Ausdruck schon längst gewohnt sind, nichts mehr zu denken oder vorzustellen. Das Bild und, weiter fortgesetzt, das Gleichnis, nötigt uns aber aus dieser stumpfen Gewohnheit heraus, und die unentsprechende Bezeichnung wirkt stärker als die völlig gemässe" (xv, 58 f.).

Ottokars Glück und Ende, where Rudolf spreads his own imperial mantle over the dead body of Ottokar, as he says:

> "Den Kaisermantel, dem du nachgestrebt,
> Ich nehm' ihn ab und breit' ihn über dich,
> [er tut es]
> Dass als ein Kaiser du begraben werdest,
> Der du gestorben wie ein Bettler bist." (vi, 144)

To him who had devoted his life to ambitious ends, who had overridden all who were in his path, breaking even the closest ties in his struggle toward the goal, to him comes at last but the empty vestment of power; with terrible pathos he lies before us utterly crushed and defeated but decked with the semblance of greatness which a magnanimous enemy has accorded him. In *Blanka von Kastilien* there is a similar significance attached to the robe of rank, in Fedriko's words:

> "Mit diesem Mantel werf' ich die Schimäre
> Von Ruhm und Grösse von mir." (x, 45)

This instance does not appear at the close of the drama. *Die Jüdin von Toledo* ends with a scene which represents the recovery of the king from his temporary intoxication of pleasure, his newly awakened interest in the affairs of state, his complete reconciliation with the queen and Doña Clara, who symbolize purity of life, and his return of confidence in the support of a true friend. He places the prince, his son, upon a shield, which is borne aloft, the two women hold Bela on either side by the hand, the king himself follows leaning upon Garceran (ix, 214). In *Libussa* the symbolism of the three girdles reaches its culmination at the close of the last act (viii, 218). They had been the spiritual legacy of King Krokus to his daughters:

> "So oft ihr sie vereint,
> Will ich im Geist bei euch sein und mit Rat." (viii, 128)

Throughout the drama they symbolize the old natural order of things, with which Primislaus and his plans for the building of a city, for the beginning of commerce, and the inevitable introduction of other customs and manners, are bound to come into conflict. Libussa feels the impossibility of a reconciliation be-

tween the old and the new, and hence her sense of oppression, the weighing down of the girdle, and her request to her maid to loosen it:

> "Der Gürtel drückt, bind ihn mir loser." (210)

Finally comes her decision to make the sacrifice of the old life at any cost:

> "Fort alles, was um mich noch Gegenwart,
> Die Luft der Zukunft soll mich frei umspielen.
> Fort, dunkler Schleier, und du, teures Kleinod,
> Du drückst die Brust, belastet zentnerschwer.
> [Schleier und Gürtel von sich und den Hügel herabwerfend]
> Nun ist mir leicht." (218)

With the casting aside of that which was closely bound up with her inmost being, with the uprooting of tradition, of belief, of the very philosophy of life handed down by her fathers, comes death. The casting aside of the girdle and of the veil, which is part of the garment which she wore in the old life, is the outward symbol of the inner decision. Then Kascha and Tetka, her sisters, follow her example and cast from them their girdles, thereby removing symbolically the last obstacles from Primislaus' path in the founding of the city, and at the same time, by heaping all three girdles together and destining their gold for the future crown, leaving unbroken the chain of succession with its accumulated legacy.—The girdle serves again as a symbol in *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen.* The dead body of Leander has been found and brought to the temple. Hero begs that he be buried near by on the shore, and when the priest sternly refuses, she takes leave of her lover there, laying upon his body her wreath and her girdle:

> "Als Zeichen nur, als Pfand beim letzten Scheiden,
> Nimm diesen Kranz, den Gürtel lös' ich ab
> Und leg' ihn dir ins Grab. Du schönes Bild,
> All, was ich war, was ich besass, du hast es,
> Nimm auch das Zeichen, da das Wesen dein.
> Und so geschmückt, leb' wohl!" (vii, 100)

In *Der Traum, ein Leben* the passing of Zanga and the dervish (vii, 218), as they play upon the flute and the harp the melody

which in the first act (132) was to recall Rustan to a contented life without ambition, is symbolic of the real change that has come upon him through his dreams. Even Zanga, who has been his evil genius spurring him on to a life of adventure and glory, now pipes the old melody:

> "Schatten sind des Lebens Güter,
> Schatten seiner Freuden Schar,
> Schatten Worte, Wünsche, Taten,
> Die Gedanken nur sind wahr
>
> Und die Liebe, die du fühlest,
> Und das Gute, das du tust;
> Und kein Wachen als im Schlafe,
> Wenn du einst im Grabe ruhst."

Grillparzer has made effective use of symbolism in the body of his dramas as well. The dove episode in the first act of *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* is an instance of this (vii, 18 f.). It is the day of Hero's consecration as priestess of the temple, and her parents have come to be present at the ceremony. The mother is grief-stricken, first, at the thought of losing her child, for she is old and lonely, and second, at Hero's fate, for, she says, "Das Weib ist glücklich nur an Gattenhand." While Hero and her mother are thus conversing, in the background is being enacted a significant scene,—a dove has built her nest within the precincts of the temple grove and the priest has commanded one of the attendants to remove it, for "so will's des Tempels Übung." The mother notices what the slave is doing and says:

> "Unschuldig fromme Vögel stören sie
> Und nehmen aus ihr Nest. So reissen sie
> Das Kind auch von der Mutter, Herz von Herzen,
> Und haben des ihr Spiel. O, weh mir, weh!"

Hero takes the basket containing the dove from the servant, both to soothe the trembling bird and to calm her mother, who sees her own fate in that of the bird. As the priest remonstrates with her for violating the custom of the temple in that she harbors the dove—"All, was sich paart, bleibt ferne diesem Hause"—she gives the basket again to the attendant, bidding him set free the bird. The little scene not only throws into

higher relief the sorrow and forebodings of the old mother, but symbolizes as well the abnormality of a state in which the common laws of nature must be set aside to make room for a false kind of virtue. In its inhumanity it is a dramatic foreshadowing of Hero's own fate.

There are a number of similar instances in the action of Grillparzer's dramas. The representative of the Reichstag who has come to ask Ottokar whether he will accept the imperial crown, in his loyal zeal raises aloft the shield which he thinks bears the white lion of Bohemia but which instead presents the red lion of the house of Habsburg (vi, 39).—Leander chances to take his place by the altar of Hymen, while the ceremony of the consecration takes place, and it is here that Hero sees him while sacrificing, and the sight so affects her that she feeds the flame too bounteously, whereupon it flares up more brightly than usual, giving portent of the future (vii, 28 f.).—Jason tears the veil, which is woven through with cabalistic signs, from Medea's head, saying:

> "So reiss' ich dich von all den Banden los,
> Die dich geknüpft an dieses Landes Frevel.
> Hier, Griechen, eine Griechin! Grüsset sie!" (v, 100)

In *Esther* King Ahasveros appears for the first time after a scene between several courtiers, who have been discussing the situation at court, the banishment of the queen, and its effect upon the king. We gather from their words and subsequently from those of the king that the momentous step was taken as a result of undue influence brought to bear on him by his courtiers, who in fact are the source of all his misery. The king enters through an arbor, where he picks various leaves and drops them to the ground. These are the leaves that are infected with a pest and if allowed to remain on the vine will ultimately cause it to wither away. Their destruction is symbolic of the fate that he feels should meet the courtiers who in the realm are "Feinde alles Blühns" (viii, 229).—At the very beginning of *Der Traum, ein Leben* (vii, 113), the little scene between Kaleb and his wife and child serves as a picture of the true happiness for which

Mirza longs for herself and Rustan and which he learns to recognize after the dream as the only happiness worth striving for. It puts into tangible and therefore effective form the ideal which runs through the drama as its central thought:

> "*Mirza.* Jener Jäger, Kaleb ist's.
> Sieh, sein Weib kommt ihm entgegen
> Mit dem Kleinen an der Brust.
> Wie er eilt, sie zu erreichen!
> Und der Knabe streckt die Hände
> Jauchzend nach dem Vater aus.
> Ihr seid glücklich!—Ja, ihr seid's!"

The characters do not appear again (except as Rustan gives the name Kaleb to the blind old father in the dream), and simply serve this symbolic purpose. So the scene in *Die Jüdin* between Rahel and the weapon-bearers of the king who, at her bidding, use his lance as a prop for her tent-cloth, hold his shield as her mirror, and give over to her his helmet as a plaything, is the symbolic representation of the complete subservience to the allurements of pleasure in a strong man who has until then led a puritanical existence in which virtue was not attractive, but only estimable (ix, 179). The act of throwing Rahel's picture into the crypt, where her dead body lies, symbolizes the last step in the complete recovery of the king (213); as he returns from viewing the body and enters the room where the queen and Manrique and Garceran are gathered, he passes his hands one over the other, then over his neck and body, as though cleansing them. The actions are unaccompanied by words and are meant to convey to us vividly what is going on within the king's mind,—his sudden awakening to a feeling of repulsion for Rahel, his realization of the contamination that for a while entered his life, and now his wish to dispel every trace of the corrupting intercourse (211). We are reminded of the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth* where Lady Macbeth tries to wash the bloodstains from her hands.—In *Der Traum, ein Leben* the action of the two spirit boys who appear at the end of the first act and again in the last act, is a symbolic device used by Grillparzer to make plain to the audience the exact moments when the dream begins

and ends. The spirit of consciousness is clothed in a brown garment and in the first act bears a flaming torch, until the spirit of sleep, dressed in many colors, leans over Rustan's bed and lights his torch from the flame of the other, whereupon the dark spirit dashes his light against the earth. At the end of the dream the action is reversed, the spirit of the waking Rustan lighting his torch at that of the spirit of the dream, whereupon the latter extinguishes his light (vii, 210).—The wreath is used symbolically in *Esther* where at the importunities of the king the Jewish maiden sets upon her head a golden circlet as an indication of her willingness to become his queen (viii, 252).—In *Sappho* the poetess removes the wreath of victory from her head and gazes pensively upon it (iv, 153). She has just returned from new triumphs, but even with the plaudits of multitudes still ringing in her ears she sadly meditates upon the inadequacy of ambition and fame to fill the longings of her soul for real happiness; honor and applause from the world cannot take the place of affection from dear ones. And yet in a moment she sets the symbol of success again upon her head as Melitta recalls to her how many have sought for the crown and have not won it. She repeats Melitta's words and replacing the wreath reflects upon its worth:

> "Es schmähe nicht den Ruhm, wer ihn besitzt,
> Er ist kein leer-bedeutungsloser Schall,
> Mit Götterkraft erfüllet sein Berühren!
> Wohl mir! Ich bin so arm nicht! Seinem Reichtum
> Kann gleichen Reichtum ich entgegensetzen:
> Der Gegenwart mir dargebotnem Kranz
> Die Blüten der Vergangenheit und Zukunft!"

The two simple gestures with the wreath symbolize the pathos in Sappho's fate,—through her devotion to the development of her inner life and ideal of art she has forfeited her ability to live normally in that very world which has given her the highest applause, and so she has shut herself out from the normal happiness for which she longs. In setting the wreath upon her head she determines to use its power to win Phaon. When the final realization of her failure comes she says:

"Was ich vermag und kann und bin und heisse,
Als Kranz wollt' ich es winden um sein Haupt,
Ein mildes Wort statt allen Lohns begehrend,
Und er—lebt ihr denn noch, gerechte Götter?" (190)

Sappho was Grillparzer's second drama; it was written before his bitter experiences with an ungrateful and unappreciative contemporary world. And so Melitta's and Sappho's words:

"Der schöne Kranz! Wie lohnt so hohe Zier!
Von Tausenden gesucht und nicht errungen," (153)

sound to us only presageful; they do not yet come out of the fulness of the poet's own experience. We are reminded, too, of the lack of domestic happiness in Grillparzer's own life, and of his isolation generally. There was not in his character the warmth and stability that foster abiding affection; and that lack, increased by the inharmony between a life given over to art and the life of the real, practical, and often harsh world without, produced a situation which is somewhat comparable to that in Sappho.—One other instance of symbolism in *Sappho* is that of the decking of the house with flowers in token of the love that has entered there (iv, 158). Eucharis bids the maidens wreathe with garlands hall and pillar, door and threshold, nay even the very flower-beds themselves,

" . . . . denn heute feiert
Das Fest der Liebe die Gebieterin."

In each of the instances of symbolic gesture and pantomime above cited, the symbolic meaning of the act has been of more importance than the possible link that the act itself formed in the chain of dramatic action. In other words, to Grillparzer an act as a symbol was the most vivid and forceful way of emphasizing or reiterating an abstract thought.

We should expect many personifications in the dramas, for our author himself has said that "poetry is what it is because of its concreteness."[5] In them we find abundant proof of the important part which action and movement play in concreteness of representation. The following, while not belonging to sym-

[5] "Die *Körperlichkeit* der Poesie macht sie zu dem, was sie ist." cf. p. 241.

bolic gesture or action, should be mentioned here as furnishing other illustrations of Grillparzer's habit of clothing commonplace phenomena of life in unusual garb and of investing them with action and movement. Out of the gloomy east night climbs up into the heavens, puts out the candles of the day, and lets down a dark curtain about the heads of her beloved (vii, 112); the heavens stare down at the earth out of hollow sockets (iv, 16); the day is making preparations to awaken (viii, 93); the fingers of the sun raise the veil of night (xi, 130); Phoebus, at early morn, looks blessings (vii, 7); the sun has climbed the mountain and seems to point in astonishment at Rustan, who is tarrying instead of setting out into his new life (vii, 214); the fields are putting on new garments (iv, 16); the trees stretch out bare, naked arms to heaven imploring help (iv, 16); nature walks dark paths (iv, 196), and beckons to Jaromir to enter his grave (iv, 50); the brook struggles to get to the river (viii, 214); the year has grown old, its pulses are weaker, and it totters to the grave (iv, 16); the flower, awakening from its sleep, like a child raises its head from the soft white pillow, opens its clear eyes and smiles (iv, 16; xi, 124). Very characteristic is the following:

> "Wie, wenn des jungen Frühlings lauer Finger
> Den Schnee streift von der Erde starren Gliedern,
> Das Gras hervortritt aus der Winterhülle,
> Der Rose zarte Wangen süss erröten,
> Die blauen Glöcklein holde Freude tönen,
> Die Knospe auszieht ihren rauhen Pelz,
> Des Bächleins Wellen durch die Wiesen hüpfen,
> Und alles lebt und atmet und sich freut—
> So schwand aus seiner Seele jener Frost,
> Der so oft mit Verzweiflung mich erfüllte." (xi, 134)

Not only does Grillparzer personify the phenomena of nature in terms of action, but thoughts, feelings, and various states of mind as well, take form and move vividly before us:

> "Unsre Neigungen, Gedanken,
> Scheinen gleich sie ohne Schranken,
> Gehn doch, wie die Rinderherde,
> Eines in des andern Tritt." (vii, 136)

Sorrow and pain place their seal upon Queen Margaret's lips and from them smiles flee in terror (vi, 21); sleep drops down upon Ottokar's eyelids (vi, 120); mistrust descends upon the brow like a cloud of mist (ix, 24); peace and contentment pillow themselves softly on Phaon's brow (iv, 174); suspicion, turning red with shame, would have refused to enter the halls of his ancestors, the count declares (iv, 62); craftiness is a skillful spinner who spins so fine a thread that it breaks of its own delicacy (ix, 119); memory with gentle hand unveils the golden past (iv, 164); Blanka's dreadful secret has plucked with murderous hands the blossom of her life (x, 36). In Grillparzer's imagination, time takes on the form of an insistent creditor who knocks at the door and demands his own (iv, 47). Again, the present age with its evils is a hideous hag who pushes her way past hundreds of sentries and forces us to look into her horrid countenance (ix, 22); civil war stretches forth its flame-encircled head (x, 44); the swords of the Turks devour the Hungarian soldiery (ix, 31). Sin throws away its mask and lies in wait with arms outstretched (x, 126, 113); the grave embraces with icy arm the brave man (x, 75, 84); hell extends its fiery arms to protect Blanka from Rodrigo's vengeance (x, 179). Stern necessity interposes her ruthless scepter between the entwining arms of lovers (x, 37).

II. PANTOMIME

Grillparzer gives a vivid characterization of Rudolf II in the first act of *Ein Bruderzwist in Habsburg* (ix, 16 f.), and he does this almost entirely through pantomime. The emperor enters leaning upon a walking-stick. Two painters have brought their work for his inspection. He pauses before the pictures, points out an error in the first, but indicating his approval of the second signs to Rumpf with three uplifted fingers that he is to purchase it. Rumpf mistakes the number for two and on repeating "Zweitausend?" is curtly corrected by the emperor with the one word "Drei." Rudolf then steps up to the table, picks up one of the books and expresses his delight on discovering that it is by Lope de Vega. Rumpf calls his attention to some dispatches that have come from the court at Madrid, but without heeding him he contemptuously pushes back the papers lying on the table, seats himself, and begins to read. Rumpf briefly announces that Duke Ferdinand has arrived and that Don Caesar has called; after each announcement the emperor looks up for a moment from his book and then reads on. Presently he bursts out laughing, expresses his admiration of the author, and as Matthias approaches and begins his plea, reflects aloud on what he has just read, exclaiming: "'Ring des Vergessens'—Ja, wer den besässe!" Matthias continues his supplication, laying his hand upon the arm of the emperor's chair in his zeal; whereupon Rudolf, roused out of his abstraction, calls out to Rumpf that he would be alone. When Matthias is still insistent, he twice, with ever increasing anger, repeats the word "Allein," threatening Rumpf with his cane. Klesel in trepidation leads Matthias away. Rudolf mutters the word "Allein" twice again to himself, and as Rumpf in his despair picks up the book that he has cast aside and hands it to him, he refuses it. Rumpf tries him again with important news from the scene of war, but gaining no response announces the arrival of a merchant with cut gems.

This rouses the emperor to the laconic reply "Sehn!" Again the distracted Rumpf asks a hearing for an ambassador, at which Rudolf shakes his head; and as he mentions the word "Berichte," his majesty raps angrily upon the floor with his cane. It is only when Don Caesar enters and begs for mercy for his friend Russworm that he is roused out of himself. He searches among the papers on the table for Russworm's sentence. Rumpf fetches it from the emperor's private office and hands it to him. He laughs scornfully and returns it to Rumpf. Thereupon Don Caesar begins his pleadings again. By this time Rudolf is thoroughly awake to the situation and sternly replies:

"Er stirbt!—Und du mit ihm,
Wagst ferner du's, ein Wort für ihn zu sprechen."

This brief scene throws a flood of light upon Rudolf. He is moody, taciturn, easily irritated when misunderstood or crossed, fonder of books than of human society, impatient of the routine of his office, more interested in art than in affairs of state. His silent entrance, his impatient gestures, his abstraction, the violence of his anger, pointing as they do to an abnormal inner state of mind and to the realization on his part of the ineffectiveness of his rule, are dramatic and productive of the atmosphere that the poet had to create for the subsequent political situation.

Again in the fourth act (99 f.) Grillparzer has effectively used pantomime to draw with a few sharp lines the pathos of Rudolf's existence. The troops that he had summoned to his aid and admitted into the city at the point where the palace is located have been repulsed and the castle itself is closely guarded. He steps out into the garden of the palace with Rumpf and stands before a flower-bed which has been trampled upon in the preceding night of battle. The solicitous Rumpf tries to explain away the sad condition of the emperor's beloved flowers by saying: "Das that der böse Sturm in heut'ger Nacht." When Rudolf nods his head in silent affirmation, Rumpf hastens to correct any impression of having referred to the rout of the Passau troops by saying: "Den Sturm*wind* mein ich eben, Majestät." But the emperor realizes fully that the marks in the

garden mean the precipitous flight of his army, and with his staff passes repeatedly over the footprints. The Duke of Brunswick has been approaching, and to his faithful friend Rudolf holds out his hand in greeting. Julius stoops to kiss it but the emperor withdraws it and holds it out for the hand-clasp of friend to friend. The duke seizes it in both his own as he says:

> "Nun denn: willkommen!
> Mich freut das Wohlsein Eurer Majestät."

At this Rudolf laughs a mocking laugh, and when Julius tries to comfort him with the words:

> "Nach Wolken, sagt ein Sprichwort, kommt die Sonne,
> Die Sonne aller aber ist das Recht."

the emperor mutely points heavenward with his cane. Grillparzer gives us with a few vivid and graphic strokes an insight into Rudolf's mind, the foreshadowing of the end of his life, which came early in the next year, as well as the end of his rule as King of Bohemia, which followed at once upon the defeat and retreat of his army. We see that same reticence that was so marked at his first entrance, as well as a definite expression ("weist mit dem Stab gen Himmel") of his feeling of absolute inability to cope with the situation, which was but indicated in the pantomime in the first act.—While Julius is remonstrating with Rudolf, saying that right will in the end prevail on earth as well as in Heaven, the sentry who has been posted by the citizens of Prague to guard the wall at this point against a possible second entrance of the emperor's troops, calls out a challenge. Rudolf starts at the call but says not a word. Rumpf explains who those sentries are, stationed to guard the gates. At this the emperor shakes his finger violently in the direction of the city; and when Julius announces the coming of the other dukes to beg pardon of Rudolf, saying that the earth is of itself returning to its former state of peace and order out of very horror at the conditions that have prevailed so long, the emperor points at the ground and strikes it repeatedly with his staff; then he retires. The same gesture of striking the ground was used in the first act as a mark of extreme impatience.

Following immediately upon this scene is a similar one, again with almost exclusive pantomime on the part of the emperor. Don Caesar has been brought to one of the towers of the palace half demented. He has killed Lucretia and in the fever of his madness would destroy himself. It is therefore imperative that there be free entrance to his room to protect him from himself and to continue the care which the physicians have given him; they have opened one of his veins to relieve the fever. The castle, however, is under the close surveillance of the citizens of Prague and the keys are in their hands. Julius has succeeded in securing the key to Don Caesar's room, and one of the servants now hastens up to him and requests it, for the prisoner has torn the bandages from his arm and is in danger of bleeding to death. At this the emperor turns and looks sharply at the messenger; Julius repeats the message and is about to deliver the key when Rudolf motions that he will take it himself. Despite the remonstrance of the duke he walks silently up to the well in the yard and drops the key down into it. Only then does he speak and, with a voice that beginning resolutely finally chokes with tears, pronounces judgment upon his son:

"Er ist gerichtet,
Von mir, von seinem Kaiser, seinem—Herrn!"

The actions of the emperor, unaccompanied as they are by any words of explanation, are appalling in their force and inexorableness. Wonderful is the effect then of the few words that he does utter as the climax of his silent judgment. Then he totters from the stage, leaning upon Rumpf, a pathetic picture of defeat as a ruler and of victory as the upholder of the social order, which has been vindicated with the blood of his son.—In none of his dramas has Grillparzer made so frequent and so dramatic a use of gesticulation, unaccompanied in the main by words, as in this delineation of Rudolf's character in *Ein Bruderzwist*. There is one other instance of its effective use at the very end of the play (132). The last picture that is left with us is that of Matthias, the new emperor, alone, kneeling at some distance from the imperial insignia which have just been brought. With his

face turned toward them he beats his breast in an agony of remorse. Then, as the cries "Vivat Matthias" reach his ears from the multitudes, he covers his face with his hands at the realization of his impotence in coping with a situation which he himself has created. There is a poetic justice in this tableau-ending to the drama which gives a sense of satisfaction and of completeness.

In *Die Jüdin von Toledo* Rahel's character is early thrown into relief by means of the masquerading scene in the garden-house (ix, 158 f.). Her imaginativeness, her vanity, her unusual naïveté in disclosing thought and feeling, her worldly wisdom, her utter selfishness, her powers of self-control, the absence of all self-consciousness, are at once revealed. It is the same device that we have found in *Ein Bruderzwist in Habsburg,*—an early scene in the drama in which by very full pantomime and corresponding dialogue much light is thrown upon a leading character.[6]—In *Weh dem, der lügt* Galomir's first important introduction (viii, 78 f.), here coming in the fourth act, is made vivid in the same way. At once, through his constant gesticulation and disconnected speech, we have the picture of the simple-minded, animal-like, clumsy fellow, very slow of thought, and incapable of elaborate reasoning.

Grillparzer sometimes opens an act of a drama with a scene which is to create the atmosphere for the ensuing act. In *Libussa,* act II (viii, 134 f.), the curtain rises on an animated, idyllic scene in the open. Men are laughing, talking, drinking, and playing checkers; dancing is going on in the background; a woman in the foreground is playing with a little child. Presently a number of farm laborers enter singing, and the next relay of men with joyous readiness leave the scene to take up the work in the fields. The game of checkers comes to a crisis, one of the players has staked all his money and lost, whereupon the other shoves back half of the heap, that they may go on playing. Now a young pair of dancers come forward; the old father of the girl, who is remonstrating at the love affair that is flourishing before his eyes, is then and there half won over to give his consent.

[6] Cf. p. 251.

Enter then, amid great jubilation on the part of the women and children nearby, a troop of miners making music and carrying on their shoulders a large tray upon which is an exhibit of metals. The whole scene represents the condition of the people under Libussa's gentle reign. They are leading a very ideal life given over to agricultural pursuits, are contented and happy and seem to be dominated by unselfishness and love for one another. The introduction of the miners gives opportunity for Libussa's later remark when Wlasta calls her attention to them as they bring their offering:

> "Mich ekelt an der anspruchsvolle Tand.
> Die Butterblumen hier sind helles Gold,
> Und reines Silber nickt in diesen Glöckchen.
> Hat jemand Lust an ihrem toten Hort
> Zu Schmuck und zu Gerät, sei's ihm gegönnt." (143)

So the description at the beginning of the fifth act (198), of the maids who are busied with sewing and spinning, suggests to us the simplicity of Libussa's life since her marriage with Primislaus.—*Der Gastfreund* opens with a picture of Medea standing bow in hand in the pose of one who has just discharged an arrow; before the altar in the background lies the deer which she has brought low and which she is presently to offer as a sacrifice (v, 9). We are immediately transported to a barbarian land, where the Princess Medea is at the same time priestess and huntress.—Atalus at the beginning of the third act of *Weh dem, der lügt* (viii, 53) is discovered idly toying with a stick, while Leon is busily engaged in preparing food for the banquet. At a glance we have a forewarning of the part that he will play in the flight. So in the third act of *Der Traum, ein Leben* (vii, 156) the king enters, leading by the hand Rustan and Gülnare. We see at once that Rustan has reached the goal for which he has been striving.

Grillparzer has twice made use of the motive of tying some article of personal apparel belonging to the beloved maiden about the staff or sword of the lover. The act is done, however, with two very different ends in view. Leander binds Hero's veil about a staff and calls it his standard. He lays it before his shrine,

calling upon the god to guard it for him. Later he carries it with him when he swims across for the last time to Hero's tower. It is discovered by Ianthe cast up on the shore just before she finds the body. Leander's act is a symbolic expression of his feeling that Hero is hereafter his guiding star (vii, 75 f.). He will wear her colors, as it were. The act in its purport is comparable with the mediaeval custom in accordance with which the lady tied her sash to her lover's arm before his departure for battle.—More nearly like this custom is Edrita's cunning device in *Weh dem, der lügt,* by means of which she diverts Galomir and so wins time and opportunity for the approach of Leon and Atalus. Galomir has tracked the fugitives and is almost upon them when Edrita discovers herself to him and then so skillfully occupies him that the two youths can steal up unawares and take the ungainly fellow prisoner. Her plan is to seem to consent to his position as her recognized betrothed and so to bewilder his simple mind with complete acquiescence that he does not notice that she is gaining possession of his weapons (viii, 81 f.). She seats herself beside him and says:

> "Hier ist dein Schwert, das gut und stark, doch schmucklos.
> Was gibst du mir? so knüpf' ich dir ein Bändchen,
> Das, etwa blau, ich trug an meinem Hals,
> [sie macht eine Schleife am Halse los]
> Wie, schau' nur, dies, das knüpf' ich an dein Schwert."

Galomir lunges at her with his hand as she removes the ribbon at her throat, whereupon she bids him go gently. This suggests to her an old custom:

> "Zieh aus dein Schwert und lehn es zwischen uns,
> So machen sie's bei der Vermählung auch,
> Da liegt ein Schwert erst zwischen beiden Gatten."

He obeys her bidding and so without arousing his suspicions she secures the sword and proceeds with the binding of the ribbon about its hilt, coughing as she does so to let Leon know that now is the time to approach. When the adornment of the sword is complete, she claps her hands with joy at its beauty and as if accidentally lets the sword fall to the ground. When Galomir stoops to pick it up, Leon and Atalus step forward and the

success of the ruse is complete. The significance of the action of binding the ribbon to the sword is most effective in its irony, and so stands in glaring contrast to the deep seriousness of the corresponding scene in *Hero.* In the latter, however, the incident does not form an essential part of the dramatic action.

It is interesting to note in *Der Traum, ein Leben* how closely and skillfully Grillparzer has followed the typical features of our usual dreams. Rustan's efforts to stop the drinking cup which the old witch has rolled out from behind the curtains about the king's bed, his repeated attempts to pick it up, and his exhaustion when he finally succeeds (vii, 181), are an admirable copy of the agony through which we go in our dreams when the simplest act seems well-nigh impossible. Again, the action of "der Mann vom Felsen" (180), who is about to hurl at Rustan the adder which he holds in his hand and which gnaws at his breast, and who disappears when Rustan falls to the ground crying "Entsetzen," is a very typical and frequent occurrence in dreams,—the sudden hurling of a missile which we cannot escape and its disappearance as we move or cry out.

In *Blanka von Kastilien* the struggle that goes on in Fedriko's heart between his passionate determination to save the queen's life and his sense of honor as commandant of the fort is effectively depicted by a few moments of silent pantomime after his description of the secret passage (x, 128). At the word "Kommandant" the whole enormity of the disloyalty to his office, of which he is about to be guilty in delivering up one of the keys, comes over him with telling force and he suddenly stops short. He hastily looks about him for a possible eavesdropper; then his head drops upon his chest and with folded hands he stares at the floor. Presently he pulls himself together and then goes on with the unfolding of his plan.

One other significant instance of the dramatic use of pantomime should be mentioned. At the moment when the chief priest in *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* extinguishes the lamp in the tower which is to guide the daring swimmer, Hero moves in her sleep and sighs, and just as we are beginning to hope

that she may awaken to avert the impending disaster she sinks more deeply into sleep, her head glides from the hand that has supported it and rests upon her upper arm, while the lower arm hangs limply beside the bed (vii, 89); the whole change in posture suggests her falling into profound slumber. It is a delicate and very beautiful bit of action; it is followed by the words of the Tempelhüter: "Mich schaudert. Weh! Hätt' ich mein Oberkleid!" and these, with the sudden coming of complete darkness, enhance the dramatic effect of the movements of the sleeper and increase our forebodings. The important element in producing the effect is, however, the coupling of the priest's action with Hero's stirring in her sleep.

III. THE DETAILS OF GESTURE AND ACTION

Grillparzer said that he could read in the faces of the commonplace people about him, in their gait, in the attitude of members of the same family one toward the other, and in the half involuntary words dropped by them, whole biographies.[7] Nay more, he maintains that this divination of the lives of the obscure through a sympathetic scrutiny of the outward expression of their thoughts and feelings is a necessary prerequisite to the understanding of those characters who, being above the average, become the theme of the dramatist. He calls himself "ein leidenschaftlicher Liebhaber der Menschen" and goes on to say: "als einem solchen ist mir jedes Volksfest ein eigentliches Seelenfest, eine Wallfahrt, eine Andacht." Certain gestures, expressions of the face, tones of the voice, and so forth, become then to Grillparzer unmistakable signs of particular emotions and moods.

1. Face and Head

There are certain stereotyped movements of the head that we find in the dramas. Queen Gertrude dismisses her councillors with a nod (vi, 174); Rudolf nods in silent and scornful affirmation when Julius assiduously tries to explain away the challenge that the guards call out to the emperor in his own palace yard (ix, 105); when Rumpf announces the request of Zuñiga for a hearing, he simply shakes his head in refusal (ix, 18). Edrita calls out so that Galomir may hear, that they are going straight into the woods now, all the while, however, shaking her head at Leon, as a token that that is simply to hoodwink their pursuer (viii, 83); Bertha shakes her head in disbelief when Jaromir reveals to her his identity (iv, 75); the shoemaker shakes his head dolefully as he prophesies evil (xi, 223). "Still," "schweigend," "heftig," "schmerzlich" are used to characterize this

[7] *Der arme Spielmann*, xiii, 227.

movement of the head; and in the case of the chancellor whose duty it is to announce Ottokar's defeat in the election of the emperor, the phrase "mit gefalteten Händen" is added, giving the sense of calm resignation and finality (vi, 64). The head is uncovered during prayer (vi, 145) or for other religious ceremonies, as in forming in procession in order to proceed to mass (ix, 29); in the presence of death (iv, 101); also before royalty (vi, 88). Rudolf commands those about him to cover their heads again as soon as Ottokar speaks to him as one human being to another, not as vassal to lord or as prince of the realm to the emperor (vi, 88).—The head is laid upon the arm which rests upon a table or a pillow, as a sign of mental or physical weariness:

> "Lass mich hier in diesem Stuhl,
> Bis die Sinne sich gesammelt
> Und ich wieder selber bin,"

says Jaromir, as he rests his head on his arm (iv, 34).—In *Die Jüdin,* Isaak has been in hiding since the uproar attending the murder of Rahel and, as Esther enters and would relate the horrid tale, refuses to believe or even to listen; he crouches on the floor leaning his head against the chair, an image of wretched cowardice (ix, 203).—In a letter to Julie Löwe,[8] the sister of the actor who was to take the part of Otto at the first presentation of *Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn,* Grillparzer wrote the following directions for Otto's attitude in the fourth act after the death of Erny: "Otto wird stumpf . . . . Eine klanglose Stimme, ein dumpfes Vorsichhinstieren, *im Sitzen den Kopf zwischen die Schultern gezogen,* würde die beste Haltung nach aussen hin sein." The attitude is one of vacant brooding. "Nur das Gefühl der gegenwärtigen Gefahr ist in ihm lebendig," Grillparzer goes on to say. This goads Otto to spasmodic outbursts, after which he sinks back into his former state of dull lethargy, this time, however, leaning his head back in the armchair in which he is sitting (vi, 224). One other instance of this gesture may be here mentioned: at the end of the first act of

[8] *Briefe und Tagebücher,* ed. Glossy and Sauer. Vol. i, *Briefe,* p. 90.

Sappho, after the poetess has sung her ode in which she has invoked Aphrodite to her aid in the impending struggle for Phaon's love, she leans her head wearily back against the terrace (iv, 155).

The gesture which is directly opposed to this, that of raising the head, is typical of courage and action:

> "Den Kopf empor und alles frisch bekannt!" (iv, 159)
> "Und so, gehobnen Haupts, mit furchtlos offnen Blicken,
> Entgegen kühn den kommenden Geschicken." (viii, 132)

The raising of the head is also connected with an aggressive frame of mind, or with arrogance:

> "Der Undank hob sein Haupt auf gegen mich" (vi, 130);
> " . . . . Wie er einhergeht,
> Mit aufgeworfnem Nacken, hohem Haupt,
> Als fordert' er Gott selber auf zum Kampf." (xi, 167)

It may, on the other hand, be merely a mark of attention: Medea says to the maiden who kneels at her feet begging her pardon, "Was ist?" at the same time raising her head from her brown study (v, 56). In *Hero* both head and arms are thrown into the air as a gesture of intense and despairing longing (vii, 102).

To return to the gesture of resting the chin upon the breast. We find it again in *Die Argonauten* (v, 85) accompanying brooding, though in this instance the gesture is expressed in the stage direction; in the characterization of Rudolf it is typical of his habit of dreaming (ix, 26); with Rahel it is an expression of fear and accompanies the action of embracing the knees of the king in supplication (ix, 146); again, though insincerely, it expresses in her self-consciousness and timidity (160); in Leander, irresoluteness (vii, 36). When Phaon gives Melitta the rose, the depth of her emotion is shown by the fact that she stands immovable with head and eyes cast down (iv, 165), a posture identical with that of Medea after Jason kisses her and says:

> "Und dieser Kuss sei dir ein sichres Pfand,
> Dass wir uns wiedersehn." (v, 54)

This is again a supreme moment of emotion too deep for immediate expression.—The sinking of the head is an expression of

humiliation in Ottokar, who has just knelt as a vassal before Rudolf (vi, 97); in Hero, of impotence, when she is hindered from going to her dead lover (vii, 96); in Rustan, of despair, when flight seems impossible after the death of the king (vii, 183); in Jason, of distracted bewilderment, as he comes out of the cave with the fleece, which he has wrested from the guardianship of the dragon (v, 115). It is the stereotyped attitude for deep thought (vii, 171); for prayer (vi, 138); in the presence of death (vi, 144).

With Grillparzer the most violent physical expression of despair is that of pressing the face upon the ground. In *Ottokar* Bertha, who has been the successful favorite of the king, learns that she is abandoned and that the king is about to wed another. With a cry she throws herself on the ground and presses her face against it (vi, 13). Later she goes mad with grief. There is a similar situation in *Sappho* (iv, 181), where Melitta enters after having carefully clothed herself, with roses in her hair and at her breast, and Sappho is overwhelmed by her beauty and youth and evident advantage in the struggle for Phaon's love. She starts as she sees the maiden and, covering her face with her hands, buries it in the grassy bank where she has been sitting. In *Psyche* (xi, 126) it is an attitude of pensive longing. In *Der Traum, ein Leben* Rustan presses his brow against the floor in an agony of contrition as Gülnare announces that she will share the crown, left vacant by the death of her father, with her supposed rescuer (vii, 185). Violent grief at the death of a beloved one is expressed by burying the head in the pillows upon which the body lies (vii, 101); a feeling of guilt at being instrumental in causing death, combined with great sorrow, is manifested in the same way by Bertha at the couch of her father, in *Die Ahnfrau* (iv, 93).

The covering of the face is in general the natural expression of a feeling of overwhelming sorrow or of shame and remorse. It is often accompanied by weeping. The face is either covered with hands or garment, or it is buried on the shoulder or breast of another, who is either the comforter or the one injured. When

Medea buries her face on Kreusa's shoulder and weeps as she says:

> "Es war 'ne Zeit, da hätt' ich selbst geschaudert,
> Hätt' ich ein Wesen mir gedacht, gleich mir!" (v, 147)

the feelings that prompt the gesture are a combination of sorrow, contrition, and despair. As Phaon and Melitta plead their cause at Sappho's feet, she stands with her face leaning upon Eucharis' shoulder, pain, pride, resentment, and a feeling of numbed hopelessness battling within her (iv, 217). But the attitude is a wistful one in Medea when Peritta comes as a suppliant telling of the imprisonment of her young husband and the burning of their home; love for Jason has begun to stir in Medea's heart, and she who was wont to be cold and harsh is suddenly moved to tears as she rests her brow upon Peritta's shoulder (v, 58). Later, when Jason leads her to her father after he has tried to force her to confess that she loves him and she has withstood the temptation to break away from the old life and to follow him, the struggle within her that attends the choice is so cruel that she says: "In schwarzen Wirbeln dreht sich's um mich" (95); and so she buries her face on her father's breast and weeps. Similarly Blanka, pressing her hands upon her breast, leans her head upon Jaqueline's shoulder, overcome by pain at parting from Fedriko (x, 51). Milota covers his head with his mantle and departs, after he has laconically announced to Ottokar the death of his brother and the madness of his niece (vi, 141). Kunigunde covers her face as Rudolf and the others about the bodies of Ottokar and Margarete bare their heads and pray for the dead (vi, 145). Aietes covers his head in an attitude of profound gloom as he broods over the killing of Phryxus and the coming of the Argonauts to avenge the murder (v, 39). Medea covers her face as the prophetic words of her father suddenly come to her mind, that Jason will cast her from him; now the fulfillment seems at hand, in that he bids her remain without the city while he goes within to greet King Kreon (v, 139). The gesture is again used by Medea in consequence of a certain hideous thought that comes to her, when Gora, the nurse,

hints at the murder of her rival, Kreusa, as a solution for her unhappy situation (v, 181). She tries at once to dismiss the thought from her mind and covers her face in shame and fear at its possible power over her.—Shame at a confession which has to be made leads Erny to hide her face on her husband's breast (vi, 193); he says to her:

> " . . . . Schäm dich an meiner Brust!
> So recht, den Kopf im Winkel eingeduckt,
> Die Augen zu; recht wie der Vogel Strauss.
> Und so lase sprechen uns."

Shame and remorse cause Marie to cover her face at the word "Buhlerin" (x, 94). When Garceran, before the assembled nobles protests his innocence of complicity in the king's moral aberration, Doña Clara, his betrothed, covers her face with shame and confusion at the equivocal position in which he finds himself (ix, 190).

Taking the head of another in one's lap is an affectionate gesture, as when the chancellor fondles his dead king, to whom he has always given his deepest loyalty (vi, 144); or it may be done to protect a loved one against a threatened blow (v, 119).

Turning the face away is either indicative of disapproval (iv, 77), or it may express repugnance at something that is impending; Medea turns her face away as she is about to strike Jason with the uplifted dagger (v, 90). Turning the face toward an object expresses the opposite emotion (v, 96). Frowning, an expression which occurs but rarely in Grillparzer, is indicative of disapproval. The king's "Stirne runzelt sich" when the queen requests of him her brother as an assistant in carrying on the affairs of state during Andreas' absence (vi, 165); in *Die Ahnfrau* (iv, 31) the term is "die [Augen-] Braunen runzeln," but the two actions are, of course, identical.

Among the very few adjectives used by Grillparzer in describing the face or head the following may be noted: of the face, *listig, grotesk* (with *Ausdruck*), *kraus,* as well as the descriptions "Doch Unwill glüht in ihrem Angesicht" (vi, 182), "Entzücken belebt seine Züge" (x, 153); of the head, *süss.*

Grillparzer does not often represent his characters as blushing. In the few instances that appear he uses the words *Röte, Erröten, Schamerröten, schamgefärbte Stirne, flammende Glut, Flammenglut, Glut, schamrot, glühend rot, erhitzt, erröten, sich röten, überflammen.* The causes for this indication of self-consciousness are the usual ones: shame, modesty, shyness.[9] Blushing is, besides, not confined to the women characters: Phaon blushes at Sappho's exaggerated praise of him when she presents him to her people (iv, 143); the blood mounts to Ferdinand's forehead for shame at the thought and mention of the treason of which he and his associates have been guilty toward their rightful master (ix, 113); Gomez reddens at having told his friend a falsehood (x, 19); the count says to the captain of the soldiers who has asked his permission to search the castle for the robbers:

> "Ich gedachte meiner Ahnen,
> Deren Wort hier, weit und breit
> Mehr galt, als der höchste Eid,
> Unter denen der Verdacht
> Und des Argwohns finstre Macht
> Schamrot sich geweigert hätten,
> Diese Hallen zu betreten." (iv, 62)

Rahel speaks of Doña Clara, the chaste and modest betrothed of Garceran, as being too pale for "wangenfrische Liebe" but adds that her lack of color is offset by the constant blushes which her excessive modesty induces (ix, 176); Mardochai asks Esther whether she can mention the insult to their race ("Man reicht nicht gern der Jüdin Hand und Ring," viii, 236) without blushing with shame; Melitta blushes vividly at the ridicule in Sappho's smiles at table (iv, 158); Maria, at Fedriko's implied insult (x, 78).

The other instances of blushing have to do with the relation between maiden and lover. Melitta blushes when Sappho mentions Phaon's name (iv, 184). The blush on the cheeks of Medea is interpreted by Jason as a proof of her love for him:

[9] Charles Darwin, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, 1873, p. 326.

"Ich seh's an deiner Wangen Flammenglut,
. . . . . du liebst,
Liebst mich!" (v, 94)

Blushing is often accompanied by an effort to hide the face. So here, Jason finally forces Medea to look into his eyes. Again when Medea promises to be her father's support in his old age, renouncing her love for Jason, she says:

"Lass dich nicht stören die flammende Glut,
Die mir, ich fühl' es, die Wangen bedeckt!" (81)

—meaning thereby, that though this be a proof of her love for the stranger, Aietes need not heed it, since it is within the power of mortal to refuse to follow an inclination, no matter how far out of his power it may be to awaken one. As in the other two instances, blushing here is a confession of love for the person under discussion. Earlier in the play Aietes asks whether it is true that Jason has dishonored her with a kiss, and Medea simply says, "Las dir's sagen die Röte meiner Wangen" (63).

Grillparzer conceives of the ability to blush as a mark of beauty in a woman and a characteristic entirely to be desired. In the scene between Primislaus and Wlasta, Primislaus commends the warlike maiden for her change to a more woman-like demeanor:

"So bist du schön, dein Auge, nicht mehr starr,
Es haftet milden Glanzes an dem Boden;
Die Wange färbt ein mädchenhaft Erröten." (viii, 188)

Wlasta's attitude is the result of confusion, for Libussa is standing veiled in the background and Primislaus, seemingly unaware of her presence, has been addressing Wlasta in a more and more confidential manner, criticizing to her the very characteristic in woman which is so evident in her mistress. Here again embarrassment is manifested not only by the blush but by the casting down of the eyes as well.

But the face flushes not alone from a feeling of shyness, shame, or embarrassment; excitement, especially anger, causes a sudden rush of blood to the face. "Phaon says of Sappho:

" . . . . Die Wange rötet sich,
Von Zornes heissen Gluten überflammt." (iv, 213)

Mirza relates how Rustan's cheeks glowed with the fire of ambition as Zanga told him stories of wars and battles and victories. With this manifestation of his excitement others are also bound,—he trembles, clenches his hands, his eyes sparkle, and he finally rushes out of the house with bow and arrows. The flushing of the face is, however, the first sign of the rising excitement that his stimulated imagination produces (vii, 115).

There is a more frequent use of the opposite expression of emotion, namely, the blanching of the cheeks. We find the following terms: *Blässe, Todesblässe, des Todes fahle Farbe; bleich, leichenblass, fahl; erbleichen, sich entfärben, sich verfärben.* The combination of pallor with trembling is frequent; we also find "wankend und bleich," "mit fahlen Wangen und schlotterndem Gebein," "bleich . . . . und tief betrübt," "bleich und verstört." The lips tremble and grow pale. Pallor is an unmistakable evidence of fear and is recognized as such. Klesel says to Matthias: "Verfärbt Ihr Euch? Nur Mut, nur Mut!" (ix, 16). When there seems to the observer to be no occasion for fear, pallor is interpreted as an evidence of physical illness, especially when accompanied by other evidences such as icy cold hands, trembling, or an unusual expression of the eyes. Banchanus says to Erny, who has just had a disturbing interview with Otto:

> "Nicht krank? Und Todesblässe deckt die Wangen,
> Aufzuckend fiebert eisig jedes Glied" (vi, 190);

the count begs Jaromir to go to bed, for he is pale as death and his eyes burn feverishly ever since the captain said that one of his men knew by sight every one of the robbers (iv, 60).—The mere recounting of a piece of news from which one may expect dire results causes the blood to leave the cheeks: Kreon announces to Medea the finding of the magic chest, which she had carefully buried with the hope of thus doing away with the old life, and her cheeks pale (v, 211). So the unexpected sight of the burial of the count, his father, affects Jaromir deeply; he totters back into his hiding-place with blanched face (iv, 116).—The imagination will sometimes invest an insignificant occurrence with deeply

symbolic and presageful meaning for one's own fate, with the corresponding physical reaction on the person concerned: Hero's mother trembles and grows pale as she sees the mother dove despoiled of her nest in the sacred grove, interpreting the simple and commonplace act in terms of her own impending, enforced separation from Hero (vii, 21).—A continued state of sorrowing marks itself upon the face with pallor: after Erny's death and burial Peter remarks upon Banchanus' pallor (vi, 216); Gregory, the ascetic, is pale and worn with sorrow over Atalus' fate (viii, 11).—A mental struggle has the same effect: Libussa finally determines at Primislaus' importunity to don the vestments of the old life and with ceremony to consecrate the work of building the new city, and as she enters, Primislaus exclaims at her pallor (viii, 209); since the wanton slaying of Phryxus and his companions, Medea has lived apart from her father, alone in her tower, sorrowing over the murderous deed which cries for vengeance against her house, and now only at her father's coming to ask her aid against the Argonauts does she appear, gloomy and pale and changed from the bright and cheerful maiden whom they knew before the deed (v, 39).—A sudden coming face to face with a misfortune which one has tried not to confront in its full significance, or which one has forcibly put behind one, will blanch the cheeks: Günther relates to Bertha in all its grewsome detail the story of the ancestral ghost, and she reads in the pallor of her father's face that it is true (iv, 32).—The effort to renounce what is bound up irrevocably with one's happiness will cause the cheeks to grow pale: Leander says he will recover from his love before evening, and his jovial friend replies:

> "Und sagst mir das mit zuckend fahlen Wangen
> Und schlotterndem Gebein und meinst, ich glaub's?" (vii, 35)

In only one instance has an emotion of an entirely different nature the same effect upon the face: Hero turns pale with joy at the sight of her parents, whom she has not seen for many years (vii, 16).

Alternating flush and pallor are an evidence of extreme fear, and of confusion and despair as to the right course to pursue in a

crisis. While Bertha is binding Jaromir's wound he is sharply on the alert for the step of the soldier whom he has barely escaped and whom he expects to see burst into the room at any moment. His identity has not yet been disclosed to Bertha; therefore combined with the fear of capture is his dread of her discovery of his deception. In this instance the twitching of the lips accompanies great fear: "Gichtrisch zuckt der bleiche Mund" (iv, 70). Rustan's mouth twitches similarly and his eyes are wild with the fear of being finally discovered as the murderer of the man on the cliff; the king has just left him, having had his suspicions aroused, saying that he will examine the dead body while Rustan finds the dagger given him by the king and which is said to have been found with the body (vii, 169).

It is a significant fact that in Grillparzer's dramas there are less than half a dozen instances of kindly, merry laughter, and even these cannot all be classed under Darwin's definition of the primary purpose of laughter, "the expression of mere joy or happiness."[10] There was little in the poet himself or in his life that would call out such expressions of happiness. Silent, moody, incapable of making strong friends or of securing the happiness of a union with a loving helpmate, harassed by financial cares and racked by physical pain, and during the greater part of his life misunderstood and unappreciated, he certainly could have known little of the spontaneous laughter that springs from pure joy of living. Even his one comedy, *Weh dem, der lügt,* while exquisite in its humor, contains little of light joyousness and none of the broadly humorous situations (with the exception of Galomir's mishap) to which we are accustomed in a comedy. The only instances of laughter untinged by scorn or ridicule or malice are these: Rudolf laughs out loudly while he reads in Lope de Vega (ix, 16), and again at the ruse by which Julius gains admittance to him (63). In *Die Jüdin* the king laughs indulgently at Rahel, who in a fit of petulance

[10] Charles Darwin, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,* 1873, p. 198.

is tossing the pillows about in the arbor, though pretending to be ill and weary:

> "Die Mattigkeit, zum Glück, lässt etwas nach.
> Ah, Garceran! Sieh nur, sie ist ein Kind!" (ix, 175)

In *Ottokar* the queen laughs against her will at the antics of Zawisch, who has written her a love-letter and now pretends it was meant for the lady-in-waiting (vi, 50). Edrita's laughter when Leon relates to her the plot about the bridge is pure merriment unmixed with ridicule (viii, 68).

Laughter at a ridiculous situation often verges on contempt for the person who is exciting the merriment. So Edrita laughs at Atalus' plight as he comes out of the ditch, where he has been sawing through one of the beams of the bridge, and stands before her covered with mud; she touches him with her finger and making sport of him says: "Du siehst recht artig aus!" (viii, 69). Later, when Galomir steps out upon the bridge and, as it gives way under him, falls into the ditch, Edrita bursts out laughing at the stupid, clumsy fellow, who though her betrothed, excites in her nothing but contempt and disgust (viii, 70).—Blois laughs as he relates how at the request of several pretty ladies he played a practical joke on a surly pedant, strewing peas on the steps which he had to ascend to do homage to the king and thus causing him to fall prone, to the merriment of the king and his court (xi, 92).

The words designating laughter are: *lachen, hohnlachen* (frequent), *auflachen, in Lachen ausplatzen;* and the following terms are used to characterize laughter: *laut, grimmig, wild, heiser, widerlich, höhnisch, verbissen, verzerrt, teuflisch.* These terms throw light upon its usual purpose in the dramas. Ottokar "lacht höhnisch auf" when the servant says:

> "Zwei Tage habt Ihr nicht gegessen, nicht
> Geschlafen; denkt an Euer teures Leben!" (vi, 101)

Rudolf responds in the same way to the words of Duke Julius: "Mich freut das Wohlsein Eurer Majestät" (ix, 100). Both have sufficient reason to know that their lives are no longer of

great moment in their country's welfare.—The porter dismisses Mardochai's inquiry about his daughter with a sneer and a laugh: "Er [der König] aber wählte: nicht zu wählen" (viii, 254); the councillor speaks in the same way of King Ahasveros' enterprise in summoning maidens to his court and finding none to his liking (239). We find taunting laughter in the dramas: the old witch laughs shrilly when Rustan draws the curtain about his misdeed, saying,

> "Warum Decken denn und Hüllen,
> Wenn wir Rechtes nur erfüllen?" (vii, 170);

and again, when Rustan presses the cup upon her saying, to soothe his conscience, that he will have none of her poison, but is nevertheless careful to pick up instead the harmless drink, thus leaving the possibility of murdering the king still open (171). The man on the cliff laughs in mockery at Rustan when he slays the snake at which Rustan has aimed and which he has missed: "Ha, ha! Schlechte Schützen! Lernt erst treffen" (139). The mob gathered about Bancbanus' home taunts him with having married so young a wife, laughter and cries and clapping of hands coming up to him from the street below (vi, 153). Otto jeers at him with loud laughter when Bancbanus suddenly discovers that the councillors have left the room, impatient of the long session (174), and later the servants do the same when they discover him still busied with his papers while Otto courts his wife (179). Hereford twice breaks out into heartlessly cruel laughter as he recounts to Robert of Normandy the fearful fate that has met his loyal followers (xi, 96, 97). Atalus laughs maliciously when the key upon which Leon depended to aid them in their flight is withdrawn and carried away by the servant; he says in explanation of his laughter: " 's ist nur, weil du für gar so klug dich hältst" (viii, 55). Ottokar laughs hoarsely when he pictures to himself the plight into which he will force his enemy (v, 125). Maria, who is madly jealous of Blanka's hold on the king's affections and who hates Fedriko for the insult which he cast in her teeth, suddenly learns of a secret which will work the certain ruin of these two, and her triumph at the unexpected revelation contorts her face into a laugh as she vows to con-

summate their fall (x, 101). Later she laughs like a demon as she flaunts Fedriko's death sentence in his face and jeers at his horrified amazement (x, 117).

We hear the cynical laugh in Zawisch, the worldly, reckless adventurer who stops at nothing, not even at trying to win the love of the queen. As he enters for the first time, the pathetic scene with Bertha is just being enacted; he stands on the threshold regarding the group and then without a word bursts into laughter. After having goaded her to desperation by his ironical description of the efforts of her family to bring about a union with the king, he laughs again loudly as she rushes from the room crying that she wishes to die at the feet of the queen who has been so wronged (vi, 14, 16). At the beginning of the second act (44) he enters again, laughing; but this time it is at himself, at the spectacle of himself in love with Kunigunde. In Gora's grim laugh as Medea says

> "Lass uns die Götter bitten um ein einfach Herz,
> Gar leicht erträgt sich dann ein einfach Loss," (v, 131)

there is strong disbelief in the possibility of any happiness in the future for Medea and Jason. Medea's wild laughter (v, 109) as Jason shrieks and staggers back from the cave where the snake which guards the fleece has darted out its head at him, is akin to the laughter of the mad, so great is the strain of the situation,—the danger to Jason in securing the fleece and the probability of dire results in the event that he does succeed in securing it. This laughter can in no way be connected with any feelings of possible satisfaction at an outcome which she had predicted, but must be regarded as a natural outlet for pent-up nervous energy, which is set free by Jason's shrieks and sudden return from the cave. Jason's subsequent laughter as he lays hold of Archytas' shoulder and takes the mantle, which he wraps about the fleece to hide it from his sight, must be interpreted in the same way,—Jason is almost beside himself with the horror of the experience through which he has just gone and his laugh is an actual physical relief (115).—There is cutting sarcasm in Ottokar's laugh when he is told of the demands of the emperor

for the provinces which have been wrongfully withheld by him from the empire:

> "Ha, ha, ha, ha! 'ne lust'ge Mär fürwahr!
> Und sonst begehrt der neue Kaiser nichts?" (vi, 68)

It is an ironically bitter laugh with which Mortaigne greets Norton's conjecture that a compromise will be the outcome of Duke Robert of Normandy's visit to King Henry, for he knows that sovereign's treachery too well to be anything but sceptical about his keeping faith with Robert (xi, 54).

There is one other use of laughter in the dramas; viz., to cover the embarrassment which one who has a secret guilt in his heart feels in the presence of straightforward honesty and which is only increased by the effort to temporize. King Henry's attempt to still the admonishings of his conscience and to divert the unfavorable verdict of the world by calling him whom he is about to betray "duke" instead of "brother" fails with loyal Lacy, and the unmistakable reproof contained in the latter's emphasis on the word "brother" calls out an uneasy laugh from the king (xi, 78).

Grillparzer's characters do not often smile; and here again, in the majority of instances, there is mockery or malicious joy. Sappho smiles at Melitta, thus mildly taunting her with her absent-mindedness (iv, 158); there is a twinkle in the eye of the youth who has accompanied the three princes into the wood, bearing upon a cushion the riddle which they are to solve in order to win Libussa; Domaslav says: "Mir dünkt, ich sehe Spott in seinen Augen" (viii, 147), and later, as they are about to leave, Biwoy says: "Und lach nicht wieder, wie du vorerst getan" (156); Eleanore smiles in a superior way at the king's attempts to construct an English garden to her taste:

> "So sind sie nun, Britanniens Kinder, alle;
> Trifft man aufs Haar nicht den gewohnten Brauch,
> So weisen sie's zurück und lächeln vornehm." (ix, 142)

The smile as an expression of malicious satisfaction at another's misfortune occurs in *Blanka von Kastilien* when Rodrigo realizes that he has succeeded in inciting Maria against Blanka (x, 94);

when he gloats over Blanka's and Fedriko's consternation at his request for the keys (here it becomes a grin: "Er weidet sich grinsend an beider Schrecken," x, 142); and finally when he reads the letter that gives Fedriko fully into his power (x, 162). Also in *Robert, Herzog von der Normandie,* when Hereford promises the king that he will undertake to capture Robert (xi, 82) and when the king mocks at Robert's declaration that he will leave the camp against all odds (xi, 88). In the first scene of *Blanka* Fedriko's smile during the conversation with Haro is one of contempt (x, 11). Toward the end of the drama, after the slaying of Haro, he looks from the bloody sword to the keys with a confused smile on his face, for the enormity of his deed has not yet dawned upon him and he is still half-crazed (x, 190).

Instances of the smile prompted by the kinder emotions are the following: Robert forces a smile at Mortaigne's pledge of loyalty unto death (xi, 75); Hero's mother smiles at her jest that she will carry her to the ceremony if she will not come of her own will (vii, 23); Leander smiles at Naukleros' dramatic recital of Hero's actions at the altar of Hymen (34).

"Lachen" and "lächeln" are twice used figuratively:

"Wohin der Blick sich wendet,
Lacht's [das Land] wie dem Bräutigam die Braut engegen." (vi, 86)
"Der Lenz senkt sich lächelnd hernieder." (xi, 29)

"Lächeln' is once used in the very special meaning of "to bid defiance to" when Jaromir soliloquizes on the blessings that belong to him who knows a father's love:

"Der schifft durch des Lebens Klippen,
Lächelnd ob der Stürme Wut." (iv, 112)

While Grillparzer has not made frequent use of the act of kissing in his dramas, there is exemplified in them a wide range of this act, from the kiss of maiden and lover to that exchanged between lord and vassal.

There is a striking though hardly significant similarity in the stage directions for the first kiss exchanged between maiden and lover: in *Hero,* "Sie küsset ihn rasch (vii, 60); in *Sappho,* "Er drückt rasch einen Kuss auf ihre Lippen" (iv, 167); in

Die Argonauten, "Sie bei der Hand fassend und rasch küssend" (v, 54). In *Hero* the kiss is a pledge of love, in *Die Argonauten* a pledge that Jason will meet Medea again.—In *Die Argonauten,* as Jason is about to leave Medea to secure the fleece at the risk of his life, Medea kisses him again and again passionately (v, 108), realizing vaguely that with the gaining of the fleece the destruction of their love and happiness will begin. In *Ein treuer Diener* Bancbanus and his wife Erny kiss one another farewell when he leaves for the court (vi, 159).—The kiss on the forehead, while lacking all amatory significance, is bestowed by Sappho on the sleeping Phaon as she bids him waken (iv. 175), and again when she takes farewell of him saying: "Es küsset dich ein Freund aus fernen Welten" (226); Medea kisses her brother on the brow (v, 120), and the spirit of the ancestress kisses Jaromir as she bids him depart in peace (iv, 123). Children kiss their fathers upon the brow and upon the locks in token of reverence (iv, 160). The kiss of a parent brings with it a blessing: "So, noch diesen Segenskuss" says the count to Jaromir (iv, 37); it is the symbol of complete confidence:

> " . . . . dieser Vaterkuss
> Schliesst dich ein in unsre Leiden,
> Schliesst dich ein in unsre Freuden, Sohn" (iv, 47);

Aietes kisses Medea in proof of his restored faith in her (v, 84). Kreusa kisses the younger of Jason's children because his features are like his father's (v, 144). Sappho kisses Melitta with the affection of a mother (iv, 151),—and then again, as she notes the change that has come over her since her absence from home, with an increase of understanding sympathy (151); so Hero kisses Ianthe, who before has meant little to her, after love has come to her and has opened and warmed her heart (vii, 69). Medea closes Gora's lips with her kisses when the old nurse declares that the glorious stranger whom Medea takes for a god is a mortal and a bold adventurer (v, 61).

There is but one instance of a kiss exchanged between men, when Rudolf kisses Ottokar as a symbol of vassalship:

> " . . . . mit diesem Kuss
> Begrüss' ich Euch als Lehnsmann und als Bruder." (vi, 97)

Joy at success is expressed by kissing the object which has been instrumental in the happy outcome (ix, 57).

The kissing of the footprints of a person is an expression of the deepest possible reverence on the part of vassal to lord:

> "Solang' die Fürstin Vasthi seine Gattin [des Königs],
> Drück' ich auf ihren Fusstritt meinen Mund." (viii, 262)

The kissing of another's hand is usually a stereotyped, ceremonial gesture in the dramas: as Don Caesar enters, he greets the king with the words, "Ich küss' Eu'r Majestät die hohen Hände" (ix, 19); when Duke Robert's generals take leave of him they kiss his hands (xi, 75); at a sign of recognition from Rudolf, Leopold kisses his hand eagerly (ix, 30); the king bids Bancbanus kiss the hand of the queen as a symbol of his willingness to be her loyal minister during Andreas' absence and at the same time to petition thus for her favor (vi, 171). It may also be an expression of gratitude, as when Peritta kisses Medea's hand after she has wept with sympathy at her former maid's tale of distress (v, 58); a sign of deep emotion, as in the case of Bancbanus, who presses the hand of little Bela to his lips, convincing himself thus that he for whom he risked his life is alive and well (vi, 253). In one instance, the hand is extended to a subject to be kissed, as an indication of forgiveness and return to favor (viii, 250).

The expression of the eyes plays an important role in the dramas. The emotions are truthfully and unmistakably reflected in them, and so Grillparzer takes great care in describing them. For the fact that the dramatist attached the greatest importance to what might be read in the eyes and placed his entire reliance upon their infallibility in reflecting the feelings, we have abundant proof: Blanka calls the eye "der plauderhafte Zeuge" (x, 125); Edred says:

> "Gottes Schrift in eines Menschen Auge
> Ist wie der Schreiber wahr und kann nicht lügen." (xi, 203)

Phaon says to Melitta (iv, 216):

> "Enthüll der Augen schimmernden Kristall,
> Dass sie dir blicke in die fromme Brust."

When Otto avows that his intentions toward Erny for the future shall be only of the purest and best, she catches sight of the triumph in his eyes and says (vi, 211):

> "Ha, was war das? Enthüllst du selber dich?
> Tilg' erst den Schimmer dort aus deinem Auge."

In *Blanka* we find:

> "Es rächt die Wahrheit ihr verletzt' Gesetz
> Und macht dein eignes Aug' dir zum Verräter." (x, 19)

The inability to look one straight in the eye is synonymous with treachery and untruth (ix, 82, 164; iv, 215). The realization that the eyes can speak only the truth lies back of the impulse to cast them to the ground:

> "Tritt hin vor mich und sag: Ich bin's! Hörst du?
> Ich bin's, bin schuldlos! Und sieh mir ins Auge!
> Nichts da! Den Blick nicht auf den Boden! Hier,
> Auf mich dein Aug!"
> (Banchanus to Erny in *Ein treuer Diener*, vi, 193)

A bad conscience is a leaden weight which lies upon the eyelids, forcing one to look upon the ground (x, 133). When Jason first comes upon Medea in the tower, he bids her look into his face so that he may read in her clear eyes the solution to the riddle of her actions; he cannot connect consistently in his mind her beauty and her reputation as a sorceress (v, 53).—To test a person's sincerity one gazes fixedly in his eyes: "er misst ihn mit durchdringendem Blick" (x, 164), "er fasst ihn ins Auge" (x, 19).

But not only are the eyes important as absolute mirrors of the soul; Grillparzer goes still farther and imputes to them great power to affect those upon whom their glance falls:

> "Und war ein Funke Glut in diesen Männern,
> Die sich Vertreter nennen eines Volks,
> War irgend etwas nur in ihrem Blick,
> Das mehr als Eigennutz und Schadenfreude,
> Ich stünde jetzt mit ihnen drauss im Feld
> Und tötete mit Blicken den Verrat." (ix, 82)

Seyfried cries out to Ottokar, who has killed his father:

> "Der Kaiser hat verboten, dich zu töten
> Mit Waffen; doch ich will, ein Basilisk,
> Versuchen, mit den Augen dich zu töten." (vi, 140)

Phaon declares that there are two daggers hidden under Sappho's eyelids (iv, 187); and similarly Count Barotin:

> "....noch haften
> Deine starren Leichenblicke
> Mir, gleich Dolchen, in der Brust." (iv, 25)

Phaon says of Sappho: "Ihr Auge tötet so wie ihre Hand" (iv, 187); Jason stares at the ground as though he would force from its bosom his two children who are dead (v, 224); Rahel toys with the king's helmet, saying

> "....Zweckwidrig für den Krieg,
> Denn er verhüllt, was siegreich meist, die Augen." (ix, 179)

The expression of the eyes is with Grillparzer an important factor in proving to the lover that the maiden returns his love: in the struggle through which Medea goes in resisting the temptation to follow Jason, she is twice forced by him to look into his eyes and so give proof to him of her love (v, 76, 94). So the look in the eyes of the lover calls forth a response in the heart of the maiden:

> "Aus seinem Aug, seiner Hand, seinen Lippen
> Gingen sprühende Funken über mich aus,
> Und flammend loderte auf mein Innres." (v, 82)

Bertha says to Jaromir:

> "Besser stünd' es dem, zu schweigen,
> Der nicht weiss, wie Liebe spricht.
> Kann der Blick nicht überzeugen,
> Überred't die Lippe nicht." (iv, 48)

Jason, to Kreusa:

> "Wenn nach genützter Jugendzeit
> Der Jüngling auf ein Mädchen wirft den Blick
> Und sie zur Gattin macht von seinen Wünschen.
> Er späht nach ihrem Aug, ob es ihn trifft,
> Und trifft's ihn, ist er froh in seinem Sinn." (v, 160)

The terms employed in describing the expression of the eyes throw much light upon the very full use that Grillparzer makes of this method of characterization. To "Blick" and "Auge" he applies the following attributes: *aufgerissen, bang, beobachtend, blitzend, dunkel* (not of the color of the iris), *durchdringend,*

düster, eisig, ernst, voll Erwartung, feurig, finster, freudeglänzend, freudetrunken, funkelnd, furchtlos, grimmig, gross, heiss, hohl, hold, klar, lebensmutig, lichtscheu, lieb, mild, milden Glanzes, mitleidig vorwerfend, sanft, scharf, scheu, schroff, starr, teilnahmlos, tief, tot, trocken, trüb, umherschweifend, unbeweglich, verächtlich, vernichtend, verstört, weitgeöffnet, wild, zornig. Of verbs denoting the use of the eyes, and of modifiers connected with such verbs, we find: *ängstlich starren, jemanden ernst und fremd anblicken, jemanden flehend ansehen, forschend blicken, jemanden fragend ansehen, jemanden fremd ansehen, fromm und schelmisch blicken, grass* or *grässlich starren, jemanden mit Hoheit anblicken, jemanden lang und bedeutend ansehen, leblos starren, jemanden liebkosend anblicken, jemanden mistrauisch ansehen, jemanden rauh ansehen, ruhig vor sich hinblicken, sich schreckhaft umsehen, schweigend starren, jemanden starr anblicken* or *betrachten, die Augen staunend aufziehen, trüb starren, unverwandt blicken, jemanden verachtend ansehen, jemanden vertrauensvoll anblicken, jemandem verwundert nachsehen, wehmütig gen Himmel blicken, jemanden mit erkünsteltem Zweifel ansehen.* The expression "die Augen im Kopf herumdrehen" (v, 222) is conceived of as indicating horror; the rolling of the eyes may also be the result of anger (x, 92). The attitude of head thrown back and eyes raised heavenward expresses ecstasy (viii, 29).—"Starren" is a favorite word of Grillparzer's; we find, in addition to the uses of the word recorded above, *vor sich hinstarren, starr sehen, auf einen Punkt starren;* it may indicate extreme preoccupation or meditation, fear, sorrow, horror, disappointment, reaction from great excitement ("Er [der Herzog] liegt, und starrt, und schweigt," vi, 197), despair, failure to grasp at once the full import of a blow, or silent accusation.

In the casting down of the eyes we find the stereotyped attitude of the seeress (viii, 124); an expression of the sense of one's unworthiness in the presence of a revered being (iv, 68):

> "Seh' ich diese reinen Züge,
> Senkt zu Boden sich mein Blick" (iv, 68);

a confession of guilt (iv, 71); fear of the possible effect of one's words upon the listener (iv, 98). It is also the natural posture of maidenly modesty (iv, 165); it may be the mark of a thoughtful character (viii, 260) or may indicate worry (v, 91), dejection (vi, 105), gloom (viii, 221), or mockery (iv, 158).—Placing the hand over the eyes is indicative of mental pain (x, 127).—Grillparzer personifies the abstraction 'envy,' giving to it "hollow eyes" (iv, 113); and he imagines that the stars stand about their master's throne blinking wisely with their eyes (ix, 25).

Grillparzer attaches no shame to weeping and is far from conceiving of tears as a sign of weakness; they are to him, under certain conditions, a natural, sincere, and wholly praiseworthy expression of feeling belonging to men as well as to women, and in one instance they are cited as a proof of a man's goodness:

> "Du bist gerührt, due weinst! O guter Gott,
> Ich wusst' es, mein Fedriko ist nicht böse!" (x, 67)

Tears cannot be induced hypocritically: "Tränen lügen nicht," he says (ix, 204). He calls them "des Schmerzes heilig Recht" (iv, 185), and even goes so far as to regard weeping in the light of a duty which we owe to the dear departed:

> "Und eh ich weiter rede, so erlaub,
> Dass ich, das Aug gedrückt an deine Knie,
> In Tränen derer denke, die gewesen"
> (Banebanus in *Ein treuer Diener*, vi, 247)

and

> "Ach! ich sehe deine Tränen
> Treu sich schliessen an die meinen."
> (Graf Barotin relates to Bertha the story of her brother, iv, 19)

Again he calls tears "der Unschuld stumme Sprache" (iv, 185) and regards them as an evidence of the presence of kindness in the human soul (v, 58); Kreusa exclaims:

> Sie [Medea] ist nicht wild. Sieh, Vater, her, sie weint" (v, 147)

—the fact that Medea can weep is sufficient to convince Kreusa that she is not a wild barbarian.—Even a robber, Jaromir says, may weep when the full realization of his fate comes over him (iv, 75); the good that is in him has not been so stifled but that

it is still capable of manifesting itself through tears. Absyrtus says (v, 118): "Ich schäme mich der Tränen nicht, Genossen!" as he weeps with Medea at the struggle that is going on within her soul.—But while no reproach attaches to weeping, we naturally finds surprise expressed at tears in a strong man or woman when their cause is not apparent:

> " . . . . Dein [Wlastas] Aug' ist feucht.
> Was nur erpresst der Starken diese Tränen?" (viii, 199)

Jason says that they will ask him on his return:

> " . . . . Wem gilt die Träne,
> Die fremd dir da im Männerauge funkelt?" (v, 96)

Weeping is sometimes an expression of gratitude:

> " . . . . Freund, weisst du uns Rat,
> So sprich und nimm des alten Mannes Dank,
> Des Landsgenossen Träne dir zum Lohn." (vii, 227)

There is a peculiar respect, almost amounting to reverence, in this interpretation of the act of weeping which is significant of the whole dignity with which Grillparzer invests it. Emperor Rudolf's voice chokes with tears as he pronounces sentence on Don Caesar, his natural son (ix, 103); King Alphonso weeps with rage at Rahel's murder (ix, 204); Max, Rudolf's brother, is nigh unto tears at the indignity to which he and Ferdinand have subjected the emperor (ix, 106); Bancbanus, the strong and loyal minister, weeps at Queen Gertrude's affront to him—"Ich sagt' Euch's, Herr! Ich tauge nicht dafür" (vi, 171), and again at the thought of his murdered wife (247); the hitherto calm, unmoved Leander sheds tears at the hopelessness of his love for Hero (vii, 34); Günther, at the death of his master (iv, 123); Jaromir, at his desperate plight (iv, 75); the Jew Israel weeps with fear (ix, 204); Absyrtus, at losing his beloved sister (v, 117).—Among the women in the dramas, Rahel as well as Queen Eleanore, Melitta and Sappho, Medea, Blanka, Bertha, and Erny, all find relief for their pain in tears. Neglect from a loved one (ix, 176); sudden relief from long pent-up sorrow (ix, 192); loneliness (iv, 161); injustice at the hands of a dear friend (x, 38); sorrow (vii, 17; iv, 19); unrequited love

(iv, 188, 206); wistful longing for a confidant (v, 58); a farewell (v, 84); the conflict that comes from indecision as to the right path to be chosen in a crisis (v, 96); extreme self-depreciation (v, 147); emotional excitement (vi, 193); earnestness in pleading (vi, 188); these are the causes of the shedding of tears among Grillparzer's women characters. But one may weep for joy as well as from pain: Kallisto and Rhodope shed tears of joy at Sappho's return (iv, 142); the old man whose grandson Fedriko has rescued from drowning weeps with joy at receiving the gift of money (x, 16).

Hero's extreme sorrow calls out the metaphor, "a sea of tears." She says:

> "O, ich will weinen, weinen, mir die Adern öffnen,
> Bis Tränen mich und Blut, ein Meer, umgeben,
> So tief wie seins, so grauenhaft wie seins,
> So tödlich wie das Meer, das ihn verschlungen!" (vii, 96)

2. The Voice

To Grillparzer the expression of the voice is an important index of the feelings. Joy and sorrow and all the other emotions express themselves involuntarily in the voices of his characters. He takes it for granted that overpowering feelings have their vent here beyond the control of the person concerned. Ottokar, who has expected the election to office as emperor, on hearing the chancellor's announcement of his defeat, finishes what he has been saying in broken tones (vi, 65). So closely are the two bound together, mental condition and tone of voice, that Grillparzer often states simply the emotion, leaving the reader to deduce from it the exact effect on the voice:

> "*Sappho.* Gebt mir den Sieg, erlasset mir den Kampf!
> [Begeistert]
> Die Flamme lodert, und die Sonne steigt,
> Ich fühl's, ich bin erhört!" (iv, 226)

How careful Grillparzer is to suggest every change in the feelings of his characters by this means and how much importance he attaches to this method of characterization may be judged from the wealth of his vocabulary in describing the voice.

Again here, as in the case of laughter, of which we found few joyous instances, expressions of joy for the voice are comparatively rare: *heiter* (Rudolf in *Ein Bruderzwist*, as he mentions the Spanish author's name, ix, 16); *freudig* (Bertha imagines that her brother has returned, iv, 102); *schreiend, tumultuarisch* (Jason, mourned for as lost, suddenly returns, v, 67); *jubelnd* (the people, as Sappho returns after her victories, iv, 141); *Freudengeschrei* (little Bela is safe, vi, 249); *begeistert* (Sappho feels that her prayer is heard, iv, 226); *entzückt* (Blanka describes her first meeting with Fedriko, x, 35). The following epithets are applied to the voice affected by mental pain: *tränenerstickt, mit unterdrückter Rührung, bebend, zitternd, aufgelöst, überwältigt, von Schluchzen unterbrochen, klanglos, unbetont, kaum vernehmlich, fast unhörbar, halblaut, unruhig, furchtsam, ängstlich, erschrocken, schreckhaft, entsetzt, dumpf, gezwungen lustig, schmerzlich, schmerzhaft, schreiend, kreischend, stark, streng, heftig, knirschend, unwillig, grimmig, zornig, fast rasend, rasch, schnell, übereilt, bitter, rauh, wild, wild erfreut, "schaurig, widrig, wirren Klanges," bewegt, matt, erschöpft, scheu und düster, kläglich, beleidigt, kleinlaut, niedergeschlagen, wehmütig, ruhig und ernst.* There occur also such expressions as *die Stimme versagt einem; die Stimme stottert, bricht bebend; mit Absätzen sprechen, stockend.* Other characterizations of the voice are: *schnell, eifrig, lebhaft, mit Nachdruck, fest, stark, laut, übermütig, feurig, stolz, gebieterisch, ruhig, gefasst, gemässigt, mild, ohne Strenge, ohne Tücke, gedämpft, leise, halblaut (und verwundert), mit Würde, langsam, weich, schwärmerisch, demütig, verschämt, besänftigend, einschmeichelnd, zierlich, verbindlich, innig, vertraulich, gutherzig, gütig, zart, mitleidig, mit Bedeutung, gedehnt, gespannt, frappiert, launicht, komisch, trocken, feierlich, tückisch, beissend, spottend, verächtlich, höhnisch, mit grimmigem Hohn, kriechend, betroffen, verlegen, verwirrt, mit erhöhter Stimme, mit geändertem Ton, wie im Traume.*

It is interesting to note to what extent in the characterization of Medea the tones of her voice play a part. While we must

recognize the fact that no dramatist attempts to prescribe all the changing shades of voice that the actor must observe, it is evident that Grillparzer considered a certain amount of such actual stage direction entirely essential in the clear delineation of his characters. Medea, the heroine of the dramas which form the trilogy, is in her origin and training a child of nature; when Phryxus (v, 21) asks her, with the beauty of expression and the appreciation of what is lovely which we should expect of a Greek, who she may be, she replies dryly and laconically, "I am Medea, this king's child." There is none of the gentle sympathy in her voice that we find later in the Greek Kreusa's and that speaks to us of culture and refinement. Then comes in *Die Argonauten* and *Medea* the conflict between barbarian and Greek, Medea's longing for something better, her final succumbing to Jason, and the struggle within herself in trying to fit into a civilization to which she does not belong, with the tragic close which must follow upon such a conflict. Medea is not at peace with herself at any time; this is reflected in her voice. She has lived apart from her father and brother since the murderous deed which gave into Aietes' possession the golden fleece. She has brooded over the misfortune that this will bring upon her house, and when her father calls upon her to come to his aid, even before she learns what the impending trouble is, her response is such that Absyrtus cries out:

> "Wie kläglich, Vater, ist der Schwester Stimme.
> Was mag ihr fehlen? Sie dauert mich!" (v, 39)

So when she learns that the enemy have landed she fairly shrieks the words: "Es ist geschehn! Der Streich gefallen! Weh!" (42). Her grief expresses itself in a natural, uncontrolled outburst. Her character as sorceress is illumined by the close of her prayer for light in the coming conflict, where her voice mounts almost to frenzy (51). After the first meeting with Jason in the tower her awe at the apparition is disclosed in the whispered words to Gora, "Warst du zugegen heut Nacht?" (59). It is the gentle side of Medea that is emphasized here. Then follow such passages as "[aufschreiend] Er! Lass uns fliehen, Bruder!"

(88), when, despite her attempts to avoid Jason, she comes upon him in the forest; "[dumpf] Geh—in deinen Tod!" (102); "[halblaut] In der Höhle liegt's verwahrt" (102); "[weich und schmeichelnd] Geh nicht!" (106) when Jason insists upon securing the fleece. The conflicting emotions in Medea's heart are clearly shown, when with a voice choked with tears she says "O Bruder! Bruder!" to Absyrtus' question whether she would leave him, her home, and her father, and then, on his neck, in a scarcely audible voice "O, könnt' ich gehn mit dir!"; while when Jason steps up saying "Du willst mit ihm?" she replies "furchtsam": "Ich?" (v, 117 f.).

With some characters the same stage directions for voice are repeatedly given, thus emphasizing some salient characteristic: for Matthias (*Bruderzwist*) we find *streng* and *zornig;* for the priest in *Hero, streng, stark,* and *ruhig* are used; for Gregor (*Weh dem*), the stern ascetic with quixotic ideas of virtue, *stark;* for Gora (*Medea*), the carrier of the uncorrupted barbarian ideal, *dumpf* and *mit grimmigen Hohn;* for the Emperor Rudolf (*Bruderzwist*), in whom is the unrest resulting from inharmony with environment, we find *heftig,* also *dumpf* and *bitter;* for Ottokar (*König Ottokar's Glück und Ende*), the king with unsatisfied ambition, *dumpf* and *zornig;* for Jaromir (*Ahnfrau*), *bebend, schreiend, düster, wild.*

3. Hand and Arm

Grillparzer is able, through almost every conceivable gesture of arms and hands, to reveal great diversity of emotions. There is no phase of action (using this word in its broadest sense) of which he makes more thorough and more sympathetic use. The sense of touch is an important one to the poet, and he has observed closely its manifestations in life.

The person who has gone through great danger assures himself that he is still living by involuntarily feeling of his body: Rustan, awaking out of his terrifying dream, jumps up and passing his hands over his arms cries:

> "Leb' ich noch? Bin ich gefangen?
> So verschlang mich nicht der Strom?" (vii, 211)

It is not enough to see the object of one's solicitude to be assured of his safety, the absolute test is to lay one's hands upon him:

> " . . . . Ha, ich muss dich sehen!
> Dich umfangen, dich umschlingen,
> Sehen, fühlen, dass du lebst!" (iv, 66)

Feeling of one's neck is a more specific gesture, suggesting as it does execution, and is expressive of apprehension for the safe outcome of a venture which is about to be undertaken (viii, 59). More complex are the feelings that lie back of the instinctive grasping of a wounded part of the body, the effort to ease the pain and to afford the protection which comes too late (v, 52). Bertha tries to hold fast the count with her arms, away from death which is stealing upon him:

> "Vater, nein!—Nicht sterben! Nein!
> Nein, Ihr dürft nicht, dürft nicht sterben!
> Seht, ich klammre mich an Euch,
> Seht, Ihr dürft, Ihr könnt nicht sterben!" (iv, 94)

To touch a beloved person is an instinctive gesture: Hero says to Leander in the tower, "Lass das! Berühr' mich nicht!" (vii, 57); Edrita touches Leon's hand in her earnestness as she speaks to him of the new religion which is his and which has just come into her land (viii, 67); Melitta starts violently as Phaon touches her hand when he gives her the rose (iv, 165); Hannchen caresses her father as he sets out to make amends for the wrong which he has done Wilhelm, her betrothed (x, 225). The touch of the hand may bring misfortune or contagion: as Kreusa retreats from Medea's hand-clasp the latter says "Die Hand verpestet nicht!" (v, 146). An inanimate object may exert a mysterious influence upon him who lays hold upon it: Queen Eleonore begs the king not to touch Rahel's picture, she fears it may in some way ensnare him again (ix, 197). The person who has wrongfully accused the king of crime may not touch even his garment without first recanting (vii, 163); the thought is similar to that lying back of the refusal to give one's hand to him who has been dishonorable,—acquiescence in the gesture would carry either approval or forgiveness with it.

Grillparzer personifies abstractions as well as phenomena of nature, giving to them hands or arms:

"Die Erinnerung mit schmerzlich süsser Hand
Enthüllt die goldumflorte, lichte Ferne" (iv, 164);
"Die Kunst zu schlürfen aus der Hand des Lebens" (iv, 148);
"Der Augenblick pocht wie ein Gläubiger" (vi, 47).

Not so unusual are these:

"Und im Staube liegt die Eiche,
Die die reichen Segensäste
Weit gebreitet ringsumher" (iv, 15);
"Die Sonne . . . .
Scheint erstaunt auf dich zu weisen" (vii, 214);
"Die Natur winkt mir zu Grabe" (iv, 50).

The resting of the head in the hand is significant of weariness ("Legt ermattet den Kopf in die Hand," iv, 172); of thoughtfulness ("Sie legt, in Gedanken versunken, die Stirn in die Hand," iv, 154; of sorrow ("Bertha sitzt, den Kopf in die flachen Hände und diese auf den Tisch gelegt," iv, 86); of despair (vi, 122); of brooding (vi, 203); of pensive dreaminess (Hero waiting for the coming of the night, vii, 81).

Covering the face with the hands is a typical gesture of despair and sorrow:

"Weh mir! weh'!—Es ist geschehn! [die Hände vors Gesicht schlagend]" (iv, 74);
"Birg nicht das Aug' in deine Hand, O Jüngling!
Nein, frischen Mutes geh aus diesem Hain" (vii, 40).

The gesture is connected with weeping, the hands being used to conceal the tears:

" . . . . Nimm des alten Mannes Dank,
Des Landgenossen Träne dir zum Lohn [Die Hand am Auge]." (viii, 227)
"Verbirgst du dein Gesicht? Fort mit den Fingern! . . . .
Das sind ja Tränen. Wie? Leander! weinst?" (vii, 34)

It is also an expression of horror and remorse: Rustan covers his face with his hands as the man from the cliff, whom he has stabbed, plunges down into the river (vii, 155); Don Caesar falls upon his knees and covers his eyes with his hands as he sees

that he has slain Lucretia (ix, 96). With Matthias (ix, 132), a combination of feelings prompts the gesture: remorse and the despairing realization of his unworthiness and inability to fill the position of emperor.—The gesture may also be caused by the expectation of a death-dealing blow. Primislaus sinks through the trap-door and is alone in the throne-room surrounded by armed men: he sinks upon one knee and covering his eyes bids the murderers strike (viii, 191); so Hero covers her eyes with her hand, as she awaits discovery by the watchman who opens the tower door suspecting that unusual things are happening (vii, 54).—Or the eyes are covered to hide some object from their sight: Gülnare covers them to shut out the sight of the great serpent (vii, 143); Gora, the sight of the burning palace (v, 220); Medea covers her eyes as Jason becomes more and more insistent and as she struggles within herself against the impulse to yield, —the gesture reveals the struggle as well as the desire to shut out from her view him who makes the temptation the harder to resist (v, 78).—The gesture may indicate indecision (v, 93); or pain at the recital of a distressing occurrence (iv, 210); or an effort to hide one's thoughts: "Birg nicht dein Aug'! zu spät! Denn es gestand (vii, 76).

Placing the hand upon the forehead indicates mental confusion and distress: as when Medea begs Jason to tell her whether her father's prophecy will come true; she cannot grasp its full import and yet she has a presentiment that his warnings are well founded (v, 100); Otto rises from his bed at the queen's command and rubs his forehead in sullen indecision as to his next step (vi, 203). The movement is also connected with an endeavor to recall something that has been forgotten (v, 166), or with an effort to wipe out a painful memory:

> "O, presse nur die Stirn! du strebst vergebens,
> Du löschest die Erinnrung nimmer aus!" (iv, 221)

Besides expressing mental strain it is a gesture indicating great physical weariness (ix, 150).—Impotent anger expresses itself most forcibly in the barbarian Kattwald, who stands at the window tearing his hair, while Leon and Atalus escape with the connivance of Edrita (viii, 71). Two other gestures con-

nected with head and hands may be mentioned: Haman puts his hands over his ears as he says with a hypocritical display of virtue: "Ich höre nichts. Bin taub" (viii, 263). The finger is laid upon the lips to command silence: "Der Kanzler legt, Schweigen gebietend, den Finger auf den Mund" (vi, 121); "Rustan bedeutet ihm mit auf den Mund gelegtem Finger, umzukehren" (vii, 186).

The hand-clasp is a form of greeting or a farewell: the Argonauts press about Jason on his return to them, shouting a joyous welcome as they grasp his hands (v, 68); the gesture especially expresses joy at escape from danger,—

"Klesel [Sich vor ihm (Matthias) auf die Kniee werfend und seine Hand fassend] Ihr seid's, Ihr lebt! O, uns ist allen Heil!" (ix, 40);

the lords in *Ein Bruderzwist* shake Wallenstein by the hand as they leave him (ix, 131). It carries with it the sense of a certain equality between the participants: Gregor will not allow Leon to kiss his hand but insists upon the clasp, after the kitchen-boy has returned from his successful mission (viii, 98); there is a similar situation in *Ein Bruderzwist* where Rudolf greets with a hand-clasp the loyal Julius after he has been defeated by his own city, refusing to allow the prince to kiss his hand in token of his allegiance to him as emperor (ix, 100). The shaking of the hand is commonly an expression of regard or affection:

"Nun, Freund, gib mir die Hand! Nun erst mein Freund" (vii, 35);
"Im Lager hier sind alle Tapfern Brüder,
Und somit meine Hand" (ix, 35);
"[Ernys Hand in ihre beide fassend] Glaubt, ich lieb' Euch!
Mein schönes Kind, ich lieb' Euch, weiss es Gott!" (vi, 177);
"So, noch diesen Händedruck. . . .
So, mein Sohn, jetzt geh zur Ruh'!" (iv, 37).

It is symbolic, too, of the closing of a compact: two of the princes in *Libussa* unite against the third, whom they mistrust, and their trust in one another is sealed by a hand-clasp (viii, 156); it is a guarantee of the sincerity of a promise:

"Versprich es mir! Gib mir die Hand darauf!" (vii, 101)

Of the symbolic use of the hand-clasp Grillparzer has the following to say:

"Die Rechte nur, obgleich dem Herzen ferner,
Gibt man zum Pfand von Bündnis und Vertrag,
Vielleicht um anzudeuten: nicht nur das Gefühl,
Das seinen Sitz' im Herzen aufgeschlagen,
Auch der Verstand, des Menchen ganzes Wollen
Muss Dauer geben dem, was man versprach;
Denn wechselnd wie die Zeit ist das Gefühl,
Was man erwogen, bleibt in seiner Kraft." (ix, 193)

Various other feelings and states of mind may prompt the clasping, seizing, or touching of a person's hand: gratitude (Queen Gertrude thanks Otto with a pressure of the hand for the birthday gifts with which he has bedecked the little prince, vi, 176; Gregor says to Atalus, "Vorerst reich ihm als Schützer deine Hand," viii, 101); sympathy (Kreusa's gentle heart is touched by Medea's loneliness, and taking her hand she says, "Du Arme!", v, 146); remonstrance (Medea remonstrates with Gora at her commonplace and entirely unsatisfactory interpretation of the apparition of the stranger, v, 62); repentance of a hasty word ("Jason fasst entschuldigend seine Hand," v, 46); a desire to reassure one who is timid (Leopold takes Lucretia's hand in his as he says, "Erholt Euch, schönes Kind," ix, 59). Sometimes the gesture has for its purpose the attracting and holding of another's attention for an earnest appeal: Medea seizes Jason's hand as she pleads with him not to seek the fleece (v, 102); Otto pushes his way through the crowd and seizing Erny's hand cries: "Warum verachtet Ihr mich? Ihr! Warum?" (vi, 195); in the fictitious death-bed scene which Gomez describes to Fedriko Blanka grasps his hand as she gives him her last message to her lover (x, 18).—Standing or walking hand in hand suggests a high degree of intimacy or a close relationship: Kreusa leads Jason by the hand to her father (v, 141); the king enters leading Gülnare and Rustan, indicating thereby the existence of a close bond between them (vii, 156); Bertha and Jaromir stand hand in hand before the count (iv, 47).

The touching of another's face is in every instance a caressing gesture. Jason strokes Medea's forehead as he takes one of her hands in his and says: "Du liebst mich. Ich verkenn' es

nicht, Medea" (v, 138); Phaon raises Melitta's face by the chin up to his (iv, 161); Ottokar tries the same gesture with his young wife, but here it smacks of condescension and a mere sense of duty, which is little to the taste of the proud, high-spirited Kunigunde (vi, 54); Rahel prophesies that the king will pinch her cheeks in recognition of her beauty (ix, 138); in the excess of his joy at their happy reunion with Gregor, Leon takes Edrita's face between both his hands as he says: "Edrita, schau! Da sind wir bei den Unsern" (viii, 98).

Laying one's hands on another's head is likewise a caress but indicates at the same time tender solicitude: as Leander kneels at Hero's feet, she touches his head and wistfully dwells upon the danger of the journey that lies before him (vii, 56); the king lays his hands upon the heads of Jason's children when they are brought to him for the first time and says: "Du arme, kleine, nestentnommne Brut!" (v, 144).

Placing the hand upon another's shoulder indicates trust and confidence: Libussa lays her hand on Primislaus' shoulder as he unfolds his plan for the new city and says:

> "Wohl, ich verstehe das, mein Primislaus,
> Und also bau nur immer deine Stadt" (viii, 203).

It is usually an affectionate gesture (vii, 81) and suggests mutual understanding (iv, 160); King Andreas uses it as he speaks with Banchanus about the loss of the queen and Erny (vi, 248).

Embracing the knees of another is a stereotyped gesture of prayerful entreaty:

> "Hin werf' ich mich vor dir und fass' dein Knie, ...
> Gewähre, was ich bat, gib Schutz und Zuflucht!" (v, 141)

To lend emphasis to a command, the speaker lays hold of the one addressed: Medea seizes Gora forcibly by the arm as she bids her be silent (v, 132).

Beating the breast is the most forceful of the gestures expressing remorse:

> "Dann schlägst du wohl auch reuig an die Brust" (ix, 215);
> "Der Herr ist kaum sein mächtig, schlägt die Brust." (ix, 86)

It also indicates despair and a realization of impotence, as when Jason, beating his breast, addresses the heart within it:

> "Zerspreng dein Haus und mach dir brechend Luft!" (v, 136)

This gesture appears to be based upon the idea of self-castigation by repeated blows with the clenched fist, and is different in nature and meaning from the act of striking the breast with the open hand, usually but once, to emphasize expressions of self-confidence or pride (the heart as the seat of strength and courage!); as when Bancbanus quiets his wife's fears for his safety, saying:

> "Und dann—hätt' ich dies Haupt an sechzig Jahre
> Aufrecht getragen unter Sturm und Sonne,
> Damit ein junger Fant sich mutig fühlte
> Zu mehr, als drauss zu lärmen vor der Tür?
> [Auf die Brust schlagend] Sei ruhig, Kind, mein Wächter geht mit mir!" (vi, 158);

or when Ottokar exclaims:

> "Ich will sie lehren, an das Reich sich wenden!
> [Auf die Brust schlagend] Hier ist das Reich!" (v, 62)

More commonly the heart is thought of as the seat of the emotions: Libussa lays her hand upon her heart as she says, "Ist's hier denn etwa Friede?" (viii, 146). When this gesture is sudden and energetic, it indicates fright or mental suffering—especially when the hand is *pressed* upon the heart and the fingers contract: "Medea, erschrocken die Hände auf Brust und Stirn legend" (v, 116); legt die Hand auf die tiefatmende Brust (v, 78); Bertha, demented with grief, clutches convulsively at her breast where, she imagines, her brother has put a gnawing scorpion in the place of her heart (iv, 103).—The crossing of the hands over the breast occurs once as a symbol of returning peace of mind (iv, 206).

The folding of the hands is an act which involuntarily accompanies a prayer of thanksgiving or entreaty, or a fervent wish (ix, 83; vi, 71); it expresses likewise reverent awe at an opportune happening which seems almost supernatural in its response to need: Leon gazes with folded hands at the key which makes

possible their flight and which has become available in some inexplicable way (viii, 66). It indicates resignation: "Der Kanzler schüttelt mit gefalteten Händen das Haupt"—Ottokar has not been elected (vi, 64). The typical gesture of hopeless despair is the wringing of the hands: Kreusa is dead, Jason's children likewise have been slain, and the king and Jason wring their hands in their sorrow (v, 224).—Clapping of hands is used to summon servants: "Er klopft in die Hände, Sklaven treten aus der Türe" (viii, 251); or to express joy: "Sie schlägt wie erfreut die Hände zusammen" (viii, 81), "Weiber und Kinder hüpfend und in die Hände schlagend" (the miners are approaching with music, viii, 139).—The clenching of the hands indicates muscular tenseness under excitement: while Zanga relates to the eager Rustan tales of prowess, his hands instinctively clench (vii, 115); so do those of Robert, at his brother's insolence (xi, 85).

Arms hanging limply at the side indicate a yielding to a situation or condition after a sudden realization of its full import: Merenberg, thirsting for revenge, gives way to a sudden impulse and slays Ottokar; Emerberg, who has seen the deed, cries out in horror: "Was tatst du? Das Gebot verletzt des Kaisers!" At his words, Merenberg stands immovable, his hands dropped to his sides, overcome by the enormity of his act and incapable of anything but acquiescence in the punishment which is sure to follow (vi, 143).—The gesture is often accompanied by a sinking of the head upon the breast and a general paralyzing of the resistant force in the body; at times the word "kraftlos" characterizes the gesture and despondency is an element in the feelings that prompt it. Hero wishes to visit once more the dead body of her lover but is hindered by the Tempelhüter; she makes a violent gesture of appeal and remonstrance and then yields, her head drops, and her hands fall limply (vii, 96). At the giving of the rose, Melitta suddenly realizes that she loves Phaon; "mit hochklopfender Brust" she stands motionless before him, head drooping and both arms hanging at her sides; she succumbs to an overpowering emotion (iv, 165). The gesture belongs to the gentle, sensitive side of human nature:

"Weil die Augen Wasser blinken,
Weil die Arme kraftlos sinken,
Weil die Stimme bebend bricht,
Glaubst du, Kind, ich sei es [der Räuber Jaromir] nicht?" (iv, 75)

Hands lying in the lap are symbolic of idleness:

"Da sassen wir die Hände nicht im Schoss
Und suppten Frieden aus mit breiten Löffeln" (viii, 134);

the attitude is also suggestive of powerlessness (vii, 39).

Standing or pacing up and down with folded arms accompanies deep thought: Milo says to Jason, "Was überdenkst du, Freund?" (v, 85).

The stretching upwards of arms or hands expresses entreaty:

"Der alte Kaleb . . . . streckt flehend die Hände empor" (vii, 194);
"Hin werf' ich mich vor dir und fass' dein Knie
"Und nach dem Kinne streck' ich meinen Arm:
Gewähre, was ich bat, gib Schutz und Zuflucht." (v, 141)

It is the stereotyped gesture accompanying a prayer to God for help (viii, 85; x, 39) or, in ancient Greece, a solemn reference to the gods: Rhamnes raises his arms as he says, at the close of *Sappho*:

"Es war auf Erden ihre Heimat nicht.
Sie ist zurückgekehret zu den Ihren." (iv, 227)

The stretching out of the hand accompanies the conferring of a blessing: "Streck aus die kalte Hand und segne mich" (vi, 130); but with upturned palm it typifies begging (viii, 23).—The raising of the hand accompanies an oath (v, 82), or a command for silence (v, 220).—Extending the arms toward another expresses longing (iv, 188); it is also a sign of complete forgiveness after a confession has been made, in its motive verging on the shaking of hands in sealing a compact (ix, 193); or the hands may be extended to repel an approach (iv, 83).

The act of embracing occurs frequently in Grillparzer's dramas. The terms describing the gesture are varied: *umarmen, umfassen, umschlingen; umarmt* or *umschlungen halten; an jemandes Brust kommen,* or *sinken,* or *fliehen; an das Herz* (*die Brust*) *drücken* (*pressen*), *an sich drücken; den Nacken umschlingen, sich um jemandes Nacken schmiegen, an jemandes*

Hals sein, jemanden um den Hals fassen, or *jemandem u. d. H. fallen, an jemandes Hals stürzen* or *sich werfen; jemandem in die Arme stürzen, sich in jemandes Arme werfen, sich in die Arme stürzen, in die Arme geben, die Arme um jemanden schlingen, jemanden in die Arme schliessen* or *fassen, jemanden mit dem Arm umschlingen, jemandem die Arme öffnen; in jemandes Armen liegen; das Gesicht an jemandes Busen (Hals) verbergen, das Gesicht auf jemandes Schulter verbergen (lehnen), die Stirn an jemandes Brust legen* or *an jemandes Schulter lehnen.*

Jaromir begs Bertha to put her arms about him that the spirits of night and of hell may not approach that consecrated circle; her embrace protects him alike from the apparition that has disturbed him and from his torturing thoughts (iv, 45). Medea, made gentle by the love that has entered her life, throws her arm about Peritta, her former maiden, as she listens to her tale (v, 57); the same situation is repeated with Hero, who suddenly becomes tender toward Ianthe, her helper, after Leander's visit, and as she goes to the task which the priest has set for her, puts her arm about the maiden who accompanies her (vii, 73); and once again the motive is used, when the erstwhile cold, undemonstrative Leander throws himself into the arms of the astounded Naukleros and asks, "Fühlst du den Kuss? Und weisst du, wer ihn gab?" (vii, 77). In each instance the action follows a sudden warm expanding of a heart touched by a new experience and in its fullness craving a confidant. The gesture is the symbol of a bond of sympathy, affection, or common joy or sorrow, and is usually evoked by a strong realization of that bond under emotional stress: Ottokar says,

> "Wer aber gern mir folgt und denkt wie ich,
> Den drück' ich an mein Herz und nenn' ihn Bruder" (vi, 118);

friends embrace when they meet after a long separation (iv, 226; x, 14); embraces occur between father and son (iv, 47), between children and older persons who have cared for them and been kind to them (v, 145), between husband and wife (v, 138), and between brothers (v, 19); Medea falls upon Jason's neck as

he is about to start on his dangerous journey after the fleece (v, 108); Milo embraces the Argonaut next him as he catches sight of Jason returning unharmed (v, 68); Gregor and Atalus, reunited, hold one another in a long embrace (viii, 97); Gülnare and the king fall into one another's arms with joy at the king's miraculous escape (vii, 143); Rustan and Mirza, Leon and Edrita embrace with joy at the consummation of their union (vii, 219; viii, 104); Rahel moans out her hopeless unhappiness on Esther's bosom (ix, 183); Libussa mourns over her father's death as she and Tekta hold one another in embrace (viii, 126, 127); Medea weeps on Kreusa's shoulder as she sorrows over her life and fate (v, 147); Blanka sinks upon Jaqueline's breast when she confesses her unhappy love for Fedriko (x, 32). One flees to the arms of another for protection (x, 40), or sinks into them overpowered by emotion (x, 39). Most commonly, of course, embraces occur between lovers (iv, 175; vii, 58; x, 44, 191, etc.); here should also be mentioned Rahel's embracing of the king's portrait:

> "Das nimmt sie von der Wand und trägt's herum,
> Nennt es Gemahl, spricht's an mit süssen Worten
> Und drückt's an ihre Brust." (x, 157)

Embracing the feet of another, while carrying with it the affection that usually attaches to the gesture, is indicative of humility: Otto fondles the feet of little Bela and presses them to his bosom (vi, 235); or it may accompany a frenzied appeal for protection to one who is high in authority: Rahel fleeing to the king for protection from the mob (ix, 146). In the latter instance the gesture is an exaggerated one, serving well Rahel's purpose of winning the king's interest and finally his affection.

One's attention is arrested by the very many instances of the gesture of embracing that are to be found in Medea's role. It is one of the devices which the poet has used to bring out the restless, stormy, passionate nature of his heroine. It almost always accompanies a mental struggle; the only other cases are the incident with Peritta cited above[11] and the occasion of

[11] p. 296.

the conversation with old Gora, who maintains that the "apparition" which Medea has seen is nothing but a bold intruder, whereupon Medea falls upon her neck and silences her lips with her own (v, 61). Most frequently is the gesture used as an expression of her agony of mind as she wavers between her filial devotion to father and house and her overpowering love for Jason (v, 84, 95, 117, 120). In addition the gesture is connected with Jason's attempt to make her confess her love for him (94); with her frenzy of fear for his life as he goes into the cave to overcome the dragon (108); and with her wistful sorrow at the change that has come in Jason's attitude toward her (138). Finally her budding friendship with Kreusa and her sad realization of her incapability to fit into the new life or to relieve the seemingly hopeless situation, call out the gesture in its tenderer aspect (147, 158).

As far as embracing between men is concerned, the instances are few and have already been cited in other connections. It should be stated that in each case the embrace is prompted by an unusually deep emotion, such as the joy at the return of Atalus (viii, 97) and of Jason (v, 69), Leander's exaltation at Hero's love (vii, 77), and the count's deep gratitude to Jaromir and love for him as he expresses his determination to join his fate with theirs, come what may (iv, 47).

Other isolated gestures may be mentioned in passing: the motion of the hand signifying dismissal (iv, 177), acquiescence (vi, 164), reassurance (v, 58); pointing with the finger in derision (vi, 179), and raising it as a threat (viii, 256); tearing with the hands at the earth in a paroxym of rage (vi, 195). The shrugging of the shoulders in doubt is not a frequent gesture; but in *Weh dem, der lügt* it plays an important part, with the words that follow, in revealing the point of view from which Leon undertakes Atalus' rescue under the difficult condition which the bishop has laid down for him (viii, 26):

> "Leon, sei erst Leon, und eins bedenke:
> 'Weh dem, der lügt.' So mindstens will's der Herr.
> [Achselzuckend.]
> Man wird ja sehn."

4. Kneeling

For the act of kneeling Grillparzer has again a large and varied vocabulary: *knieen, hinknieen, niederknieen; niederstürzen, niederfallen, auf die Kniee fallen,* or *sinken,* or *stürzen, in die Kniee sinken, auf ein Knie niedersinken, sich auf ein Knie niederlassen, ein Knie auf die Erde setzen, ein frommes Knie beugen, ein Knie zur Erde beugen, halb die Kniee beugen; einen Fussfall tun; zu jemandem niederknieen, sich vor jemanden niederwerfen, vor jemandem niederfallen, zu jemandes Füssen stürzen, sich jemandem zu Füssen werfen, jemandem das Knie neigen; knieend liegen, auf den Knieen liegen, zu jemandes Füssen liegen; im Staub flehen; mit gebeugtem Knie; das Knie gesenkt; jemandes Kniee umfassen.*

The act of kneeling is with Grillparzer first of all a very definite act of homage, a legitimate sign of recognition of a superior: Bancbanus bids his brother Simon kneel before the king, saying, "Es ist dein Herr, du kannst es ohne Schande" (vi, 247); Zanga falls upon his knees crying, "Herr, dein Knecht," when the stranger announces himself as the king of the country (vii, 141); Rustan commands the assembled warriors to kneel before Gülnare in recognition of the fact that with the death of the king, her father, she has become the ruler of the land (vii, 185); *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* closes thus (vi, 145): "Heil! Heil! Hoch Österreich! Habsburg für immer! [Indem alle unter Trompeten und Jubelgeschrei niederknien, um die Huldigung zu leisten, fällt der Vorhang]"; Bancbanus, who is receiving supplicants in place of the king, will not suffer those presenting their petitions to kneel before him, saying, "Ich bin ein Untertan, wie andere" (vi, 179); the ambassador kneels before the king to whose court he has been sent (vi, 25) and so does the recipient of an honor from royalty: "Er [Rudolf] nimmt eine Kette vom Halse und hängt sie Kornecken um, der niedergekniet ist" (vi, 87, also vii, 161). But Emperor Rudolf will not suffer the Archdukes Max and Ferninand to kneel before him, as they come to ask his pardon:

> "Vom Boden auf! Soll unser edles Haus
> Vor jemand knieen als vor seinem Gott? (ix, 106);

and when Queen Eleonore is about to bend her knee before the king at his return to the court after his long infatuation with Rahel, he says, with reference to his moral lapse:

> "Madoña, straft Ihr mich? Wollt Ihr mir zeigen
> Die Stellung, die mir ziemte gegen Euch?" (ix, 213)

The motive of kneeling as a sign of fealty plays an all-important part in *König Ottokars Glück und Ende.* Its first occurrence there is ironical and foreshadows the poetic justice that will ultimately be done. The deputies from Steiermark enter to do homage as vassals but kneel before Margaret instead of before the king. The gentle queen, who is later to suffer such shameful treatment at Ottokar's hands, disclaims the honor of their fealty and directs them to the king. The king brusquely commands:

> " . . . . Zu mir, mit Gunst!
> Der König ist, der Königinnen macht!"

Then, after a few curt words in regard to their mission at the court he dismisses them thus:

> "Im übrigen betrachtet mich genau,
> Damit ein andermal ihr gleich beim Eingang wisst,
> Vor wem ihr habt zu knien." (36)

The speech is typical of some of the characteristics in Ottokar which lead to his downfall,—his overweening confidence and his arrogance, which, coupled with his unscrupulous ambition, constitute his chief weaknesses.—The second occurrence of the motive is exceedingly dramatic and is the pivotal point of the whole play. Ottokar has come to the camp of the emperor to receive from him Bohemia and Moravia as fiefs; he remonstrates when Rudolf announces to him that he must kneel as a part of the ceremony, but he is reassured and enters the tent when the emperor says:

> "Das Zelt verbirgt uns jedem Auge.
> Dort sollt Ihr knien vor Gott und vor dem Reich,
> Vor keinem, der ein Sterblicher, wie wir." (vi, 96 f.)

The relation between emperor and king is thus being amicably adjusted, Ottokar consenting to kneel on the assurance that no

humiliation is being implied in the act, when Zawisch tears apart the tent curtains, revealing to the assembled Bohemians their king in an attitude compromising, in their minds, to his dignity as their ruler. As Ottokar becomes aware that his posture has been observed and interpreted as an attitude of humiliation, he springs up and with the words "Ha, Schmach!" is about to rush from the presence of all when the emperor detains him, asking whether he would not have the fief of Moravia; whereupon the king once more kneels. Then with every evidence of a feeling that he has been humbled beyond endurance he cries "Fort!" and leaves the stage precipitately, followed by his subjects. He returns to Prague and is there obliged to listen to the queen's taunts at the unhappy incident of the kneeling: Kunigunde asks Zawisch whether *he* has ever knelt before any man out of fear or out of a desire for reward or remuneration; the king, she goes on to say, did thus, kneeling before his enemy, before a man whom he despised:

> "Ich aber will nicht heissen: Knechtes-Frau!
> Nicht eines schnöden Dienstmanns Bette teilen;
> Will nicht, wenn Euch der Kaiser heischt nach Wien,
> Die Schleppe tragen seiner Gräfin Hausfrau;
> Will nicht vor Rudolf knien, wie Ihr getan.
> . . . . . .
> Ihr, Rosenberg, den Arm! und nichts mehr weiter
> Von jener Schmach, die Ihr mitangesehn!" (vi, 107)

Despised and jeered at, deserted by his wife and by all his court save the faithful chancellor, he perpetrates a final deed of tyrannical cruelty at the remembrance that Merenberg's son saw his humiliation and laughed at it (113). Thus, step by step, driven almost to a frenzy by the thought of the shame that rests upon him through the indignity that he has suffered, he arrives at the conclusion that he can retrieve himself only by a renewal of hostilities; he tears in two the charter which binds him to the emperor in loyalty:

> "Vor aller Welt ward Ottokar beschimpft,
> Vor aller Welt muss er auch rein sich waschen!" (115)

Then follows the war which ends so disastrously for the king's

cause and in which he loses his life. Significant of the depth of the wound which his humiliation has struck in his heart are his words to the Bohemians who are about to kneel and renew their oath of allegiance to him:

> "Kniet nicht! Steht auf! Ich kann nicht knieen sehn!
> Und schwört auch nicht!—Denn man kann knien und schwören,
> Und doch das Wort nicht halten, das man gab." (118)

And once more, at the end of the drama, Grillparzer emphasizes this especial interpretation of the act of kneeling: Rudolf has just conferred upon his two sons the fief of Austria; he bids them rise saying:

> "Steh auf! und du! Und niemals kniee wieder!
> Ich grüsse dich als dieses Landes Herrn." (145)

Kneeling is also the symbolic position of the vanquished before the victor: when Jason wrestles with Medea and forces her to her knees, she remains in that position, covering her face in humiliation, until he lifts her up again (v, 93).

To fall upon one's knees in supplication is recognized as the strongest form of appeal: "Sieh mich denn zu deinen Füssen, Sieh ein flehendes Geschöpf" (vii, 153); "so fleh' ich denn im Staube" (vii, 184); "rächt Euch jetzt nicht, jetzt nicht! Seht mich knien" (vi, 12); "hier lieg' ich auf den Knien! Lass dich erflehn!" (iv, 197). Fedriko throws himself on his knees before his father's picture and prays him either to save his son from despair or to receive him into Heaven. The depth of his emotion is still further shown in that he covers his face with his hands, resting them on one knee and remaining immovable in that posture until interrupted by Haro's entrance (x, 132). The gesture is usually accompanied by words, but Leander simply throws himself at Hero's feet without a word, in the hope of attracting her attention as well as to express his adoration for her and to entreat her mercy (vii, 37). It is a stereotyped attitude accompanying an appeal to royalty (ix, 17), especially for protection (ix, 145), or a display of affection for a royal patron:

> "Gebt Raum! Gebt Raum! Ich muss zu meinem Herrn!
> [Sich vor ihm auf die Knie werfend und seine Hand fassend.]
> Ihr seid's, Ihr lebt! O, uns ist allen Heil!" (ix, 40).

It is frequent with pleadings for forgiveness:

> " . . . . erlaubt, dass knieend
> Abbitte wir für das Vergangne leisten" (ix, 106);
> "Hier will ich knien, bis mir ein milder Blick,
> Ein gütig Wort Verzeihung angekündigt" (iv, 217).

It is a combination of remorse, of an appeal for mercy, and of a desire to assure the king of his loyalty that makes Otto fall upon his knees before him as he returns little Bela unharmed (vi, 249).

In prayer to the Deity, the kneeling posture is, of course, the rule, whether the prayer be one of entreaty (iv, 101), of thanksgiving (vii, 214), or of remorse:

> "Wenn dich eines Mannes Reu erfreut,
> Den nicht die Strafe, den sein Unrecht schreckt:
> So sieh mich hier vor deinem Antlitz knien" (vi, 138);

Leon prays with outstretched arms to God to help him in his last extremity, and as his despair rises and his prayer increases in fervor, he sinks upon his knees (viii, 96); the Greeks Phryxus and Leander also kneel as they pray to their gods (v, 18; vii, 80); and so does Primislaus when, in expectation of the deathblow, he commends his soul to the gods (viii, 191). A solemn oath is accompanied by genuflection, for it calls the Deity to witness: Erny throws herself before her husband as she swears to the innocence of her relations with Otto (vi, 192). The reverence expressed by the act is sometimes also shown the priesthood: at the approach of the priestess Hero (vii, 28) all kneel; Atalus sinks upon his knees before Bishop Gregory (vii, 98).

The attitude of worship may be assumed by the lover before the object of his adoration: Leander throws himself at Hero's feet crying, "O, himmlisch Weib!" (vii, 41); Zawisch throws himself at Kunigunde's feet, ostensibly to receive the prize of the victor in the tournament, but in reality in rapture at the discovery that she has in her possession his love-letter:

> "O Königin, habt tausend, tausend Dank—
> [langsam]
> Im voraus für den Preis, den Ihr mir reichet." (vi, 56)

Some of Grillparzer's characters kneel also in the stress of other profound emotions: grief, remorse, and horror. Hero tells Ianthe: "Lautjammernd, auf den Knien, fand mich der Tag" (vii, 90); Ottokar kneels at the bier of Margaret, whom he divorced and whose worth he recognized too late (vi, 130); Don Caesar, after killing Lucretia, falls upon his knees and, with his face in his hands, cries "Weh mir! O meine Taten!" (ix, 96); Rustan kneels before the princess, who has been praising him for killing the snake, and exclaims with remorse at his deception, "Herrin, O, ich bin vernichtet!" (vii, 144); Gora rushes out from the colonnade where she has witnessed the slaying of the children, and covering her face with her hands, throws herself upon her knees, crying "Was hab' ich gesehn? Entsetzen!" (v, 220).

5. The Feet

The emotions expressed through movements of the feet in Grillparzer's dramas fall under two main heads: contempt for an object is shown by spurning it; impatience and anger, by stamping upon the ground. Atalus kicks aside spade and mattock as he says:

> "Nicht rühr' ich an dies niedrige Gerät,
> Ich bin der Bessre, darum muss das Kühnre
>
> Mir anvertraut sein, mir" (viii, 56);

"Ottokar stampft ungeduldig mit dem Fusse" (vi, 101); Erny stamps upon the ground as she says to Otto, who is importuning her: "Ich will nicht, sag' ich Euch, ich duld' es nicht!" (vi, 188). When King Andreas stamps his foot as he cries "Holla" (vi, 168), it is not quite clear whether he does so from impatience at the queen's pertinacity, or merely to emphasize the summons to his chamberlain, just as elsewhere attendants are called by the clapping of hands.

The gesture is associated with arrogance of manner; as the heartless queen rails at the unfortunate Ottokar, she says:

> "Da sitzt er und starrt leblos auf den Grund,
> Den er zuvor gestampft mit stolzen Füssen!" (vi, 105)

Setting the foot upon another is symbolic of complete conquest, if not annihilation:

> "Hätt' ich den Brief, so kennt' ich den Verräter,
> Und meine Ferse setzt' ich auf die Brut." (vi, 55)

6. Sundries

There are certain gestures which are prescribed by custom in polite society, and have thus largely lost the significance of spontaneity. Grillparzer's characters are punctilious in the observance of the conventional forms of courtesy. Some of these have been mentioned under Kneeling and under Hand and Arm; but there are others which do not belong in any of the categories above. We find, beside the polite inclination of the head, the more formal bow in all scenes at court and in the presence of a person of high rank; instances of rising (iv, 34; viii, 17), or of standing respectfully at a distance until bidden by a superior to approach (xi, 80); of uncovering the head (ix, 30), and in the case of soldiers, of lowering their weapons (vii, 185), as a mark of respect.

There are a few other gestures and actions not coming under any of the preceding headings and varying in nature from the conventional to the purely spontaneous: Swords are laid upon the ground in token of surrender (ix, 210); spears are stuck into the ground at the cessation of hostilities (v, 67); a quick reaching of the hand toward one's sword hilt is the instinctive indication of the impulse to defend or avenge (v, 77; vii, 155; x, 53); laying flowers at the feet of the queen is a symbol of affectionate loyalty (viii, 143); clinging to the altar (iv, 201) is the gesture of strongest appeal to the gods for protection; holding high the wine cup accompanies the giving of a toast (vii, 177); maidenly modesty prompts Melitta to rise and prepare to leave when the stranger Phaon addresses her (iv, 161).

IV. CONCLUSION

Grillparzer is much concerned with the stage business of his plays. The minutest directions are given as to rising, sitting down, walking up and down, halting, standing, the speed and nature of one's gait, one's physical bearing. Especial preference is shown for the motions denoted by *aufschrecken, zusammenschrecken, zusammenfahren, emporfahren, auffahren, aufspringen, zurückprallen, zurückstürzen, zurücktaumeln;* the causes of these motions range from joy, astonishment, and disappointment through different grades of fear to terror and horror. Other frequent words are *stürzen* with its compounds, *zurückweichen* and its synonyms, *wanken, sich ab-* or *wegwenden, zurücktreten.*

He shows this same care in the description of all gestures, his stage directions being generally very specific. In a comparatively small number of cases only are gestures referred to in vague or general terms: "Königin gegen den Kämmerer, der indes Gebärden gemacht hat" (vi, 168); "Wlasta zeigt mit Gebärde auf die umgebenden Gegenstände" (vii, 199); "indem sie ihr Misstrauen gegen ihn und ihr Einverständnis durch Gebärden ausdrücken" (viii, 156); "mit einer (durch eine) Handbewegung"; "Ein Gewaffneter und Wlasta haben wie beaufsichtigend die Menge durchschritten" (viii, 135); "Wie von einem plötzlichen Gedanken durchzuckt" (iv, 190); "mit Zeichen des Entsetzens (vi, 232); "mit allen Zeichen der Verwirrung" (vii, 193); "wie von einer Betäubung sich erholend" (x, 123); "sucht seine Rührung zu verbergen" (xi, 75); "in heftigem Kampf" (xi, 70); "mit dem höchsten Ausdruck des Erstaunens und der Freude" (x, 224). With the words *Bewegung* and *Gebärde* we find the adjectives *abhaltend* (v, 54), *bittend* (vi, 98), *entschuldigend* (ix, 101), *fragend* (vi, 64); *heftig* (often, e.g. ix, 201), *schmerzlich abwehrend* (ix, 88), *sprechend* (x, 172), *stumm* (vii, 188), *unwillig* (v, 35); there is also the phrase "mit Erwartung erregenden Gebärden" (viii,

154), and a few that are somewhat more definite: "mit einer geringschätzigen Handbewegung (viii, 177), "mit der linken Hand das Zeichen der Einwilligung gebend" (vii, 219), "die Hand schmerzlich . . . . hinbreitend" (v, 137).

Grillparzer sometimes contents himself with recording simply the emotion without suggesting the particular gestures or attitude to which it may give rise, leaving these to the interpretation of the individual actor: "Jason schliesst ängstlich die Pforte zu" (v, 111), "Melitta naht schüchtern" (iv, 216), "die Ahnfrau . . . . beugt sich schmerzlich über ihn" (den schlafenden Grafen) (iv, 24), Sappho speaks "mit Überwindung" (iv, 169), Phaon says to Sappho, "Du bist bewegt" (iv, 177), Ottokar to Kunigunde, "Auch bist du ganz verstört" (vi, 58). But in these cases the emotions are either very simple and readily expressed by characteristic gestures; or they are evinced mainly by facial expression.

It must be noted that, while Grillparzer suggests much general stage business in his plays, there are no meaningless or purposeless details of attitude or gesture such as we are accustomed to connect with an attempt on the dramatist's part to fill in the action and to lend naturalness and effectiveness to his dramas: when Bertha drops her handkerchief, it is with the very definite purpose of concealing the scarf on the floor; when Rudolf of Habsburg is disclosed in his tent, coatless, in a leather jerkin, hammering out the dents in his helmet (vi, 83), or when Rudolf II picks up a book and reads while his chamberlain is vainly endeavoring to call his attention to affairs of state,—we get in each case a clever and effective piece of characterization that is essential to an understanding of the plot. There are a few other realistic touches in the detail of gesture which should be mentioned: one of the laborers in *Libussa* comes in wiping the perspiration from his brow with his sleeve (viii, 136); the same gesture occurs later in *Libussa,* though without reference to a sleeve (202), and in *Esther* (viii, 240) when Haman returns after the unsuccessful review of the maidens by the king; Hannchen dances with joy about her uncle, who is about to fetch

her lover (x, 227); Zawisch twists his baret in his hands in pretended embarrassment at having been discovered by the queen hiding his love-letter (vi, 48); Heinrich looks about him fearfully as the thought of making away with the last possible contestant of his throne enters his mind (xi, 78); the queen tears her handkerchief in rage at the chamberlain, who has unwittingly done her brother an ill turn by revealing to the king his habits of dissipation (vi, 169); Don Pedro plucks open his doublet as he chokes with rage at the thought of Fedriko's escaping with Blanka (x, 188); Matthias adjusts his mantle while discussing the situation with Klesel (ix, 40); at our first introduction to the absurd and bombastic Don Eusebio he is engaged in killing the flies which persistently buzz about his wounded nose (xi, 247). The realistic and detailed descriptions of the life of the common people in the second act of *Libussa* (viii, 134 f.) have already[12] been mentioned as serving a very definite purpose; the stage directions at the beginning of act V similarly give a picture of the simplicity of Libussa's life and of the changed occupations of her maids. Wolf Rumpf, the emperor's chamberlain and general factotum, enters "gebückten Ganges" (ix, 12); the idle arrogance of the youth Atalus is disclosed in his attitude of toying with a stick in the kitchen where Leon is bustling about on the eve of their escape (viii, 53); Leon's naïve independence manifests itself in his emptying the pepper upon the floor and throwing out the carrots (viii, 37), Isaac's sordid greed in the realistic little episode of the ring (ix, 171) the amazon nature of Wlasta in her taking up a sword and testing it (viii, 37).

Finally a word as to Grillparzer's various methods of indicating or recording gestures and actions. Most commonly, of course, he does this in stage directions. There are, however, numerous examples in the text itself of references to gestures either by a second person who is an onlooker or by the person in action himself: Rhamnes cries out to Sappho, "Weh! du wankst!" (iv, 206); Zawisch says to the queen, "In Demut beugt sich Euch mein dienstbar Haupt!" (vi, 57). The gesture

[12] p. 255.

is occasionally indicated by a question on the part of a spectator: Emperor Rudolf asks those around him at the arrival of King Ottokar: "Warum steht ihr entblössten Hauptes da?" (vi, 88); and Haman interrupts his remarks with the query, "Theres, schüttelt Ihr den Kopf?" (viii, 229). Sometimes there is a combination of both stage direction and description: "*Sappho* [stürzt sich vom Felsen ins Meer.] . . . . Melitta. Weh! sie stürzt, sie stirbt!" (iv, 226). The stage direction is sometimes omitted after a command, the vehemence of the order giving assurance of its being obeyed: "*Jason.* Vom Schwert die Hand! Die Hand vom Schwerte, sag' ich!" (v, 77); in other instances a laconic "[Es geschieht]" is added:

"*Sappho.* Die Flamme zündet Aphroditens an,
Dass hell sie strahle in das Morgenrot! [Es geschieht.]" (iv, 225).

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SPENSER, THE SCHOOL OF THE FLETCHERS, AND MILTON

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Critics have made merry with the literary alchemists who have striven to analyze Milton. By this study I confess allegiance to what Mr. Walter Raleigh calls "the ledger school of criticism." Professor Masson asserted that all attempts to find the sources of Milton are "for the most part dull and laborious." Yet many adventurers in the delightful land of poetry will remain unsatisfied. We all know that a supreme genius exercises much of his creative instinct in the subtle art of selection. He ransacks the supreme poets of the past until they stir him to write. He chooses even from the conventions and commonplaces of a hundred minor men of his day, letting the worthless die, giving final expression to the best. When we follow him in his academe, play the eavesdropper as he listens to the elders of his deep-browed brotherhood, steal after him on his quiet walks to his favorite nooks, we are not blaspheming him. The figure of the exquisite flower, rent by the ruthless hands of the scientist, is overworked. When the analyzer of a great poet has finished his work he has not only increased our understanding and sympathy, but deepened the mystery and our reverence.

Milton, one of the most composite of poets, certainly learned much of his eloquence from the gentle dreamer Edmund Spenser, who, in his turn, had distilled his magic from a myriad springs. The younger poet, indeed, was proud to call the singer of *The*

Faërie Queene his master. "Milton," said Dryden, "has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original."[1] It has been said that Mathew Lownes, who published the folio edition of *The Faërie Queene* in 1609, furnished the boy Milton with a copy of Spenser.[2] The publisher of the volume of 1645 contributed a preface in which, thinks Professor Mackail, "We can certainly hear an echo of Milton's own voice and judgment." "I know not . . . . how harmonious thy soul is," writes the publisher, "perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But . . . . let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the Light as true a Birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous *Spencer* wrote; whose Poems in these . . . . are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd." In his maturity Milton wrote of his master as "our admired Spenser"[3] and, with characteristic appreciation of the lofty moral purpose of *The Faërie Queene,* as "our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."[4] From Spenser, the well-beloved of all young poets, Milton learned much of that love for sensuous beauty that fought against his harsher Puritan characteristics and made him more wholesome. From Spenser's diction, a rich composition from choice obsolete words, from racy dialects and colloquialisms, and from the poet's own fancy, Milton probably drew much which he fused with his sonorous borrowings from the Latin to build up a matchless poetic speech.[5] Dryden, in his

[1] *Preface* to the *Fables.*

[2] Masson, *Life,* 1, 89, can find no authority for this statement of Todd's. See also John Mitford, *Aldine Edition* of Milton, 1857, p. iv: "Humphrey Lownes, the printer who lived in the same street, supplied him with Spenser."

[3] *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus,* edition of *Prose Works,* Symmons, 1, 197.

[4] *Areopagitica.*

[5] The question of Milton's borrowings from Spenser's diction would make an elaborate linguistic thesis in itself. Many words, of course, could not be settled absolutely. We could not always tell whether Milton was drawing from Spenser or from some Chaucerian predecessor. We could not often tell whether he was borrowing from Spenser directly or from one of the many poets for whom Spenser had given the word currency. I append a brief list of typical examples drawn from hundreds of words which the commentators have set down in their notes as taken

Essay on Satire, gives interesting contemporary (if not infallible), testimony concerning Milton's free use of Spenser's words:

"His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity, for therein he imitated Spenser as Spenser imitated Chaucer."

Even if Milton did not take many words from *The Shepheards Calender* or *The Faërie Queene,* he found in Spenser stimulating suggestion for enriching poetic utterance with the neglected jewels of antique poets.

But the boy Milton took some of his Spenser second-hand from contemporary Spenserians who, for the moment, loomed large because they were in the foreground. The juvenilia of great poets are almost always tinged with the intermediary influence of the *poetae minimi* of the day who echo their masters with facile prettiness. So Keats, in his early work, took some of his Spenser with sugar and water from Hunt. By 1627 the names of Giles and Phineas Fletcher must have been prominent at Milton's own university, Cambridge, where he was a novitiate in poetry for seven years. The Fletchers seized upon subjects which were in the air. In an age of religious poetry they wrote quaintly and often beautifully, in ingenious and eccentric allegory, of the life of Christ and of the soul of man. They borrowed reverently, but with naïve freedom, from the riches of *The Faërie Queene,* which they ransacked from end to end for allegorical figures, memorable lines, sometimes nearly whole stanzas. Over all they embroidered the curious, stiff conceits that were everywhere high in favor. They were enthusiastic imitators of the Spenserian stanza. As Spenser had given new music to the eight-line stanza by the addition of a final alexandrine, so the Fletchers experimented by adding the long line to the rhyme-royal, the *ottava rima,* and many other current

from Spenser. I do not wish to defend them individually but to make a brief specimen list for the sake of general impressions.

Assays (=assaults), *cease* (cause to cease), *jolly* (handsome), *ragged* (rugged), *descry* (describe), *dainty limbs, hosting* (an Irish word), *arborets, infámous* (so accented also in Spenser), *say* (tell), *daintest, y-chain'd* (and numerous other participles with *y-*), *recure* (recover), *appaid, far-fet, recreant, in place* (on this occasion), *purfled, prancket, turkis, prowest knight, captiv'd,* etc.

forms. The influence of the Fletchers was far greater than has generally been realized. They founded a distinct school of poetry which outlived the chilling influence of the Restoration. Even in the eighteenth century the school survived in the work of William Thompson, one of the earliest definite romanticists of that period. In Milton's day, most of the Cantabrigians, Crashaw, Joseph Beaumont, Thomas Robinson, and others, wrote more or less in their manner. In his boyhood Milton was enlisted in the School of the Fletchers and their influence is traceable even in his mature poems. Any study of Spenserian material in Milton, then, should include an elaborate examination of the work of the School of the Fletchers. As the reader follows my elaborate analysis of these old poets he may well criticise me for rummaging in the dustiest rooms of the storehouse of poetry. But if his patience carries him to the discussion of Milton himself he will see that an investigation of what we may call the immediate poetic environs of Milton throws an interesting light on the work of the great poet without in the least besmirching it.

THE SCHOOL OF THE FLETCHERS

In 1603, in *Sorrowe's Joy,* a book of elegies on Queen Elizabeth, Giles and Phineas Fletcher made their first unobtrusive appearance in print by joining the group of poets who filled this volume with starched lamentations over their adored Eliza. The contribution of Phineas, the elder and more prolific, is significant as a much more elaborate stanzaic experiment than that of his brother. And throughout his many poems Phineas is notable for playing a considerable number of variations on the Spenserian stanza.[6] Giles chose to imitate his master simply by taking the rhyme-royal ready-made and by adding an alexandrine. To this measure he remained faithful in his master-

[6] An enumeration of Fletcher's experiments may be worth while: *abababccC, ababcC, ababB, ababbccC, abaabbccC, ababbaaccC, aaaabbB, ababbcC* (a stanza used by Milton in certain early poems which show the influence of the Fletchers), *ababccc, abababcC, ababbcC* (with all the *b's* feminine rhymes), *abbaabcacC, aaAbbBccC* etc., *ababccC.*

piece. Significant, too, is the fact that the younger poet's *A Canto upon the Death of Eliza*, though very boyish, shows far more promise than Phineas Fletcher's *On the Death of Queen Elizabeth*. The younger brother was the first to publish his ambitious masterpiece, greater than anything Phineas ever did. With its rapturous close his inspiration seems to have flickered out. The gentle, fluent muse of the elder poet was with him throughout the leisurely course of his whole life.[7]

Phineas Fletcher

Phineas Fletcher (1582–1650) served his apprenticeship in that green-sickness of love which distressed young Colin Clout. Various love-lyrics, now ardent, now bitter, now cynical, all bearing the stamp of extreme youth, establish this. He came into the more ample and pure air of the best sonnets of the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamion* as is evidenced by *To My Onely Chosen Valentine and Wife* and a *Hymen* in close imitation of Spenser's marriage-hymn. Finally he bid regretful farewell to

[7] Text-books usually assert that Giles Fletcher made his stanza by dropping the seventh line of Spenser's stanza (*ababbc*[*b*]*cC*), thus, perhaps, shirking the demands of a difficult extra rhyme. Similarly many critics, from Edward Phillips to Lowell, give us an impossible description of the Spenserian stanza in the making—an awkward and elaborate shifting of lines in the *ottava rima*. The psychology of the whole matter is far more obvious. Spenser found a solid structure in the *ababbcbc* stanza, used somewhat by Chaucer and more freely by the fifteenth century poets. Whether or not there had been a suggestive and more than sporadic use of the alexandrine in some of the poetry which Higgins contributed to *The Mirror for Magistrates*, as Professor Morton argues, it was Spenser who first began any elaborate experimentation with this long line as a regular part of an elaborate stanza composed mainly of shorter verses. As early as the days of *The Shepheards Calendar* we find him testing the value of the alexandrine as the first line of an elaborate stanza employed in his elegy to Dido (*November*). He made occasional use of it as the final line of his own peculiar sonnet-form. (See the *Amoretti*, nos. 10 and 45, and, among those prefixed to *The Faërie Queene: To the Earl of Ormond, To Lord Grey, To Ealeigh, To the Countess of Pembroke*, and *To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.*) He used it for the refrain of each stanza in the *Epithalamion*. All that the Spenserian stanza is, then, is the *ababbcbc* form with an alexandrine added. This is all familiar enough to many, but the frequent errors in text-books seem to make a clear statement necessary here. Now the method of the Fletchers was simply to take, as Spenser did, a current stanza form, the rhyme-royal, the *ottava rima*, the *ababcc* stanza, and add a final alexandrine.

the little pipe that sang of the seductions of "Norfolk maids and Ida Crue" after a long struggle, which is duly set forth in one of his *Piscatorie Eglogs.* None of these more subjective poems are of particular interest to us in this study. We may fairly begin with Fletcher's earliest printed religious poem, *The Appolyonists,* published in 1627.

The Locusts or *Appolyonists* is practically a free paraphrase and expansion of Phineas Fletcher's Latin poem, the *Locustae,* into English stanzas made in imitation of Spenser by an addition of a final alexandrine to the regular *ottava rima.* Fletcher's utter extravagance, relieved now and again by flashes of vivid power, is more adequately represented in the turbulent rhetoric of the Latin verses, especially in the magnificent speech made by Satan to his cohorts in Hell, the fierce scorn of which was certainly an inspiration to Milton. But the English expansion is naturally more Spenserian and falls more definitely within our province. The allegorical description of Sin is compounded of Spenser's Errour and Duessa, and stands midway between the allegories of *The Faërie Queene* and of *Paradise Lost.*

In the first canto of Fletcher's poem Hell's pursuivants come with dreadful noise to their domain where the gates are opened by friends below. The porter is Sin, shapeless, foul, deformed, "of that first woman and th' old serpent bred." Yet to some she appears beautiful and Fletcher, tempted in true Spenserian fashion to dilate on the deceitful loveliness of Sin, gives a sensuous description of her allurements. Despair (a woman, but very similar to Spenser's male figure), sits close by Sin. In the entrance dwell also Sickness, Languor, Horror, and other figures similar to those whom Mammon showed to Spenser's Sir Guyon before the mouth of Hell and similar to those in Milton's *In Quintum Novembris,* a poem which might be regarded in some respects as a youthful study for his *Paradise Lost.* Fletcher then tells us how Satan rises to deliver a fiery speech. Earth is smiling in peace. Superstition and Ignorance fly before Truth and Religion. England especially flourishes. Virginia, which belonged to us, is lost. Arm yourselves against Earth.

"Dare we with Heaven and not with Earth to fight?"

Tumult reigns in the council. Equivocus, a prototype of Milton's wily Belial, rises to speak. Fletcher's readers are fairly launched by this crafty demon's speech into a review of contemporary events. We read a violent attack on the Catholic Church which evidently owes quite as much to the first book of *The Faërie Queene* as to Fletcher's own animus. Spenser's allegorical vituperation—Duessa, or Falsehood and Catholicism, who leads Holiness away from his love Una, or Truth, to the House of Pride where dwell the Seven Deadly Sins; Kirkrapine, the villain who stalks through the forest to the squalid abode where he lives in lust with Abessa, or Superstition, the daughter of Blind Devotion; the giant Orgoglio, who stands for the worldly pride of a corrupt church in temporal power, paramour of Duessa whom he clothes in scarlet and mounts on a misshapen beast like the Whore of Babylon—all this distempered fancy fires Fletcher in his intemperate abuse. Equivocus laments the unmasking of the Church of Rome which is described, as Spenser describes Duessa stripped of her false beauty, in foul language that follows Spenser almost verbatim.[8] When lustful Rome was stripped of her scarlet ornaments, says Equivocus, then her friends fell away from her. Who helped the demons then to make her seem fair again? The Jesuits. Let us employ their aid once more. Let us rush to arms and England will fall.

"With that the bold blacke Spirit invades the Day,
And Heav'n and Light and Lord of both defies.
All Hell run out and sooty flags display,
A foul deformed rout."

Most of the evil spirits scatter through Russia, Greece, Spain, and elsewhere. Alone Equivocus goes to Rome.

"There that stale purple whore in glorious maske
Of holy Mother Church he mumming spies,
Dismounting from her seven-headed beast
Inviting all with her bare painted breast
They suck, steep, swell, and burst with that envenom'd feast."[9]

[8] Fletcher, canto 1, st. 29. Compare Spenser, bk. 1, c. 8, sts. 45 sq.

[9] Cf. Spenser, *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 7, 16–17:

The good fishers of Jordan, now enjoying Heaven's bliss, are supplanted by a crew of idle rascals. For them a great Fisher builds a Babel to Heaven, enlarges his seas and subjects. His tower walls, which are described like Spenser's House of Pride, "seeme porphyr faire" but are really "base lome."[10] The portal seems far off; the lights are false. There sits dull Ignorance, a loathly dame.[11] Beside her sit her two children: he, called Errour, begot by Hate of Truth, she, called Superstition, falsely called Devotion.[12] These two store the world with an incestuous brood. The usher of the vast hall is loosest Liberty, its waiters Lusts, its caterer Vain Expense, its bedmakers Ease, Sloth, and soft, wanton Sense, its steward Gluttonie, its high-chamberlain perfumed Lechery, like the creatures who wait upon Pride in *The Faërie Queene.*[13] Equivocus poisons the Pope's mind. Plots are laid, among which the worst is that of Guy Fawkes who has been nursed by Rome on wolfish milk. But God, always watchful, calls an eagle to warn the council at London. Fawkes is seized and Rome and Spain lament. The poem ends with an apostrophe and prayer to God.

From *The Purple Island* Fletcher still claims some honor and something not unlike notoriety. One is forced to admire, if with a smile, the astounding ingenuity with which Fletcher constructed allegorical poetry, almost always clever, sometimes of rare beauty, out of the physiology of the human body. As his

"From that day forth Duessa was his [Orgoglio's] deare,
And highly honourd in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,"

and a monstrous beast, more terrible than the Hydra,

"For seven great heads out of his body grew,"

to ride upon. Compare also the brood of Errour (*The Faërie Queene,* 1, 1, 25–26), who suck the venom of their dead mother till they burst.

[10] Cf. *The Faërie Queene,* 1, 4, 4–5:

"A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick
And golden foile all over them displaid."

[11] Cf. *The Faërie Queene,* 1, 8, 30 sq., Ignaro, porter of Orgoglio's castle, a childish old man.

[12] Cf. *The Faërie Queene,* 1, 3, 18, "Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow," that is, Superstition, daughter of Blind Devotion.

[13] Cf. *The Faërie Queene,* 1–4, *passim,* but particularly sts. 43 sq.

point of departure in *The Apollyonists* was mainly from the first book of *The Faërie Queene,* here the description of the Castle of Alma (the soul), in the second book of the same poem, was doubtless Fletcher's most influential source. In the ninth canto Spenser allegorized the human body, which is the House of Alma, more elaborately than one can endure without a laugh. The bulwarks of the House of Alma are the five senses. Its cook, Concoction, and his abode, the stomach, are described with a fidelity which one could well wish less conscientious. In a tower of Alma's castle dwell Fancy, Memory, and Common-Sense, a conceit which we shall find Fletcher unblushingly imitating in great detail when it falls to his lot to describe the human head. The attacks of a motley crew of Vices on the bulwarks of sense gave Fletcher a suggestion for his marshalling and battle of the Virtues and Vices. Spenser's imitator, lost in his fetish-worship, multiplied details and made a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of his master's allegory. But Fletcher's poem is not a mere slavish imitation or merely an ingenious expansion of the episode in *The Faërie Queene.* Its exuberant stanzas abound in splendid and original bursts that make one feel querulous with Time who denies their enjoyment to all but a few patient students of seventeenth century literature. In *The Apollyonists* Fletcher left the shadow of his teacher to limn with bold strokes an imposing and noble picture of the rebel Lucifer and his hosts. In *The Purple Island* his legions of Virtues and Vices are sometimes strikingly independent of many possible models in *The Faërie Queene.* As an example of Fletcher's own fancy, tinged only with the general quality of the Spenserian pictures, we may anticipate by quoting the artificial but beautiful lines which describe Tapinus or Humility:

> "Next Tapinus, whose sweet, though lowly grace
> All other higher than himself esteem'd;
> He himself priz'd things as mean and base,
> Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd
> All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
> His heart a low-rooft house, but sweetly wrought
> Where God Himself would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

"So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells;
So sweetest violets trail on lowly ground;
So richest pearls ly clos'd in vilest shells;
So lowest dales we let at highest rates;
So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates
The Highest highly loves the low, the loftie hates."

It is Senser's cloth-of-gold sown more stiff with extravagant fancies and antitheses, but it has its own quaint charm.

The Purple Island begins with a concourse of shepherds who enduce Thirsil, after some difficulty, to sing. To Christ, the great prince of shepherds, he gives lofty praise and then speaks of God's creation of man. God took purple dust and made "the little Isle of man or Purple Island."

Forthwith we find ourselves lost in a most astounding museum of fancy. The general fabric of this island is of bone, gristle, and flesh which is described as a curious stuff like undivided brick, soft, yet durable and concealing the rougher frame. The veins are a thousand brooks in azure channels. The whole isle has three kingdoms ruled by the liver, heart, and brain. The mouth is a cave with twice sixteen porters[14] and the tongue, "a groom with wondrous volubilitie."[15] An astounding journey over the road of the alimentary canal brings us to where

"Below dwells in this Citie's market-place
The Island's common cook, Concoction."[16]

Having been educated conscientiously in all the functions of the stomach we are conducted to the kingdom of Hepar, the liver, where the steward of the whole isle is placed. So the poet, with a desperately grave face, guides us through the realms of the heart until, with the allegorizing of the head, we find him pillaging

[14] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 2, 9, 26:
"And round about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteen warders satt, all armed bright."

[15] Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, 2, 9, 25:
"Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night keeping watch and ward;
His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard,
When cause requyrd."

[16] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 2, 9, 31:
"The maister cooke was cald Concoction."
For further parallels see: *The Purple Island*, 3, 36; *The Faërie Queene*, 2, 9, 30 sq., and *The Purple Island*, 3, 43.

almost entire stanzas from the description of the House of Alma. In the head dwell the counsellors of Intellect, the Lord of the Isle. The five lesser counsellors are the Five Senses. The three privy counsellors are, as in the House of Alma, Common-Sense, Phantastes, and Eumnestes. Common-Sense,

> "Of middle years and seemly personage
> Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right,"[17]

dwells in the midst of the high tower.

> "Not those seven Sages might him parallel,
> Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome tell
> To be the wisest man that on our earth did dwell."[18]

Phantastes is "The next that in the castle's front is plac't."

> " . . . . His yeares are fresh and green,
> His visage old, his face too much defac't
> With ashes pale, his eyes deep sunken been."[19]

The third is Eumnestes, father of memory, very old, worn of body but fresh of mind:[20]

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[17] In *The Faërie Queene*, 2, 9, 53, the wall of Common-Sense's room has pictures "of magistrates. of courts, of tribunals."

[18] Compare Spenser's general description of the three (st. 48):

> "Not he, whom Greece, the nourse of all good arts,
> By Phaebus doome, the wisest thought alive,
> Might be compar'd to these by many parts."

[19] *The Faërie Queene*, st. 52:

> "Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
> That hight Phantastes by his nature trew,
> A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appear
> Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
> That him full of melancholy did shew.
> Bent, hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes."

In *The Purple Island*, Phantastes has "Often thoughts and never slakt intention." In *The Faërie Queene*, he "never idle was ne once would rest a whit." In *The Purple Island*, through his brain

> "Thousand thin forms, and idle fancies flit;
> . . . . . .
> Which in the world had never being yet."

In *The Faërie Queene* his chamber is painted with

> "Infinite shapes of things dispersed then
> Some such as in the world were never yit
> . . . . . .
> Such as in idle fantasies doe flit."

[20] Cf. Spenser's Eumnestes, st. 55:

> "And therein sat an old, old man halfe blind
> And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
> Yet lively vigour rested in his mind."

And cf. *The Purple Island*, st. 50:

> "Therefore his body weak his eyes halfe blinde,
> But minde, more fresh and strong;—ah better fate!"

"Well he recalls Nimrods first tyrrannie
And Babel's pride daring the loftie skie;"[21]

Like his body is his chamber:

"And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able state;
. . . . . .
Onely on him a nimble page attends
Who when in ought the aged Grandsire sends,
With swift, yet backward steps his helping aidance lends."[22]

The island's queen is Voletta, the Will, more beautiful than Gloriana, but often caught in the toils of vice and thereby causing her husband, Intellect, sad wars and misfortunes. Synteresis, Conscience, is her faithful counsellor. When Voletta disregards this attendant's warnings, a "sad-fair maid Repentance" holds her fainting. Just now she is prostrated with grief over a recent error and the Vices are marshalling, inspired with a new hope of razing the Castle of Intellect.

In this latter part of the poem, in which the Vices and Virtues gather and hold battle, Fletcher departs somewhat more freely from the influence of Spenser. But it is evident that Fletcher used the denizens of the House of Pride to some extent and found material elsewhere in *The Faërie Queene* for other Vices. Thus Caro, the Flesh, is another one of his morbid imitations of Duessa unmasked. But when the last jeer has been cast by the painful seeker of parallel passages, one can but admire the bold strokes of originality that flash out capriciously

[21] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, st. 56:
"The warres he well remembred of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine."

[22] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, st. 55:
"The chamber seemed ruinous and old,
. . . . . .
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firm and strong."
And st. 58:
"A little boy did on him still attend,
To reach, whenever he for ought did send."
Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority (1657), an anonymous comedy, may be mentioned here in passing as using the same allegorical material as that in Spenser's House of Alma and certainly deriving as much from Spenser as from Phineas Fletcher. But the work is of no importance for this study.

in many places. Parthenia (Chastity in the single life), is, to be sure, derived from Spenser's Belphoebe and Britomart. But Spenser himself would have admired these lines:

"Her armour seem'd a goodly garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,
The Arabian bird, shining in colours new;
Itself unto itself was onely mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date;
And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

"Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise;
And when she list lay down her armour bright.
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guize;
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet.
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset."

It is unnecessary to illustrate Fletcher's methods by a further enumeration of these personages. The ensuing battle is managed with nice allegorical but rather doubtful moral propriety. First Parthenia jousts with Porneios (Fornication), and overthrows him. Aselges (Lasciviousness), is bent on revenge but falls before the warlike maid. Other rascals swarm around her but she defends herself valiantly till the Old Dragon sends False Delight, in friendly attire, who wounds her in the side. Agneia (Chastity in married life), and her husband Eucrates (Temperance), ride to her rescue. Soon there is a general mêlée in which Fletcher's allegory works with the preciseness of a machine. It is a rare puppet show, like the first part of the battle of Roncesvalles in the *Chanson*. Often the Vices pretend to yield and then wound their conquerors treacherously. When the Virtues have almost won the field the Old Dragon suddenly marshals a new loathsome crew: Hamartia (Sin), Despair, like a dead man, with a raven on his crest, armed with ropes and knives,[28] Time, and Death. They work havoc, though Faith, Experience, and Hope rally the drooping Virtues. Suddenly an Angel with

[28] Cf. Spenser's Despair, 1, 9, whose hollow eyes look deadly dull. A ghastly owl perches on his cave. He tempts his victims to suicide with ropes and knives.

a silver trumpet drops into their midst. The Old Dragon knows his doom but rushes fiercely against his foe in blinding arms. He is wounded and bound. Now is the time of festival. Eclecta, long widowed, welcomes her bridegroom, Christ, who is described with all the pagan rapture of the *Canticles,* or as an Italian poet of the Renaissance would limn an Adonis:

> "His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet
> Falls down in curls along his ivory neck;
> Within their circlets hundred Graces set,
> And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:
> His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain,
> All heav'n and earth, and all in both sustain;
> Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain."

We are left not quite certain whether we ought to regard Fletcher as a charlatan or as a true poet. It would be impossible to give space to a complete enumeration of Fletcher's echoes. There are many formal tricks, too, which the zealous pupil is no less assiduous in reproducing. We have seen that Fletcher is indefatigable in his experiments with variations of the Spenserian stanza. But he never tries the more difficult stanza itself. And a study of his use of the alexandrine, a dangerous line for English poets, does not add much to our faith in him. Various cheap and easy devices, violent antitheses, elaborate play on words, are made use of to make the final lines prominent.[24] For

[24] For example:

> "Whereof three noble are, and thinne, three thick and vile."
> "All day he rent receives; returns it all the day."
> "Whose death she all too late, too soon, too much repented."
> "To give an end to griefe till endless griefs did end her."
> "So spring some dawns of joy, so sits the night of sorrow."
> "Poorly—poore man—he liv'd; poorly—poore man—he di'd."

Other members of the School of the Fletchers resort to the same device. Here are a few examples taken at random from hundreds equally typical.

> "How worthily he died, that died unworthily."
> "That bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his blood."
> "Enjoying but one joy—but one of all joyes best."
> "That all might come to see, and all might see that came."
> —Giles Fletcher.
>
> "So fast to spend the time that spends your time so fast."
> "And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded."
> "Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love."
> —*Brittain's Ida.*
>
> "How sorrowe, joye, and joye again did sorrowe close."
> —Thomas Robinson.

Fletcher had learned from his master that each alexandrine in a perfect stanza must be memorable to bring about the supreme close. But he did not, like Spenser, have an inexhaustible treasury of fancy and sensuous music to draw from. The School of the Fletchers indulged too often in alexandrines both rhetorical and halting. Almost invariably a very heavy caesura, in the middle of the line, divides it unpleasantly and destroys the rich flow. But Fletcher can, on occasion, display real imagination and write verses heavy with rich music. And he is a poet of distinct merit when he is bearing the torch for Milton as he conceives his gloomy and majestic picture of Satan. Most unerringly is he a poet when he sings, with no small share of his master's gentle sensuousness, of Tapinus and Parthenia.

Giles Fletcher

It is probable that Phineas Fletcher was at work on his *Purple Island* at the same time that Giles was singing of *Christs Victorie and Triumph in Heaven, and Earth, over, and after Death.* Both poets borrowed freely from each other and indulged in considerable mutual praise.[25] There is, indeed, a reference at the close of the *Christ* to the last episode in *The Purple Island,* the marriage of Christ and Eclecta:

"So I my best beloved's am; as he is mine."

—Francis Quarles.

Of course Spenser is not entirely innocent of such devices; e.g., *The Faerie Queene,* 1, 9, 9:

"Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new."

But Spenser's lapses of this sort are remarkably few considering the immense demands of his huge poem on his metrical resources and the many artificial excesses of his time.

[25] Space will not permit a detailed account of this. For an example of verbal similarity, compare Giles Fletcher:

"How may a worme, that crawls along the dust
Clamber the azure mountaines thrown so high,"

and Phineas Fletcher:

"How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds
Climb to th' empyreall court, where these States reign?"

Both poets give an elaborate picture of the debate of Justice and Mercy over mankind before God which abounds in similarities. See also the descriptions of Christ in both poets which are almost identical and which seem to derive ultimately from *The Song of Songs.* For Phineas Fletcher's eulogy of his brother see *Preliminary Verses* for Giles Fletcher's *Christ.* Giles Fletcher's panegyrical rejoinder is noted in the text below:

"But my greene Muse, hiding her younger head
Under old Chamus' flaggy banks, ...
. . . . . .
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs assay."

Giles Fletcher, we see, was not a love-poet despite his sensuous picture of the bower of Vaine-Delight. Though his one important poem was published in 1610, perhaps before his brother had bidden farewell to the little pipe which emulated the youthful love-plaints of Colin, he is austere sometimes to the point of asceticism. He has a vatic fervor that places the *Christ* among the greatest religious poems of the period.

The *Christ* begins with a noble and impressive allegory of the debate of Justice and Mercy before God. Justice has the winged lightning for her Mercury. About her throng pale Sickness, "with kercher'd head," Famine, bloodless Care, Age, Fear, and many more. Justice leans her bosom on two stony tables. Her speech inflames the Heavenly Hierarchies to destroy corrupted mankind. But Mercy steps forward like the sun from the clouds. Upon her breast sleeps Delight. She pleads for man, especially since Christ is now wandering on earth; and her efforts are successful.

On earth Christ is dwelling in the wilderness. Satan comes as an aged hermit, just as Archimago comes to the Red Cross Knight in *The Faërie Queene.* Under pretence of leading Christ to his hermitage, Satan leads him to the bower of Despair and we come to Fletcher's superb borrowing from *The Faërie Queene,* his most important imitation. Headly condemned this passage as "a curious instance of plagiarism." Grosart, the Fletchers' militant champion, protests angrily with some of his characteristic rhetoric: "Who but a man with nose for 'plagiarism' as eager-nostrilled as that of your orthodox hunter after 'heresy' will deem these of any moment."[26] He asserts that two lines were intended as a quotation. But many lines which Grosart chooses to ignore are lifted almost bodily out of Spenser.

[26] Grosart, burning with zeal to establish the striking originality of the Fletchers, overlooks the numerous parallels I am noting, but cites scores of passages to prove Milton's indebtedness to the Fletchers that would puzzle even the "eager-nostrilled" Headly to appreciate.

My own notion is that the whole quarrel is futile and that, although Fletcher's indebtedness amounts to liberal borrowing, he has created a picture which is hardly less impressive after we know its source. Christ comes to the baleful bower,

> " . . . . The mouth of that infernall cave,
> That gaping stood, all commers to devoure."

About the den are venomous herbs and "ragged trees."[27] Everywhere

> "Dead bones and skulls were cast and bodies hanged wear."[28]

Here dwells Despair.

> "His black uncombéd lockes dishevelled fell
> About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,
> Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glowe,
> That made him deadly looke. . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> His cloathes were ragged clouts, with thornes pind fast."[29]

Fletcher does not attempt to reproduce Despair's subtle eloquence in *The Faërie Queene* that nearly ruins the Red Cross Knight. Christ steals away and flies with Satan to where

> " . . . . Presumption her pavilion spread
> Over the temple the bright starres among."

Here, too, all temptations prove futile and angels bring the Saviour to a mountain-top at first snowy. Here he endures the supreme temptation. In the description which follows, a famous passage in the *Christ,* everyone who has read Spenser's magnificent outburst on the Bower of Bliss will see both the general indebtedness and the originality of Fletcher.

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[27] Cf. Spenser, 1, 9, 34:

> "And all about old stocks and stubs of trees
> Whereon nor fruite nor leaf was ever seene,
> Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees."

[28] Cf. *The Faërie Queene,* 1, 9, 34:

> "On which had many wretches hanged beene,
> Whose carcases were scattered on the greene."

[29] *The Faërie Queene,* st. 35:

> "His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
> Disordered hong about his shoulders round,
> And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
> Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;"

and st. 36:

> "His garments nought but many ragged clouts,
> With thornes together pind and patched was."

"All suddenly the hill his snowe devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew
As if the snowe had melted into flow'rs
Which their sweet breath in subtill vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew:
For what as ever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

. . . . . .

"For in all these[30] some one thing most did growe,
But in this one grew all things else beside;
For sweet Varietie herselfe did throw
To every banke; here all the ground she dide
In lillie white; there pinks emblazed wide;
And damask't all the earth; and here shee shed
Blew violets, and there came roses red;
And every sight the yielding sense, as captive led.

"The garden like a lady faire was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heav'n wear 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowr's of light,
The flow're-de-luce, and the round sparks of deaw,
That hung upon the azure leaves, did shew,
Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in th' eavning blew.

"Upon a hillie banke her head shee cast,
On which the bowre of Vaine-delight was built;
White and red roses for her face was plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds wear spilt;
Them broadly shee displaid, like flaming guilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd;
Then up again her yellow lockes she wound,
And with greene filletts in their prettie calls them bound."

The quaint, stiff extravagance with which Fletcher strives to outdo his master's gorgeousness is here only delightful. Both poets have fountains adorned with naked, wanton boys. Both have groves where branches twine in drunken abandon. Both Spenser and Fletcher have beds of roses where naked women disport. The "faire witch," so called by both poets, has a herd of enchanted beasts, once men, in both poems. In Fletcher

[30] Viz: Ida, Tempe, etc., which Fletcher says cannot be compared with this garden.

Ambition, too, sits enthroned. In Spenser Guyon finds a similar Ambition sitting in state in Mammon's cave. Christ hears someone sing a voluptuous lay like that with which one of Acrasia's damsels greets Sir Guyon's ears:

> "See see the flowers that belowe,
> Now as fresh as morning blowe;
> And of all the Virgin rose,
> Everything doth passe away
> Thear is danger in delay
> Come, come gather then the rose."[31]

Above all Panglorie sits enthroned, crowned with her golden hair and a garland of rosebuds. In one hand she holds a silver wand; in the other, a hollow globe of glass whose colors, like those of the rainbow, are always vanishing. Christ dispels her enchantments and she flees to Hell. Angels bring a banquet to the Lord.

From now on Fletcher ceases to employ allegory to any extent. The poem gains distinctly in earnest eloquence, greater vigor, and nobler simplicity. Christ passes over the Cedron singing to his death.

> "So downe the silver streames of Eridan,
> On either side bank't with a lilly wall,
> Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
> And sings his dirge and death, and prophesies his fall."

The betrayal and crucifixion are described with an eremite's ecstasy and with occasional incursions into the realms of grotesque horror.[32] All earth mourns. But the second dawn is

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[31] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 2, 12, sts. 74 sq:

> "The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
> Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
> . . . . . .
> Doth first peepe forth in bashfull modestie,
> That fairer seemes the less ye see her may,
> Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
> Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
> Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away.
> . . . . . .
> "Gather therefore the Rose whilst yet is prime
> For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre."

[32] The curious may compare the Devil here with Errour in *The Faërie Queene* and the Old Dragon in *The Purple Island*.

an ecstasy of light. The flowers spring luxuriantly to welcome their Lord. Triumphant from his harrowing of Hell, Christ returns to earth and thence ascends into Heaven. With a real rapture the poet visions the splendors of Paradise. He rejoices in the love of Egliset for Christ. But he is too humble to sing of the great marriage. That is reserved for Thirsil. And with this modest note the noble poem closes.

"Brittain's Ida"

In 1628 Thomas Walkley published a fanciful version of the story of Venus and Anchises called *Brittain's Ida,* "written by that renowned poet Edmond Spencer." Its authorship remained unquestioned for nearly two centuries, although it seems incredible to a student of Spenser that its apocryphal nature should have remained so long unnoticed. It is in the stanza of *Christ's Victorie* (*ababbccC*), and is either the work of one of the Fletchers, more probably of Phineas, or of a member of their school. Grosart sought to fix its authorship on Phineas Fletcher by the useless and worn-out method of piling up parallels with the poet's established works (as if most imitators, especially of this period, did not furnish parallels a plenty), and by certain more convincing repentant references to the looser poems of youth. He has but increased the probability at best.

The poem is a lovely work of youth, sensual, to be sure, but almost too delicate for Phineas Fletcher at any period of his life. It is in six brief cantos. The first simply introduces Anchises.

> "In Ida valé (who knows not Ida vale)
> When harmless Troy yet felt not Grecian spite,"

dwelt a hundred shepherds, of whom the most beautiful by far was Anchises. Canto two is a description of the Garden of Delight, in imitation of Spenser's Bower of Bliss. Here Venus dwelt and here Anchises came on a day when he was tired from the chase. From the grove came "dainty music." Thither half fearful, half hopeful he stole. Some voice sang a lay like that which Guyon heard in the Bower of Bliss. Anchises entered

and saw Venus reclining on a bed of lillies, clothed in a veil of thinnest silk. Anchises swooned. Venus awaking almost thought she saw Adonis once more dying at her feet. She revived the youth with tender care. By her surpassing beauty he knew that she could be no other than the Goddess of Love. Ardently he pleaded to be admitted into her service. The gracious goddess granted his suit, gave him a bow and arrows, and placed him with the pretty Graces from whom he won great love. But he nursed a growing passion for Venus in secret until one day she overheard his complaints and begged him to tell her the cause. Falteringly he disclosed his longing and, begging for a single kiss, he won her love. His happiness was long; but one day he rashly disclosed his bliss to woods and heaven and earth:

> "That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted
> Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted."

And here the poet steps in quaintly in his own person, blames Anchises for blabbing, and avows his own powers of secrecy would his obdurate mistress but yield. The poem shows a close dependence on Spenser and a fluent mastery of his sensuous cadences, though the rhetorical alexandrine creeps in at times. It is a delightful piece of youthful lawlessness.

Thomas Robinson

About 1620, Thomas Robinson, who has suffered more obscurity than many worse poets of his period, wrote his *Life and Death of Mary Magdalene* in the stanza of Giles Fletcher's *Christ* and enrolled himself in the School of the Fletchers. The influence of the *Christ*, in fact, is quite as marked as that of *The Faërie Queene*. Robinson begins with a quaint paradoxical statement of the argument exactly in the manner of Giles Fletcher's prelude:

"The death of her that was but newly borne:
The birth of her that long agoe was dead:
The life of her whom heaven and earth did scorne:
Her beawty, that was erst debellished:
How snowy white inveild the crimson red,
And yet the lily sprange unto the rose,
Under his spiny fortresse to repose;
How sorrowe, joye, and joye againe did sorrowe close.[33]

"This be the duty of my oaten reed."

What reader having sped through these astounding lines would not hasten on in search of the wonders that the poet promises from his humble oaten stops?

The narrative begins with an account of the gorgeous Palace of Pleasure where dwelt

"Amorous, younge, faire, slender Aphrodite.
. . . . . .
A goulden bowle in her right hand shee bore,
Wherein all pleasure and delight were bred,"

as Panglorie, in the *Christ*, holds a hollow glass globe which symbolizes man's vain pleasures. Two ladies held the train of Aphrodite, "Plumpe, pursive Luxury, and quainter Pride." Gilded Flattery supported her right hand, Wantonnesse her left. "Foolish dame Laughter" painted her eyelids. There too were Idleness, Jealousy, Inconstancie, and "a thousand graceless Graces." A song, like those always sung in these Bowers of Bliss, allured.

"This said, a thousand prostitute delights,
Flewe up and downe the courts as bright as day."

Gluttonie and Bacchus were invited to the feast. After an orgy all dispersed into the arbors. Some were turned to beasts.

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[33] Cf. the opening stanzas of the *Christ:*

"The birth of Him that no beginning knewe,
Yet gives beginning to all that are borne,
And how the Infinite farre greater grewe,
By growing lesse, and how the rising Morne,
That shot from heav'n, did backe to heav'n retourne;
The obsequies of Him that could not die
And death of life, ende of eternitie
How worthily he died that died unworthily;" etc.

Among the revellers the most beautiful was Mary Magdelene. From many rivals she chose the strongest, one who obtained her after a bloody contest. They went into a garden of flowers like those of Spenser strewed at the feet of Elisa.

> "The Damaske-roses heere were brought a bed,
> Just opposite the Lilie of the Vale,
> The woody Primrose and the pretty Paunce
> The Pincke, the Daffodill and Chevisance
> All in Perfumed sets their fragrant heads advance."[34]

Heaven, beholding, sent Syneide (Good Conscience), daughter of light. She went to Mary, admonished her, and wounded her with a goad. Mary, however, soon went back to her ways of lust. Then Heaven was angered and sent a tormenting Conscience, "a dreary hagge," who came with other furies. The snakes of Conscience twined around Mary. Sorrow and Care ruled her. She was carried to the Cave of Melancholy, Robinson's contribution to the Spenserian Despair-poetry. Near the tarn was a steep path leading to Hell. Nemesis hastened thither and called up seven fiery spirits to torture Mary, who wandered distraught through a great desert. But new hope dawned. Christ was approaching. He saw Mary and cast out the evil spirits. Syneide returned to the penitent and bade her go to the Palace of Wisdom. It was surrounded by rich forests like fragrant Lebanon.

> "Pomegranates sweet, and saffron there contend;
> Spiknard and Camphire and browne Cinnamon."

Wisdom's palace stands on a hill because her glory is high; on a rock because she is constant. Thorns grow before it because it is difficult of approach. Though the poet's own glosses refer

[34] Cf. Spenser's *Song to Elisa* (*April*).

> "Bring hether the pincke and purple cullambine
> With gelliflowers;
> Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
> Worne of paramoures;
> Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies,
> And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies;
> The pretie pawnce
> And the chevisaunce
> Shall match with the fayre flowre delice."

throughout to the *Wisdom of Solomon,* his more substantial indebtedness to Spenser's episode of the House of Holinesse is unquestionable. As in Spenser, "watchful Humility still kept the dore" and brought Mary before beautiful Wisdom. In the Apocryphal book the only allegorical element is the vague personification of Wisdom. In Robinson's poem Mary was led to Repentance, a woman clothed in sackcloth who continually weeps. Repentance, in *The Faërie Queene,* bathed the Red Cross Knight in "salt water smarting sore" after he had been scourged by "bitter Penaunce" and "sharpe Remorse." Mary repented and was soothed by Conscience, as the Red Cross Knight was comforted by Charissa. Robinson's poem closes with an account of Mary's devotion to Christ, her lamentation at the cross, and her meeting with Christ after the resurrection.

Francis Quarles

Francis Quarles (1592–1644) should be noted as member of the School of the Fletchers. For Phineas Fletcher he had the highest admiration. He prefixed commendatory verses to *The Purple Island,* hailing its author as the "Spencer of this age." And he was very partial to the variations of the Spenserian stanzas employed by the Fletchers. He added two similar variations to the group of stanzas in regular pentameters and he experimented further by varying the length of the lines. Most of his Spenserian variations appear in *Emblemes* and *Hieroglyphikes of the life of Man,* groups of poems in which he took a Biblical quotation as a text and either expanded it into a poem in the same mood or wrote a sort of homily in verse on thoughts suggested by it. Probably he was led to vary Fletcher's stanzas occasionally, by the introduction of some shorter lines, from a desire to make his stanzas more suitable to the mood of some of his texts. The *Emblems* seem to have achieved considerable popularity and in fact do contain about all his best work. Almost all those which are based on quotations from the *Canticles* are at least worthy of the Fletchers and rise above the deadly mediocrity of the body of his work. Their content is

seldom notably Spenserian, but a few significant verses may be noted as containing material at least familiar to Spenser and his followers. Thus in one Emblem (Book 5, Emblem 3), on the passage in the *Canticles* (2:5), "Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples for I am sick with love," he contributes a flower passage and writes in a manner perhaps vaguely reminiscent of the *Epithalamion*.

> "Virgins, tuck up your silken laps and fill ye
> With the fair wealth of Flora's Magazine;
> The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lilly;
> The pancy and the organ columbine;
> The flowring thyme, the guilt-boul daffadilly;
> The lowly pink, the lofty eglentine;
> The blushing rose, the queen of flowers and best
> Of Flora's beauty; but above the rest,
> Let Jesse's soveraigne flower perfume my qualming breast."

Joseph Beaumont

The illustrious family of Beaumonts furnished their member of the School of the Fletchers in the person of Dr. Joseph Beaumont (1615–1699) whose *Psyche* is the most ponderous of all the ambitious allegories of this group. Beaumont was a placid dreamer who, however, was shrewd enough to avoid the contumely of the howling world. Although he was driven from Cambridge along with his friend Crashaw and other prominent royalists during the troublous times, he contrived to be one who suffered no harm thereby. He occupied several snug positions as pastor and teacher, and discreetly married the daughter of his patron, the Bishop of Ely. His leisure hours were devoted to the production of his unwieldy epic. Spenser's mighty scheme, propounded in the famous letter to Raleigh, was no more heaven-storming. Beaumont linked to the life of Christ an elaborate allegory of Psyche, the soul of man. In 1648 he published his poem in a version said to have been much milder than the one which is now extant. He then devoted himself to putting an edge on the sectarian passages and, in calm certainty of deathless fame, dauntlessly added four cantos to the leviathan.

In 1702 his son, prompted, he tells us, by the demand for the poem, the first edition of which was even then rare, published *Psyche, or Love's Mystery, In Twenty-four Cantos: Displaying the Intercourse Betwixt Christ, and the Soul, The Second Edition, With Corrections throughout and Four new Cantos, never before Printed.*

The *Psyche* begins with a scene in Hell which may be grouped with those of *The Apollyonists, Christ's Victorie,* and *Paradise Lost.* With a speech of fiery scorn Satan fills his henchmen with a new spirit of rebellion and lays plots to beguile Psyche. Lust is first despatched against the unsuspecting maiden. She is found feasting with Phylax, the emissary of Christ, who prepares her for her coming danger by a detailed account of Joseph's life and his temptation by Potiphar's wife. Psyche slips out alone, but sage Syneidesis (Conscience), follows. Charis, an old friend, is also on the watch but decides to let Psyche have a severe lesson. Syneidesis falls asleep and Psyche, pursued by a boar, is rescued by a gallant knight, Aphrodisius. Her rescuer, however, proves to be the seductive emissary of Satan who would have ruined her with his lying tongue had not Charis and Phylax intervened. Aphrodisius is bound, and when repentant Psyche is brought back to behold evil unmasked he proves to be a hideous fiend.

Beaumont now describes a rebellion which is in the manner of Spenser's episode of the House of Alma and Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island.* Psyche's friends murmur against her and meet in an upper chamber of the house whose master is Common-Sense. The maidens Opsis (Sight), Ophresis (Smell), Geusis (Taste), Acoe (Hearing), and Haphe (Touching), all dispute for the supremacy. Opsis begins by describing the wonders of her house in terms of physiological allegory precisely similar to the manner of Phineas Fletcher. She then shows exterior glories, a pageant of the seasons. Here Beaumont derives hints from an analogous scene in the fragmentary seventh book of *The Faërie Queene.* First:

"The Spring marched forth array'd
With fragrant Green, whose sweet embroidery
In blooms and buds of Virgin smiles display'd
A scene of living joys all echoed by
Ten thousand Birds, which, perch'd on every Tree
Tun'd their soft pipes to Nature's harmony."[35]

In the same manner each Sense puts forth her claim, first by physiological allegory, then by presenting a spectacle of the external wonders which she enjoys. The vision which Acoe displays is of special interest because of its elaborate account of Beaumont's most cherished poets. A grove suddenly springs up. Here Pindar and Flaccus play rival notes. Homer sits on a mountain and Maro echoes his princely voice with tones of equal quality. In slightly lower state admirable Tasso rests,

"Not far from whom, though in a lower clime
Yet with a goodly train doth Colin sweep:
Though manacled in thick and peevish Rhymes
A decent pace his paineful Verse doth keep;
Right fairly dress'd were his welfeatured Queen
Did not her Mask too much her beauties screen."

Common-Sense quiets the brawling Senses and advises them to send his sister Fancy to the discontented troop scattered about the Heart. Fancy flies to the Passions and exhorts them to insurrection. They march in array. Psyche, terrified, flees to her inmost fort and sends Logos (Reason), to urge peace. But her advice is spurned and he is imprisoned. Phylax and Charis are nowhere to be seen. Only Thelema (Will), is left. She sallies forth in vengeful mood, but the Passions, by fawning homage and by deceit, lure her to their side. The Passions then send Love, their most subtle champion, to treat with Psyche. He wins her over to their lawlessness. Pride arranges Psyche in gorgeous apparel and the unhappy maid revels and rides far and

[35] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 7, 7, 28:
"First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sung, to call forth paramours.)"
Beaumont's descriptions of the other seasons are also very similar to Spenser's.

wide in a coach of vanities. Syneidesis protests but Psyche shrouds her in a black veil.

From Heaven Christ sees his bride's fall and despatches Phylax and Charis to her aid. Phylax stops her chariot in its mad course. Angry Thelema, the postillion, would drive on, but Phylax shatters the car and chides both Thelema and the more reluctant Psyche to repentance. Pride is shown in Hell and the other passions are glad to submit to Thelema's stern orders. Logos and Syneidesis are freed. Psyche is instructed by the story of Adam and Eve and by a long account of the life of Christ, freely interspersed with allegory, which covers nine cantos.

It seems quite reasonable for Phylax to have supposed that, after his extraordinary biography of Christ, intellectual exhaustion alone would have so completely subdued Psyche's moods for unhealthy explorations that she would present in effect an adamantine front to sin. But as soon as he leaves her the busy devil seeks out "a special Fury's den" and despatches the monster against his victim. In short, Psyche is tempted by Heresy and is won over. But Phylax once more intervenes and takes her to her new-found Doctor's tower, to the birthplace of Heretick Sin, where they find

> "Swarms of Doors and Cells and Galleries,
> Which by quaint Turnings to and fro did wind."

They come to a room where

> "A goodly Crucifix was there displaid,
> Altars were rear'd and reverend Bibles ope,
> By which majestick Liturgies were laid,
> And lofty-tuned Anthems; on the top
> Art plac'd a quire of Angels hovering
> And made the gorgeous Roof all seem to sing."

But at the entrance of Phylax all the falsity becomes apparent.

> "Glozing Deceits and handsome Lyes stood there,
> With gentle meek demure Hypocrisy,
> All which in goodly state attended were
> By treacherous Rhetorick and Phylosophy;
> With Syllogisms in rank and file array'd
> Whose hands three-forked massy halberts sway'd."

No doubt the unruly Psyche needed even more persuasion than could come from the disconcerting spectacle of syllogisms in human semblance. So she was shown a long procession of the heretical sects of all ages pressing downward to Death's living fountains.

Beaumont now contributes to the allegorical purgation scenes which Spenser made popular in this age by his description of the penance of the Red Cross Knight in the House of Holinesse. Phylax carries Psyche a fabulous height in his chariot. She is brought to a majestic palace. To enter its first gate she is compelled to bend and shrink. This portal, of transparent crystal, is kept by Sorrow mourning with dishevelled hair and scourging herself continually. After beholding many wonders Psyche is brought before the Queen of the Castle, Ecclesia, the Church and the supreme bride of Christ. In her right hand the stately queen holds the golden key of the Port of Bliss and in her left the iron key which opens the way down to torment. Her maids of honor swarm about her: the sober matron Sanctity, portly Magnanimity with open swelling breasts,[36] and other Spenserian figures. By Truth's embraces Psyche is made whole.[37]

After one more vain attempt Satan resorts to a supreme trial.

> "Thus came the monster to his dearest Place
> On Earth, a Palace wondrous large and high,
> Which on seav'n Mountains' heads enthroned was.

Here our fantastic poet attacks religious persecution in the manner of Phineas Fletcher's onslaught on Catholicism in *The Appolyonists* and even more closely in imitation of Spenser's House of Pride. The exterior walls are of dead men's bones surrounded by a ditch filled with innocent blood.[38] Satan finds

[36] Compare Charity in the House of Holinesse, *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 10, 30.

[37] Compare Una (Truth), who is reinstated once more as the accepted lover of the Red Cross Knight after his penance, and Browne's Aletheia (in *Britannia's Pastorals*), who embraces Riot after his conversion following a similar repentance.

[38] Compare *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 4, 36. The Sins ride forth from the House of Pride.

> "And underneath their feet all scattered lay
> Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray."

the castle's queen, Persecution, and embraces her with great joy. She promises to proclaim pardon to all who will repent Christianity and come to her. Her departure with her hosts is described in close imitation of Spenser's great pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins. It is the first Spenserian attempt to reproduce the master's great picture of his abstractions of evil in motley procession, mounted on the backs of uncouth beasts.

"Forthwith, in terrible Magnificence,
An hundred Trumpets sent their Voice before,
To tell the People that their awful Prince
Her Progress now began: that stately Roar
Through every Street imperiously flew,
And warn'd all eyes this mighty Sight to view

"When lo, the sweating Throngs her way bespread
With admirations of her Pomp and Train.
Two squires before the rest at distance rid,
Suspition and Envy; both did rein
Their fitting Steeds, the one a Fox, the other
A Wolf and forc'd them on to march together."[39]

. . . . . .

"Then came the Coach which two strange Monsters drew,
For one a dreadful Lybian Dragon was,
Who from his mouth did flaming Sulphur spew,
Empoisoning all the Way he was to pass:
The other, an enormous crocodile,
The most accursed Son of happy Nile.

"On them two fierce Postillions mounted were
Intolerable headstrong Anger, who
Her Dragon's sides with restless Lashes tore
Yet knew not why she him tormented so:[40]
And Cruelty, whose heart was harder than
His knotty Crocodile's black iron skin.

"Upon the Coachbox sate a Driver, hight
Selfwil, a madbrain'd most outrageous He;
Who makes devouring Speed his sole Delight,
Though thousand Perils chide his Fervency
Never could Hills or Dales, or Sea or Land,
Or desperate Precipices make him stand."[41]

[39] So in Spenser, *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 4, 30, Envy rides on a wolf.

[40] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 4, 34. Spenser's Wrath has equally blind passions:

"Yet, willfull man, he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedless hast."

[41] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 4, 34, Satan, the postillion of Pride's chariot.

On the brazen chariot sat the dreadful queen as, in Spenser, Pride sat in her car drawn by the six unequal beasts of the other Sins:

> "Her steely Coat's all smear'd with gore; her Hands
> Gripe two imprison'd Twists of angry Snakes,
> With which though still her Coachman never stands
> Eternally she threshes him, and makes
> His furious speed more speedy grow, that she
> Might at her Prey as soon's her Wishes be."

Her infernal brood followed her: Ravishment, riding upon a goat,[42] Heresy on a Hydra,[43] and many others.

Persecution goes to England and, at her summons, many flock to her standards. Psyche and the few who stand fast are driven forth while the lawless rob, murder, and burn. Psyche and a friend, Uranius, take refuge in a cave. A lion, in search of prey, rushes into their harborage. But he suddenly becomes mild at the sight of the two sufferers, as does the lion before Una in Spenser. The two exiles are captured, Uranius is burned at the stake, and Psyche is tortured in prison. But Phylax frees her and tells her that an even more exalted martyrdom is reserved for her lot. Psyche is brought to a desert and abandoned to many trials. Satan sends against her Despair, the usual Spenserian figure with hollow, staring eyes and all the foulness of Duessa unmasked, armed with rust-eaten swords and daggers. This fury makes a long and subtle speech, taunts Psyche with her many sins, as Spenser's apparition taunts the Red Cross Knight with his association with Duessa, and incites her to suicide. But Psyche remains firm and the hag vanishes with a shriek. Psyche burns in a sort of inner fire of religious exaltation.

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[42] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 4, 24, Lechery riding on a goat.

[43] Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, 1, 7, 16 sq., Duessa rides on a hydra-like beast given her by Orgoglio. Cf. also Beaumont:

> "When lo, the sweating throngs her way bespread
> With admiration of her Pomp and Train."

and Spenser:

> "Huge routs of people did about them band
> Shouting for joy." (1, 4, 36)

Samuel Woodford

Beaumont's huge epic was ushered into the world with some rapturous commendatory verses by Samuel Woodford, who, although he wrote later than Milton, is worth brief consideration for the more complete understanding of this eccentric though once important school of poetry. Woodford used the favorite stanzas of the Fletchers very freely in his paraphrases of the *Psalms*. He added variations of his own and experimented, even more freely than Quarles, in shortening the lines occasionally to give more lyrical quality to the paraphrases where the originals seemed to demand it. In 1679 he published *A Paraphrase upon the Canticles* with a preface that is full of interest to the student of the history of criticism.[44] But what interests us here is that Woodford, lest the frail reader should find poison in the Oriental langors of the paraphrase, added an *Epoda or Legend of Love*, so styled "for honour's sake to the great Spenser, whose Stanza of Nine I have used, and who has Intituled the six Books which we have compleat of his Faery Queen, by the several Legends of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy." This *Epoda*, imitated partly from Spenser's *Hymne to Divine Love* and partly from the pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins in *The Faërie Queene*, shows strongly the exaggerated Puritanism of the School of the Fletchers and their prurience, which despite its idealistic theory is nothing short of strumpet-minded. We cannot be too severe with these tough old divines.

The first canto of Woodford's poems sounds in harsh, sturdy echoes the thought of Spenser's *Hymne*. In the second canto he juggles fluently with Spenserian allegory. Lust, or the devil Legion, came to possess a lost soul. Before he arrived Idleness had swept the empty rooms and darkened the lights and windows. Fancy let in loose Desire. After him the Fiend rode in

[44] I have discussed this preface at some length in "The Critics of Edmund Spenser," *Univ. Calif. Publ. Modern Philology*, vol. 2, no. 2, pp. 122 sq.

in triumph at the head of a pageant like that which issued from Spenser's House of Pride:

> "So in Desire came vainest of the Three,
> And after him in Triumph rode the Fiend;
> Whom seven Spirits, full as bad as he,
> And Io sang to Love, that Heav'n did tend
> So sang they all, but with unequal grace
> As were their looks; for some their brows did bend,
> And grin'd most horrid with distorted Face;
> Others were blithe and smiled as they along did pass.
>
> "Folly, the First, by her Habit seem'd a Maid,
> And by her Face, which was excelling fair;
> . . . . . .
> Mirth was a youth of beautiful regard,
> With chearful Eyes, plump downy Cheeks and Chin,
> . . . . . .
> Him Dalliance followed next, a Damsel gay,
> Of light behaviour, as she well could feign;
> And wantonly her Brest did open lay,
> The Lover who came next to entertain;
> Tho who the He were of her mighty Train,
> She was not much solicitous to know."

Then came Genius or Comus:

> "A right good Fellow, as his Belly show'd
> Which in a Swath reacht almost to his Knee
> And made him passage through th' admiring crowd,
> Which shouting to him louted, as to them he bow'd."

More grisly figures followed like consequences: Sin with a thousand heads, wretched Poverty, and Death, described with a line plundered from Milton,

> "But Death the third, the same shape always kept.
> If Shape it might be call'd, that shape had none."

Wherever he went he was attended by unquiet Care, Suspicion, Impudence, Riotice, and Irreligion. Without the door waited Distrust, Jealousy, Fear. Such was the company that entered the soul of a wretched man who sought only earthly Love.

We need not follow Woodford in his third canto, where he writes of the moral anarchy described in some of the historical passages in the Old Testament and hymns the rise of lawful

marriage. Nor is it necessary to meddle further with the work of other poets of this school who persisted even into the eighteenth century. Indeed to many readers I shall seem to have exhumed freakish poems out of all proportion. But it is high time that we understood more clearly than any critic has yet set forth the immediate poetic environment of *Lycidas, Paradise Lost,* and *Paradise Regained,* the welter of religion and sensuality, of lofty idealism and ferocious bigotry, from which the great Puritan drew far more than we commonly realize. Too much attention has been given to Vondel, Andreini, and other remote influences. Apart from the great Greek and Latin poets and from the great books of philosophy and religion, Milton's literary lineage is to be traced from his master Spenser and from these strange perverted works of a group of poets who had a much greater academic vogue than is now generally understood, the School of the Fletchers.[45]

These curious, half-diseased, half-divine poets were in one respect the truest Spenserians who ever lived. They did not distil the rarest essence of their master as did Milton and Keats and other great English poets. But they did more than merely loot *The Faërie Queene* for lines and stanzas. With the passing of the School of the Fletchers there passed the last ambitious, absurd attempts to rear the cumbersome, tottering framework of *The Faërie Queene* to the very stars. The eighteenth century poets imitated Spenser elegantly and superficially, for the most part, as they imitated all their masters. The romanticists, when they reached their period of full triumph, did not imitate; they were inspired. But the Fletchers and their crew, besides plundering and botching lines and stanzas, outlined gigantic schemes like that set forth in Spenser's letter to Raleigh, that superb manifesto of idealism, and turned Milton from his dreams of Arthur to write audaciously of God and Satan. With the School of the Fletchers such heaven-storming became the fashion in

[45] I have analyzed the work of the last known poet of this school, William Thompson, in my "Spenser, Thomson, and Romanticism," *Publ. Mod. Lang. Asoc.,* xxvi, 1.

England as it was already the fashion on the continent. We cannot fairly but admire as well as laugh at the rare audacity with which the School of the Fletchers strove to rear Babels of poetry. And in this chaos Milton saw light.

This is the wholesome value of noting the relation of such queer stuff (if you will), and the master work. And the literary historian wonders as he looks down the long avenues of literature at great men and small, whether our hordes of little realists and little romanticists who huddle about the feet of our living masters will have as much to give, two centuries hence, as these Fletchers at whom it is so easy to laugh.

MILTON

For a while Milton was certainly definitely enlisted in this school. And even when he rose above it in many respects, some influence lingered long. In his earliest poems he followed these academic elders rather closely. He mourns the death of a fair infant prettily and inappropriately enough in cadences that will sound sufficiently familiar to the student of the Fletchers:

> "Yet thou art not inglorious in thy fate;
> For so Apollo with unweeting hand,
> Whilom did slay his dearly lovéd mate,
> Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
> Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
> But then transformed him to a purple flower:
> Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!"

Like a true Spenserian of his time, he made his subject (in lyric poetry), a mere makeshift for the enumeration of lovely details. Like the Fletchers, he experimented with stanza forms, making the last line of the rhyme-royal an alexandrine. But he had not arrived. In *The Passion* (1630) he employed the same stanza and style to celebrate the subject-matter which was the most real to him all his life. The poet is trying to soar. But, like many far humbler undergraduate poets, he masks his sincerity in the affectations of contemporaries. There is no doubt that he was profoundly stirred by the passion of Christ. But he wrote:

"Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here, through grief my feeble hands uplock,
Yet on the softened quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitly fall in ordered characters."

Milton could not as yet distinguish between Spenser and Spenserians. William Browne, who, in his garrulous *Britannia's Pastorals* could often follow Spenser very charmingly, was also capable of writing:

"My blubb'ring pen her sable tears lets fall
In characters right."

But Milton was coming to a realization of his faults. At the end of *The Passion* we read:

"This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished."

Yet Milton's aspirations were already as immense and as impressive as when he began *Paradise Lost*. I like to compare Milton and Keats when they wrote *At a Vacation Exercise in the College* (1628) and the *Specimen of an Induction to a Poem*. Both were dreaming vaguely and delightedly with Spenser. They were toying with boundless ambitions. Keats was lost in the delight of dancing plumes, glittering cuirasses, and Gothic arches. He had no story to tell. But he was strengthening his wings for *The Eve of Saint Agnes*. Milton's dreams were pleasantly obscured by his luxurious memories of Spenser and his followers. He was poring over Drayton's *Poly-Olbion* and its source, the description of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway in *The Faërie Queene*. He was dazzled by the pageants of stately rivers and aglow with the historical and legendary associations that haunted their banks. With boyish ardor he invoked them:

"Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty arms along indented meads,
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,

Or Sevren swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame."

But his desires were not lulled to slumber by the warm glow and pomp of these visions. He longed to use his language for greater purposes:

"Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings."

His youthful Latin poems were more often playful because they followed the lighter verse of Ovid and Horace rather than the high seriousness of Virgil, Tasso, and Spenser. But his *In Quintum Novembris* (1626), a poem on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, celebrated the supposed attempts of Satan and the Pope to ruin England through the agency of Guy Fawkes in the academic Spenserian manner then in vogue. In 1626, too, Phineas Fletcher probably completed or was completing his Latin poem on the same subject, the *Locustae* with its English paraphrase *The Appolyonists,* already discussed. Fletcher's poem was not published until the following year and we can establish no definite relationship between his work and Milton's. Both used popular contemporary ideas. Both treated a popular superstition in a vein of classical and Spenserian allegory. But we know that upon *Paradise Lost* Fletcher's poem left a strong impress. And in this academic exercise of Milton's the young poet was strengthening himself for the great epic. He was making his first studies for his picture of the Prince of Darkness:

"And now, in his flight, Satan sees appear the fields girdled by white wave-beaten cliffs, the land loved by the sea-god, named of old from Neptune's son Albion. . . . .

"Now his swift flight had carried him beyond the rimy Alps to the

borders of Italy. On his left hand were the ancient land of the Sabines and the cloud-wrapped Apennine; on his right Etruria, ill-famed for its poisoners. Thee too, Tiber, he saw, giving furtive kisses to Thetis."

There follows fierce satire on Catholicism, of the kind which Milton and the Fletchers took too readily from *The Faërie Queene.* Satan came to the Pope as the vile Archimago came to the Red Cross Knight and as the Tempter came to Christ in Giles Fletcher's poem—in the guise of a hermit. In dreams he incited the Pope against England. The poet conjures up a place of horror in the manner of the classical poets and of Spenser's description of Hell in his tale of Guyon's visit to Mammon's dark realms:

"There is a place girt eternally with the darkness of night, the vast foundations of a building long since given to ruin, now the cave of fierce Murder and double-tongued Treachery, whom the hag Discord brought forth at one birth. Here amid heaps of rubble and broken stones lie the unburied bodies of men, corpses impaled on steel. Here forever sits Craft, black, with distorted eyes; and Fury; and Fear; and a thousand types of death. Pale Horror flies about the place."[46]

These apparitions "the Babylonish priest" sent against England. But the Heavenly Father pitied his people and frustrated "the daring cruelty of the Papists." This crude and abusive poem, though drawing the most tasteless elements from Spenser and the Spenserians, foreshadowed vaguely the epic to come.[47]

But Milton's mind was not yet embittered. From some of his more intimate Latin poems we learn that England, at least, was still Fairyland to him. While in Italy he confessed his aspirations to Manso in his most interesting Latin poem. His thoughts go back to his own land and its poets, to Chaucer whom, like Spenser in *The Shepheards Calendar,* he worships as "our Tityrus." "You," he writes Manso,

[46] Cf. *The Faërie Queene,* 2, 7, 22–23. In Mammon's cave, hard by the gates of Hell, lurked "cruel Revenge," Despight, Treason, "gnawing Gealosy," Feare, and many more.

"And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did always sore, beating his yron wings."

Of course the famous similar description in the sixth book of Virgil probably stimulated most of these passages.

[47] The quotations above and all subsequent citations from Milton's Latin poems are from William Vaughn Moody's translation, the Cambridge Edition of Milton, Boston and New York, 1899.

"... You, who are so kind, will not scorn a stranger's muse, she who nourished sparely in the frozen north, lately dared a venturesome flight through the cities of Italy. I too, methinks, have heard, through the obscure shades of night, the swans singing in my river at home, where Thames, bending her argent urns, lets her glaucous locks stream wide into the ocean. What do I say? did not Chaucer himself, our Tityrus, come once to these shores?"

He speaks of his haunting desire to write of Arthur, the national hero whom Spenser had chosen for his *Faërie Queene.* And it seems reasonable to believe that the hero of Spenser was as much in Milton's mind as the hero of the chronicles and romances. For he writes of him as: "Arthur, who carried war into fairyland."[48] To the end his dreams of Arthur were tinged by Spenser's vague, magnificent abstraction. One thinks as much of the dim paths of *The Faërie Queene* as of Malory, despite the citation of names familiar from the *Morte Darthur,* when, in *Paradise Regained,* the blind poet describes the "ladies of the Hesperides," with a characteristic, wistful reminiscence of his earlier epic dreams, as:

> "Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
> Of faery damsels met in forest wide
> By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."[49]

"On the Morning of Christ's Nativity"

Before Milton had left college, while he was writing for the most part in the ephemeral modes of his day, he spoke out bold and clear once with his own voice. The hymn, *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (1629) is far more significant than its slightly later companion-piece *The Passion,* which I have already

[48] It is more likely that this is inspired by Spenser than by the legend of Arthur brought to Avalon. The wounded Arthur did not sail to Avalon to carry on war.

[49] *Paradise Regained,* book 2, lines 357 sq. As significant evidence in connection with Milton's fusion of Spenser with sources like Geoffrey of Monmouth, we may note that Milton, in his *History of England* (ed. Symmons, vol. 4, p. 13), quotes a passage from Spenser to supplement Geoffrey much as a modern historian draws from two sources of equal repute. Lest I give false impression here I should add that Milton was sceptical enough about the historical Arthur. The point is that Spenser was clearly almost always in his mind when he thought of the British king.

discussed. It opens with a typical seventeenth century Spenserian prelude in that Spenserian variation of the rhyme-royal for which we have already seen his partiality. William Vaughn Moody chooses a word with a very expressive connotative value when he speaks of the "quaint dulcity" which, through the influence of Giles Fletcher, appears in the opening stanzas.

> "See how from far upon the Eastern road
> The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet!
> Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,
> And lay it lowly at his blessèd feet."

Then the poem leaps into the swift, abrupt, ringing music of *The Hymn,* proper. Whatever lyrical strophes may have been suggestive, the stanza was Milton's own. And here was the first distinctly creative use of a final alexandrine since Spenser had shown its possibilities when he used it to give delicate music to the heavy, pedantic stanza-of-eight (*ababbcbc*). In Milton's new stanza the sharp strokes of the trimeter couplets were controlled by the succeeding pentameters and a tetrameter modulated not too abruptly into the long, solemn swing of the final alexandrine. There are tasteless conceits here and there. But unhappy is he whose sensibilities are so fragile that the flaws blind him to the superb lyrical flashes that abound. Milton seems to have had Spenser as well as the Spenserians in his consciousness. It is probable that he borrowed an elaborate conceit from the *Song to Elisa* in the *April* eclogue of *The Shepheards Calender,* unhappily, to gild over his gold. Spenser wrote:

> "I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
> Upon her to gaze:
> But when he sawe how broade her beames did spredde,
> It did him amaze.
> He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
> Ne durst againe his fyrie face out showe:
> Let him, if he dare,
> His brightnesse compare
> With hers, to have the overthrowe."

The more sonorous lines of Milton, despite their imitative

artificiality of concept, are significant in the development of the music of his maturity:

> "And, though the shady gloom
> Had given day her room,
> The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
> And hid his head for shame,
> As his inferior flame
> The new-enlightened world no more should need:
> He saw a greater Sun appear
> Than his bright Throne or burning axletree could bear."

But Milton was not yet large enough to borrow masterfully, to combine subtly from a dozen sources. How little he had yet accomplished he himself admitted, as he left Cambridge, in the famous sonnet that has been as a quiet, heartening hymn to thousands of young men who have that noble combination of pride and humility.

> "How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
> Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
> My hasting days fly on with full career,
> But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
>
> Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
> That I to manhood am arrived so near,
> And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
> That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
>
> Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
> It shall be still in strictest measure even
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
>
> Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
> All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Task-master's eye."

"L'Allegro and "Il Penseroso"

In rural retirement at Horton Milton's genius developed by leaps and bounds. That Spenser was good leaven in those days of golden quietude we can hardly doubt when we think of Milton's ideal surroundings and youthful idealism, perfectly appropriate for a continued perusal of the leisurely *Faërie Queene*. The days of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were the

fullest days of detachment and dreams. *L'Allegro* derives remotely from the Spenserian pastoral as developed by Drayton and his friends, Brown and Wither.[50] Spenser, though he had, in the main, followed the beaten path of the Renaissance pastoral, had suggested much to his ingenious followers in his *Shepheards Calender*. He strove to nationalize the pastoral by transfering the crown from the "Romish Tityrus," Virgil, to the English Tityrus, Chaucer. He introduced the more brisk style of the fable, following Chaucer at a great distance. Above all, in the airy roundelay of Willy and Perigot, with its adroit suggestion of popular improvisation, he enlivened the pastoral with a species of light-hearted, semi-popular song like the French pastourelle—which had been forgotten in England since the days of Henryson's *Robin and Makyne* but which had been preserved in effect in France in the blithe notes of Clement Marot. Of the many imitators of *The Shepheards Calender* Drayton and his group were by far the most astute in seizing upon and developing those most fertile ideas which Spenser had barely suggested. Drayton introduced tangibly the much needed element of humor. The languid, plaining shepherd lived on, but Drayton and his friends were for the most part more interested in such lilting creations as the ballad of bonny Dowsabelle, imitated from Sir Thopas at the suggestion of Spenser's pseudo-Chaucerian poems. Drayton and Browne gossiped with real countrywives and conned their wondrous lore about Queen Mab and her fairy rout. Browne and Wither sang of may-poles and country-folk so blithely in the light tetrameter measure that Milton doubtless learned much from them when he chose the same metre and very similar subject-matter. L'Allegro—peering through the two aged oaks at the cottage chimney, watching Corydon and Thyrsis at their savory dinner,

[50] This and the following generalizations, relating Milton's *L'Allegro* even remotely with the Spenserian pastorals may seem fanciful to many here. In my "Golden Age of the Spenserian Pastoral," *Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, xxv, 2, I have tried to show in detail what I conceive to have been the peculiar development of the Spenserian pastoral towards a delicate gaiety that distinguishes it sharply from the English eclogues of Virgilian and Italian lineage.

"Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,"

attending a holiday with young and old, drinking the spicy ale while some one told of fairy Mab and the drudging Goblin—is the kinsman of Willy and Perigot, of Drayton's Batte and Gorbo, Browne's Willy and Roget, and Wither's Philarete who sang of fields and dainty nosegays even in prison. *Il Penseroso* is a bit more personal. We catch the young poet at his dearer dreams. Like Spenser he is poring over Chaucer's alluring fragment, *The Squire's Tale*:

> "The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
> And of the wondrous horse of brass
> On which the Tartar King did ride."

Into the magic glass that Chaucer and Spenser described with wondering delight, Milton had peered as eagerly as Britomart in search of Arthegal. For in earlier days, too, *At a Vacation Exercise,* he dreamed of a cave like Spenser's and Ariosto's cave of Merlin wherein dwelt

> "A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,
> That far events full wisely could presage,
> And in Time's long and dark prospective-glass
> Foresaw what future days should bring to pass."

Il Penseroso was reading, too, of the great battle of Camball and Triamond in Spenser's continuation of *The Squire's Tale.* He writes of what

> " . . . . Great Bards beside
> In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
> Of turneys and inchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear."

Critics have hardly been fanciful in describing this last line as a reference to the allegory of *The Faërie Queene.* And when Milton prepared his *Arcades* for Lady Strange, Countess of Derby, he must have remembered the prodigal honors that Spenser had heaped upon her in *The Teares of the Muses* and in his graceful picture of his other two cousins and her as

"Phyllis, Carilis, and sweet Amarylis," in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again.* The younger poet wrote:

> "Fame, that her high worth to raise
> Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,
> We may justly now accuse
> Of detraction from her praise."

Perhaps these last lines have in them a touch of that bitterness which came to the young idealist, even in the seclusion of Horton, with a growing sense of real life. It is the bitterness that afflicts a young poet when he first lifts his eyes from the charmed books over which he has been poring, intolerant, because of his idealism, of human failing, and oppressed with a belief that his own times are degenerate.

"Comus"

In *Comus* and *Lycidas,* despite the lofty faiths which Milton brought to bear against his doubts, the tone of complaint is insistent and impressive. He was turning from the realms of pure romance, from the dim lands of Cambuscan and of Gloriana. Or rather he was coming to question their reality. In Spenser he had read:

> "Of Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
> For that it there most useth to abound:
> And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
> That vertue should be plentifully found,
> Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
> And roote of civill conversation:
> Right so in Faery court it did redound,
> Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
> Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon."[51]

In *Comus* Milton accepted from his master the etymology of the word "courtesy" but found the virtue no longer in the place where it originated. His heroine imagined that in the magician disguised as a rustic she had seen

[51] *The Faërie Queene,* 6, 1, 1.

> " . . . . Honest-offered courtesy,
> Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
> With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
> And courts of princes, where it first was named,
> And yet is most pretended."[52]

When Milton came to create a Bower of Bliss in *Comus* he could no longer write with the irresponsible, almost innocent, delight in voluptuousness with which Spenser described the arbors and drunken vines of the languorous Acrasia. The Circe of Homer, Tasso's Armida, Spenser's Acrasia, who all doubtless lingered in the mind of the poet of *Comus*, seduced their victims by sheer bodily beauty. Hazlitt has an ingenious remark worth pondering at this point:

> "The character which a living poet has given of Spenser would be much more true of Milton.
>
> ' . . . . Yet not more sweet
> Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise
> High Priest of all the Muses' mysteries.'
>
> Spenser, on the contrary, is very apt to pry into mysteries which do not belong to the Muses. Milton's voluptuousness is not lascivious or sensual. He describes beautiful objects for their own sakes. Spenser has an eye to the consequences and steeps everything in pleasure not of the purest kind."

This is a reasonable comparison. But I still urge that Spenser had an almost innocent delight in voluptuousness when he made vivid the temptations of Acrasia ostensibly for the glory of Guyon's temperance. It is to be remembered that in an age of enthusiasm art and morals may be perfectly reconciled by the greater minds, while in an age of reason comes restless doubt. Men take sides violently and become cynics or militant moralists, voluptuaries or prudes. In Milton's age sophistication had followed the death of the "first, fine, careless rapture." Acrasia, as I have said, enticed her victims by frankly exposing her beautiful, naked body. It does not seem necessary to Spenser to inform us that this attractive creature would have us reel back into the beast. Sin may be lovely, but Temperance is so strong that it needs no sight of ugliness to fire it to conquest.

[52] *Comus*, lines 322 sq.

Ariosto, writing in a very sophisticated period and country, was fain to show that the beautiful Alcina unmasked was a loathsome hag, though he was not, of course, seriously concerned with morality. Spenser borrowed this picture but only for the purposes of religious satire when he created Duessa. Acrasia remained beautiful even when overcome. Milton is more nearly like Ariosto, in this one respect, in temper. But he is even more severe. He never allows us to lose sight of the bestial that leers through all the allurements of sin in *Comus*. Then too, while Acrasia proudly displays her body, Comus must appeal to reason. He is the polished sophist who argues with wonderful plausibility. It is necessary for him to try to buttress frank desire with sneaking reason.

But enough on the sensual in Spenser and Milton. From his "sage and serious Spenser" Milton could certainly draw high moral truths. Belphoebe, Spenser's huntress wandering like Diana through the deep woods, Britomart, the warrior-maiden conquering all lustful knights, Spenser's perfect types of chastity, inspired Milton with faith to write his credo boldly in *Comus*. He speaks through the steadfast brother who believes that chastity is a defence in itself. Still the benignant influence of Spenser's dreams keeps Milton from absolute bitterness:

> " 'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity,
> She that has that is clad in complete steel,
> And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
> May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
> Infámous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
> Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
> No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
> Will dare to soil her virgin purity."

Spenser also had made his Red Cross Knight give Una lofty assurance as he entered the dark and squalid den of Error:

> "Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."

And the poet of Comus made the confident elder brother say:

> "Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
> By her own radiant light."

Everywhere the presence of Spenser's influence is elusively apparent. Where Milton borrowed so masterfully from Homer, Tasso, Spenser, Peele, John Fletcher, and perhaps many more, it becomes mere pedantry to attempt a collection of unquestionable parallels. Yet the temptation is great. As Milton wrote of his Lady, Virtue incarnate, perhaps it was the memory of Spenser's Sir Guyon or Temperance who, under similar temptations, was protected by the sage advice of a palmer, to describe twilight as

> " . . . . Grey-hooded Even,
> Like a sad Votarist in palmer's weed."

This is an example instructive of how a Spenserian fancy might cling in the background of Milton's consciousness. More striking parallels are not wanting. Spenser writes of "Fayre Cynthia," who through a cloud

> "Breaks forth her silver beames and her bright head
> Discovers to the world discomfited:
> Of the poore traveller that went astray,
> With thousand blessings she is herried."

In *Comus* the moon is similarly apostrophized:

> " . . . . And thou, fair Moon,
> That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
> Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
> And disinherit Chaos."[58]

When, at the close of Milton's poem, the guardian spirit tells how he had heard from Meliboeus,

> "The soothest Shepherd that ere piped on plains,"

how to summon the water-nymph Sabrina, we remember how tenderly she had been sung by Spenser and feel that this Meliboeus, hovering in the background, more powerful even than the protector of the Lady, is a veiled reference, of the kind of which Milton was particularly fond, to his own guardian spirit, Spenser, whose lofty faith in chastity and virtue encouraged Milton to overrule his bitterness in *Comus*.

[58] *The Faërie Queene*, 3, 1, 43, and *Comus*, lines 331 sq.

"Lycidas"

In *Lycidas* this bitterness is more unruly and is, in this case, plausibly traceable, in part, to the influence of Spenser. At least as early as Thomas Warton, critics have pointed out the similarity between the abusive digression of religious polemics in *Lycidas* and the religious janglings of Piers and Palinode in the *Maye* eclogue of *The Shepheards Calender*. Mantuan and Petrarch had attacked bad clergy in their eclogues. But their influence is more remote than that of Milton's chosen master. Moreover Spenser's eclogue was the specific attack of Protestant upon Catholic. In this he was followed by some of his imitators, notably Phineas Fletcher, in *The Appolyonists* and in his *Piscatorie Eclogues* (1633). We have good evidence that Spenser's abusive eclogue appealed particularly to Milton. In *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*[54] he quotes from *Maye* one of Spenser's fierce thrusts at corrupt prelates. And the satire in Milton's elegy is markedly similar in spirit and phrase to the harsh lines in Spenser's discordant pastoral. Milton makes Saint Peter, "the Pilot of the Galilean Lake," utter characteristic reproof:

> "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
> Anow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
> Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
> Of other care they little reckoning make
> Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
> And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
> Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
> A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
> That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
> What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
> And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw;
> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

[54] Ed. Symmons, vol. 1, p. 197.

And Spenser wrote:

> "Those faytours little regarden their charge,
> While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,
> Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
> In lustihede and wanton meryment.
> Thilke same bene shepeheardes for the Devils stedde,
> That playen while their flockes be unfedde."

It is interesting to observe that while *Lycidas,* in its general character, turns away from the Spenserian pastoral to the Virgilian, its digressions, the most earnest and personal parts of the poem, derive almost certainly from *The Shepheards Calender.* The ecclesiastical satire, though the lines burn with Milton's fine strength, is not pleasant reading. But the other famous digression—the momentary doubt of the youthful idealist—contains the most beautiful and the most human lines in the elegy.

> "Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amarylis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
> And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
> Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
> 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
> As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
> Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.' "

It is important, for students of literary influence, to notice that while Milton took some of his impulse for this passage from the despair of the young poet Cuddie and the lofty encouragement of Piers in Spenser's *October,* yet he was experiencing, at first hand, precisely the mood which Spenser expressed. Spenser

was doubting, but aspiring to rise to epic heights in his *Faërie Queene*. Milton was expressing the same temporary unfaith and discouragement of youth but meditating none the less upon his great national poem.

In the serene Areadia of Spenser and his followers, where came no botanists, Milton learned the graceful trick of weaving artificial garlands of flowers from every season. Spenser adopted the flower-passage from earlier Elizabethans and gave it currency in his song to Elisa and his elegy to Dido in *The Shepheards Calender*. He was enthusiastically imitated in the pastorals of Drayton, Barnefield, Wither, Basse and by the School of the Fletchers many times. Milton followed exquisitely the fashion when he bid the valleys—

> "Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
> That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
> And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-bine,
> With cowslips wan that hang with pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
> To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."

It is likely, too, that Spenser had his share in inculcating one more faith with which Milton answered the various questionings of his "still small voice." Spenser, when, in his lament for Dido, he had popularized the pastoral elegy in England, employed a Renaissance convention, the abrupt hopeful turn at the close. In this he was followed by his imitators, Drayton. Browne, and others, and finally by Milton when he wrote:

> "Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
> For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
> Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
> So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> . . . . . .

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
. . . . . .
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more."

In the same manner, in imitation of Marot, Spenser had written:

"Why wayle we then? why weary we the gods with playnts,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddess now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.
I see thee, blessed soule, I see,
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happy herse!
Might I once come to thee! O that I might!
O joyful verse!"[55]

We have already seen, from his Latin poem to Manso, that Milton in Italy was still as much in Fairyland as he was when at Horton. The rude awakening, signs of which appear in *Comus* and *Lycidas*, was delayed by travel. But when he returned to England and devoted his activities to the bitter political struggles (1642–1658) he bade farewell to all dreams of an ideal England and an ideal Arthur. The tragedy of the fall of man and the loss of Paradise was more appropriate to his distressed mind. From now on the gentle, passionless visions came back to him only in moods of momentary and wistful reminiscence. Dryden has suggested that Spenser was discouraged from continuing *The Faërie Queen* because the living court of Gloriana fell more and more short of his dreams. Arthegal, or Lord Grey, was ignominiously deprived of his high trust. Sidney, the noblest knight in Fairyland, was slain at the

[55] In my treatment of *Lycidas* I am under great obligations to Dr. J. H. Hanford. He has made a sound study of this type in his essay on "The Pastoral Elegy and Milton's *Lycidas*," *Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc.*, vol. xxv, no. 3, September, 1910, pp. 403 sq.

climax of his career. Perhaps Milton gave up Arthur because long years of political wrangling made him, like Spenser, lose faith in England's brilliant future. Sir Calidore, Sir Lamorack, and Sir Pelleas had failed to bind Slander, the Blatant Beast. The monster lived on to bring shame and distress and disillusionment upon Milton.

"Paradise Lost"

But when the storm and stress period ceased for Milton he bethought him of another subject upon which, along with that of King Arthur, he had long pondered. Milton manuscripts have preserved for us a number of drafts of a projected play on the subject of the fall of Adam. One striking fact has not been hitherto commented upon. Had Milton worked out *Paradise Lost* along the lines of these early drafts he would unquestionably have written a Spenserian poem quite in the manner of the School of the Fletchers. His sketches are full of the allegories particularly cultivated by his early favorites, the seventeenth century Spenserians. He may have seen the *Adamo* of Andreini while in Italy and have derived inspiration from its allegorical episodes. But the allegories of Spenser and the Fletchers are much closer to the manuscript jottings. And we know that Spenser and the Fletchers ranked high among his favorite poets. Faith, Hope, and Charity are called in to instruct Adam at his repentance as they instruct Spenser's remorseful Red Cross Knight in the House of Holiness. Spenser's allegory of repentance was closely imitated by William Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* and, as we have seen, by Thomas Robinson and Dr. Joseph Beaumont, two members of the School of the Fletchers. Mercy and Justice debate as they debated in Giles Fletcher's *Christ*[56] and Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island.* Conscience, a favorite with Phineas Fletcher, Thomas Robinson, and Dr. Joseph Beaumont, was to have been active in the story of Adam. There is more than enough to show that Milton was full of the fancies of Spenser and of his

[56] A very popular mediaeval allegory, of course. See Miss Hope Travers' *The Allegory of the Four Daughters of God,* Bryn Mawr Dissertation, 1908.

Cambridge followers. And Milton never passed utterly beyond this type of influence even in his mature epic period. I have already stated that Phineas Fletcher had given in his *Apollyonists* and *Locustae* a spirited picture of the conclave in Hell. With him the character of Lucifer, the fiery orator and unrepentant rebel, assumed some of the grandeur that we now call Miltonic.[57] The *Psyche* of Dr. Joseph Beaumont has been plausibly conceived to have influenced Milton in his portrait of Satan and his cohorts, though Milton's fiends are far less grotesque. As Macaulay puts it: "They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock,"—and, we may well add, of Beaumont. Vondel and other continental poets had been mindful of the impressiveness of Lucifer. But for our purposes we might even accept without question every new source that is suggested for *Paradise Lost* without taking from the importance of the Fletchers in their relation to Milton.[58] Milton seldom conceived a picture that was not vivified by combined impressions from a dozen sources from which he extracted his elixir.

From now on, except for brief and exquisite allusions to the land of Faerie, we shall find Milton influenced mostly by the sterner side of Spenser. In the very first book of *Paradise Lost* the picture of Mammon among the fallen angels derives from Spenser's grim Mammon who lured Sir Guyon underground:

> "Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
> From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
> Were always downward bent, admiring more
> The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
> Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
> In vision beatific. . . . ."

[57] We may note here that Dr. Grosart, in his preface to his edition of Phineas Fletcher, lists a great number of passages from Milton's works which he considers to be verbal echoes of the poems of the two Fletchers. Some of these are certainly convincing; others as certainly absurd.

[58] In regard to Vondel's influence it is to be observed that Mr. Edmundson's excellent, if too enthusiastic, *Milton and Vondel* pleads very persuasively for Vondellian inspiration. Yet Mr. Verity in the preface to his edition of *Paradise Lost*, denies the possibility with strong arguments. The present writer has already stated that this paper is, to a certain extent, a protest against the over-emphasis which he conceives to be placed on Milton's continental sources.

Spenser had already placed Mammon's abode near the gate of Hell where sat the terrible figures of Revenge, Treason, Hate, Jealousy, and Fear,—a scene which we have found Milton closely imitating in his *In Quintum Novembris*. In both Spenser and Milton, Mammon is assisted by fiends who in cells and furnaces prepare the liquid gold. It is a stimulating study in artistry to compare the quaint, grotesque lines of Spenser with the gloomy pomp of Milton. In *The Faërie Queene*:

> "One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre
> And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
> Another did the dying bronds repayre
> With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same,
> With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
> Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat;
> Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came."[59]

So Milton's fiends, in three groups, with "hands innumerable" and "incessant toil" were busy

> "Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross."

Spenser's fiends are grim as Durer's grotesque woodcuts are grim. The figures in Milton's passages have the impressive Miltonic vagueness. There are, as in Spenser, imps with bellows who

> "By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
> As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
> To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes."

a sounding and inappropriate simile that would have stirred Spenser with a childlike delight if he could have read it. But these Spenserian demons, in Milton's hands, reared Pandemonium, a massive structure which human eyes had never really seen till Milton sang grandly of it:

> "Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
> Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
> Built like a temple, where pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With golden architrave; nor did there want
> Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
> The roof was fretted gold. Not Babilon

[59] *The Faërie Queene*, 2, 7, 35 sq.

> Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
> Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
> Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
> Their kings, when Aegypt with Assyria strove
> In wealth and luxury."

The famous allegory of Sin and Death, in the second book, has a long and complicated genealogy including a number of Spenserian ancestors. Satan, ascending to seek the World and Man found the gates of Hell closed and

> "On either side a formidable Shape.
> The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
> But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
> Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed
> With mortal sting. About her middle round
> A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
> With wide Cerberean mouths full loud and rung
> A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
> If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
> And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled
> Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
> Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
> Calabria from the hoarse Tinacrian shore."

Homer's Scylla is indeed like Milton's Sin. But Homer's enchantresses and monsters, Circe, Calypso, the Sirens, Scylla, had a complicated development which must be glanced at here. Sometimes the enchantress became merely a beautiful mortal tempting the hero to give over his perilous quest. So Virgil's Dido allured Aeneas. Tasso's Armida, the Venus of Camoens, Spenser's Acrasia are poetic daughters of Circe, portrayed with all the charm that exquisite art can give to wantonness. Ariosto's Alcina and Spenser's Duessa, for whose loathsomeness the poet of *The Faërie Queen* was impelled to borrow unhappily from Ariosto's picture of the unmasking of Alcina, are beautiful to the deluded sinner whom they enchant but in reality are horrible and filthy hags. From Duessa Phineas Fletcher developed those unspeakably nasty figures of Caro (the Flesh), and Harmatia (Sin), in *The Purple Island* and of Sin in *The Apollyonists*. We have already seen that Spenser adopted from Virgil the device of placing grim allegorical figures at the gates of Hell

and that Milton followed him closely in his vicious attack upon Roman Catholicicism, *In Quintum Novembris.* We have also seen that in the first canto of *The Apollyonists* Phineas Fletcher combines Spenser's scenes at the gates of Hell and the conception of Duessa. We must remember, too, that we find here in Fletcher the spirited conclave in Hell, the fiery speeches of Satan, the advice of various subtle demons, an episode which immediately precedes Satan's ascent to the gates of Hell in *Paradise Lost.* The porter of Hell in Fletcher's poem is Sin, depicted with an imaginative vagueness that is in striking anticipation of Milton's manner:

> "The Porter to th' infernal gate is Sin,
> A shapelesse shape, a foule deformed thing,
> Nor nothing, nor a substance: as those thin
> And empty formes which through the ayer fling
> Their wandring shapes."[60]

Like Milton's figure she is the daughter of the Devil. But to deluded youth she is beautiful:

> "Her rosie cheeke, quick eye, her naked brest,
> And whatsoe'er loose fancie might entice,
> She bare expos'd to sight, all lovely drest
> In beauties livery, and quaint devise."

Close by her sits Despair. In the entrance dwells Sickness, Languor, Fear, Horror. Milton's only other guardian of Hell's gate in *Paradise Lost* is Death:

> " . . . . The other Shape—
> If shape it might be called that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,
> Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
> And shook a dreadful dart. . . . ."[61]

Spenser, who frequently described Death, anticipated Milton in the effective use of vagueness:

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[60] *The Apollyonists,* canto 1, st. 10.

[61] *Paradise Lost,* book 2, lines 666 sq.

"Death with most grim and griesly visage seene
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene."[62]

A sentence in *The Gospel of James* (1, 15) suggested the allegory of Satan's offspring, Sin and Death, which became a convention in mediaeval and Renaissance literature.

But we have looked closely enough at the epic characters who did the most to inspire the terrible figures in Milton. To pry further would be vain and pedantic here. On the other hand, frail must be the sensibilities of the Milton admirer who finds this study of sources any occasion for depreciation of Milton's fathomless creative power. Thomas Warton well says:

"We feel a sort of malicious triumph in detecting the latent and obscure source from which an original author has drawn some celebrated description: yet this . . . . soon gives way to the rapture that naturally results from contemplating the chymical energy of true genius, which can produce so noble a transmutation."

And Shelley felt no shame in prefacing *Prometheus Unbound*, which has the very white-heat of creative power, with a passage that should be deeply pondered by those who think that imitation is only the faith of the scorned critic and the second-rate poet.

"As to imitation, poetry is mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. Poetical abstractions are beautiful and new, not because the portions of which they are composed had no previous existence in the mind of man or in Nature, but because the whole produced by their combination has some intelligible and beautiful analogy with those sources of emotion and thought and with the contemporary condition of them. One great poet is a masterpiece of Nature which another not only ought to study but must study. He might as wisely and as easily determine that his mind should no longer be the mirror of all that is lovely in the visible universe as exclude from his contemplation the beautiful which exists in the writings of a great contemporary. The pretence of doing it would be a presumption in any but the greatest; the effect, even in him, would be strained, unnatural and ineffectual. A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others, and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one, but both. Every man's mind is, in this respect, modified by all the objects of Nature and art; by every word and every suggestion which he ever admitted to act upon his consciousness;

[62] *The Faërie Queene*, 7, 7, 46.

it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors and musicians are, in one sense, the creators, and, in another, the creations of their age. From this subjection the loftiest do not escape. There is a similarity between Homer and Hesiod, between Aeschylus and Euripides, between Virgil and Horace, between Dante and Petrarch, between Shakespeare and Fletcher, between Dryden and Pope; each has a generic resemblance under which their specific distinctions are arranged. If this similarity be the result of imitation, I am willing to confess that I have imitated.''[63]

To the discerning reader a study of these intricate sources of Milton's Sin and Death gives a wonderful glimpse into the poet's workshop. More mysterious than ever, with his manifold sources, he is like Spenser's sage Phantastes:

> ''His chamber was dispainted all with in
> With sondry colours, in the which were writ
> Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
> Some such as in the world were never yit,
> Ne can devized be of mortall wit.''

The sterner side of Spenser, I have said, was what Milton found most congenial during the composition of *Paradise Lost.* Many of the minute traces of Spenser's influence here, found in abundance by the commentators, support my assertion as well, in their way, as the examination of the Sin and Death allegory. Such an imposing example of Milton's grandeur, for example, as the famous picture of Satan staggering under Michael's terrific stroke like a toppling mountain has been shown to bear striking resemblance to Spenser's identical simile in the magnificent if rhetorical passage which describes the fall of the old Dragon who symbolizes the Devil.[64] Interesting, too, it is to compare many other parallel passages. Loads of learned lumber on the subject are easily accessible in the numerous editions of Milton where the younger poet's possible indebtedness in line and phrase seems now convincing, now doubtful. Out of so many possible borrowings a fair proportion may be safely accepted. It is hardly necessary, however, to transcribe them here.

[63] *Shelley's Complete Poetical Works* (Cambridge Edition, Boston and New York, 1901), p. 164.

[64] *Paradise Lost,* book 6, lines 195 sq. *The Faërie Queene,* 1, 11, 54.

Though the sterner side of Spenser illumined Milton's gloomy sublimity at times when he dwelt upon the tragic contest of passions and forces good and evil, there is another striking aspect of Spenser's influence upon Milton in his maturity that is charmingly inconsistent. We have already seen, in our examination of the later poems at Horton, how Spenser's idealism helped Milton to overrule his rising bitterness. So too in the stern epics one finds, at times, a spirit of wistful reminiscence gracious and healing as well as melancholy, which is certainly due in part to the persuasive inspiration of the acknowledged master. The coldest readers of Milton are won completely by the austere poet when he allows himself brief recollections of the sensuous dreams of *The Faërie Queene*. Eden is described with Spenserian ardor. In a passage rich with allusion Milton recalls one of Spenser's most enchanting additions to classical mythology, the Gardens of Adonis.[65] Satan saw:

> "Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
> Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
> Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
> Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
> Alcinoüs, host of old Laertes' son,
> Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
> Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse."

Though Milton was sternly renouncing these fancies he was renouncing them with an audible sigh. The beautiful lines in the ninth book in which he puts them from him, touching them, as he turns from them, with a splendor like a lingering sunset, cannot be read without a feeling of longing for what Milton might have done. He invokes

> " . . . . My celestial Patroness, who deigns
> Her nightly visitation unimplored,
> And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
> Easy my unpremeditated verse
> Since first this subject for heroic song
> Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late,
> Not sedulous by nature to indite

[65] Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 9, 437 sq. Spenser, *The Faërie Queene*, 3, 6. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to find the tradition of the Gardens of Adonis in Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xix, 4.

Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deemed, chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battles feigned (the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic matyrdom
Unsung), or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
Impreses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament.''[66]

''Paradise Regained''

Yet with all his austerity this spirit of wistful reminiscence was to survive, throughout *Paradise Regained,* although that poem begins to show traces, as everybody knows, of the severity which culminates in the rarified music of *Samson Agonistes.* Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Triumph and Victory* had dwelt with the subject of the Saviour's temptation, always with quaint, stiff beauty, occasionally with religious fire that burns clear white even to-day. We have seen how closely he followed Spenser. Satan, disguised as an aged hermit, is no more than Archimago who masqueraded in similar fashion to deceive the Red Cross Knight. Like the Red Cross Knight, Christ is brought to the Cave of Despair where, as we have seen, Fletcher follows his master almost verbatim. Satan then tempts Christ with the true luxurious abandon of the Renaissance. Christ's worldly ambition is tested by Presumption in her airy pavilion,

''Over the Temple, the bright stars among.''

He is then brought to the ''Bowre of Vaine-Delight.'' It is worth while intrinsically to quote once more two of the stanzas which follow Spenser's Bower of Bliss so quaintly and prettily:

''The garden like a Ladie faire was cut,
That lay as if shee slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heav'n wear sembled right
In a large round, set with flow'rs of light,
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of deaw,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling starrs, that sparkle in the eavning blew.

[66] *Paradise Lost,* book 9, lines 20 sq.

"Upon a hillie banke her head shee cast,
On which the bowre of Vaine-Delight was built,
White and red roses for her face wear plac't,
And for her tresses Marigolds wear spilt:
Them broadly shee displaid, like flaming guilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day wear drown'd,
Then up againe her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their prettie calls them bound."

This is exactly what we should expect from a pleasure-loving worldly son of the Renaissance. These voluptuous ascetics were fain to decorate the spare lines of the Scriptural stories with delight on delight until they forgot the motif of their poems in their naïve joy in the World and the Flesh. Milton seems to have intended a conscious revolt against the Bowre of Bliss device. "Set women in his eye and in his walk," said dissolute Belial to Satan, meditating an assault on Christ. But Satan rejects the advice with magnificent scorn. Here the poet speaks in person. Practice, however, fell somewhat short of what Milton undoubtedly intended in theory. As Spenser tempted Guyon with Philotime (Worldly Ambition), and the lascivious Acrasia, as Giles Fletcher followed by choosing Ambition and Wantonness, so Milton, following too at a greater distance, did nothing more than discard the allegory and chose precisely the same epicurian type of temptation. Such Spenserianism lent only a gaudy color to the sober measures of *Paradise Regained* and we cannot thank Milton's master for an influence which caused such futile divagations. What does, however, dwell with the lover of Spenser is Milton's brief, wistful recollection of what he might have written had he remained in Fairyland, the thoughts

"Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."

"Samson Agonistes"

There is no Spenser in *Samson Agonistes*. It is the most personal of Milton's poems. In music rarified like mountain air Milton spoke entirely of his own griefs and closed with a hymn of victory so austere that to the weak majority of men it

sounds like despair. The last gleam of the faiths that Spenser cherished had waned. It is difficult for us to realize with sufficient dramatic intensity the awful depth of the spiritual tragedy that reached its catastrophe for Milton with the Restoration. Elsewhere I have written of this age as an Age of Literary Anarchy, a period of intellectual strife and bewilderment that struck dead most faiths. *Samson Agonistes,* if we understand it with dramatic sympathy, should appeal to us more than any of Milton's other poems. It should set fire to the spirit of hero-worship that is in all of us. For while this grand poem burns with his sorrow over his blindness, his bitterness towards women, the defeat of his political cause, while it breathes his large hatreds and his petty hatreds, yet from the depths Samson emerges. The poem trumpets Milton's love and fear of God, a God as terrible as the Hebraic Jehovah, but a God who has his appeal to all good fighting-men. Milton drew proudly aloof from his age and rose above it—not selfishly but to show to his distracted fellow-men the triumph of life. He who would truly love Milton must learn to love him not only when he dreamed delightedly with Spenser and when he looked back longingly to the Fairyland of Spenser which he had elected to leave, but also finally when in all his gloom he forged out the proud faith that is uttered in the noble stoical lines of Manoa:

> "Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
> Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself
> Like Samson, and heroicly hath finished
> A life heroic."

Here, not in the noisy bravado of Nietzche's creation, de we find the true superman. This sternness was not Spenser's. The spirit of wistful reminiscence had faded. The gentle land of Faërie had crumbled away. But out of all the sorrows of its loss what a mighty victory had Milton won when his voice uttered the last words of his chorus! I am not concerned with the truth or untruth of its orthodox tenets. It is so easy to jeer at high heaven that these last words of Milton may seem superficial enough to many. But as a faith sounded forth from the depths,

after the bitterest of life-struggles, is there not the awe of divine things in its calm?

> "All is best, though we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Of Highest Wisdom bring about,
> And ever best found in the close.
> Oft He seems to hide his face,
> But unexpectedly returns,
> And to his faithful Champion hath in place
> Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
> And all that band them to resist
> His uncontrollable intent.
> His servants He, with new acquist
> Of true experience from this great event,
> With pride and consolation hath dismissed,
> And calm of mind, all passion spent."

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